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# Leaves from My Autobiography

RECOLLECTIONS FROM ABROAD—MR. GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE—LOWELL AND AMERICAN SLANG—LORD ROSEBERY'S TACT—A CHANCE TO AVERT THE SPANISH WAR—QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HOMBURG

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS

[FIFTH PAPER]

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GLADSTONE

I KNOW of nothing more delightful for a well-read American than to visit the scenes in Great Britain with which he has become familiar in his reading. No matter how rapidly he may travel, if he goes over the places made memorable by Sir Walter Scott in the "Waverley Novels," and in his poems, he will have had impressions, thrills, and educational results which will be a pleasure for the rest of his life. The same is true of an ardent admirer of Dickens or of Thackeray, in following the footsteps of their heroes and heroines. I gained a liberal education and lived over again the reading and studies of a lifetime in my visits to England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. I also had much the same experience of vivifying and spiritualizing my library in France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Holland.

London is always most hospitable and socially the most delightful of cities. While Mr. Gladstone was prime minister and more in the eyes of the world than any statesman of any country, a dinner was given to him with the special object of having me meet him. The ladies and gentlemen at the dinner were all people of note. Among them were two American bishops. The arrangement made by the host and hostess was that when the ladies left the dining-room I should take the place made vacant alongside Mr. Gladstone, but one of the American bishops, who in his younger days was a famous athlete, made a flying leap for that chair and no sooner landed than he at once proposed to Mr. Gladstone this startling question: "As the bishop of the old Catholic Church in Germany does not recognize the authority of the pope, how can he receive absolution?"—and some other abstruse theological questions. This at once aroused Mr. Gladstone, who, when once started, was stopped with difficulty, and there was no pause until the host announced that the gentlemen should join the ladies. I made it a point at the next dinner given for me to meet Mr. Gladstone that there should be no American bishops present.

At another time, upon arriving at my hotel in London from New York, I found a note from Lord Rosebery saying that Mr. Gladstone was dining with Lady Rosebery and himself that evening, and there would be no other guests, and inviting me to come. I arrived early and

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found Mr. Gladstone already there. While the custom in London society then was for the guests to be late, Mr. Gladstone was always from fifteen minutes to half an hour in advance of the time set by his invitation. He greeted me with great cordiality, and at once what were known as the Gladstone tentacles were fastened on me for information. It was a peculiarity with the grand old man that he extracted from a stranger practically all the man knew, and the information was immediately assimilated in his wonderful mind. He became undoubtedly the best-informed man on more subjects than anybody in the world.

Mr. Gladstone said to me: "It has been raining here for forty days. What is the average rainfall in the United States and in New York?" If there was any subject about which I knew less than another, it was the meteorological conditions in America. He then continued with great glee: "Our friend, Lord Rosebery, has everything and knows everything, so it is almost impossible to find for him something new. Great books are common, but I have succeeded in my explorations among antiquarian shops in discovering the most idiotic book that ever was written. It was by an old lord mayor of London, who filled a volume of his experiences in an excursion on the Thames, which is the daily experience of every Englishman." To the disappointment of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery also had that book. The evening was a memorable one for me.

After a most charming time and dinner, while Lord Rosebery went off to meet an engagement to speak at a meeting of colonial representatives, Lady Rosebery took Mr. Gladstone and myself to the opera at Covent Garden. There was a critical debate on in the House of Commons, and the whips were running in to inform him of the progress of the battle and to get instructions from the great leader.

During the entr'actes Mr. Gladstone most interestingly talked of his sixty years' experience of the opera. He knew all the great operas of that period, and criticised with wonderful skill the composers and their characteristics. He gave a word picture of all the great artists who had appeared on the English stage and the merits and demerits of each. A stranger listening to him would have said that a veteran musical critic, who had devoted his life to that and nothing else, was reminiscing. He said that thirty years before the manager of Covent Garden had raised the pitch, that this had become so difficult that most of the artists to reach it used the tremolo, and that the tremolo had taken away from him the exquisite pleasure which he formerly had in listening to an opera.

Mr. Gladstone was at that time the unquestionable master of the House of Commons and its foremost orator. I unfortunately never heard him at his best, but whether the question was of greater or lesser importance, the appearance of Mr. Gladstone at once lifted it above ordinary discussion to high debate.

Mr. Gladstone asked many questions about large fortunes in the United States, was curious about the methods of their accumulation, and whether they survived in succeeding generations. He wanted to know all about the reputed richest man among them. I told him I did not know the amount of his wealth, but that it was at least one hundred millions of dollars.

"How invested?" he asked.

I answered: "All in fluid securities which could be turned into cash in a short time."

He became excited at that and said: "Such a man is dangerous not only to his own country but to the world. With that amount of ready money he could upset the exchanges and paralyze the borrowing power of nations."

"But," I said, "you have enormous fortunes," and mentioned the Duke of Westminster.

"I know every pound of Westminster's wealth," he said. "It is in lands which he cannot sell, and burdened with settlements of generations and obligations which cannot be avoided."

"How about the Rothschilds?" I asked.

"Their fortunes," he answered, "are divided among the firms in London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, and it would be impossible for them to be combined and used to unsettle the markets of the world.

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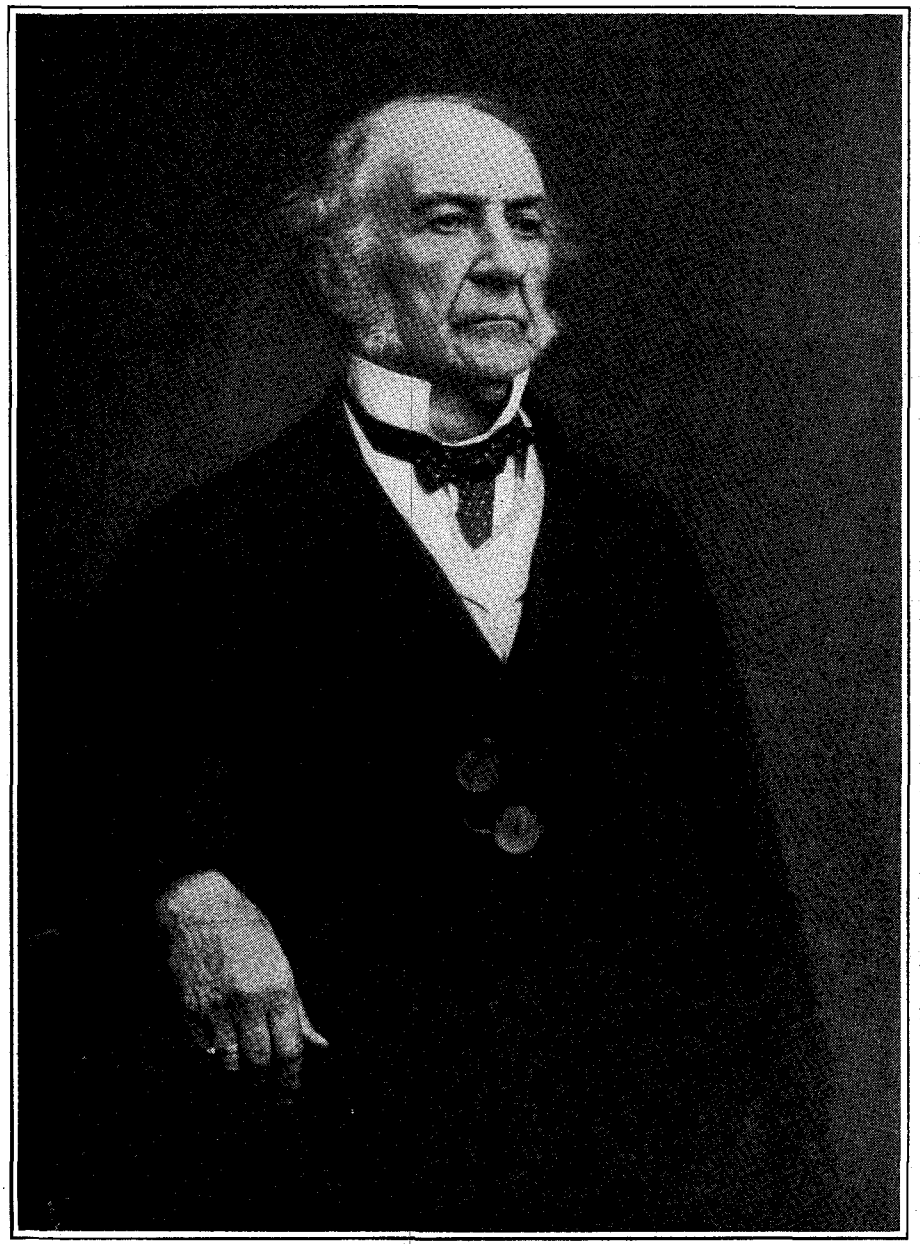

*From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London.*

Mr. Gladstone in 1880.

But Mr. —— could do this and prevent governments from meeting their obligations."

Mr. Gladstone had no hostility to great fortunes, however large, unless so invested as to be immediately available by a single man for speculation. But fortunes larger than that of one hundred millions have since been acquired, and their management is so conservative that they are brakes and safeguards against unreasoning panics. The majority of them have been used for public benefit. The most conspicuous instances are the Rockefeller



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Foundation, the Carnegie Endowment, and the Frick Creation.

Henry Labouchère told me a delightful story of Mr. Gladstone's first meeting with Robert T. Lincoln, when he arrived in London as American minister. Mr. Lincoln became in a short time after his arrival one of the most popular of the distinguished list of American representatives to Great Britain. He was especially noted for the charm of his conversation. Labouchère said that Mr. Gladstone told him that he was very anxious to meet Mr. Lincoln, both because he was the new minister from the United States and because of his great father, President Lincoln. Labouchère arranged for a dinner at his house, which was an hour in the country from Mr. Gladstone's city residence. Mrs. Gladstone made Mr. Labouchère promise, as a condition for permitting her husband to go, that Mr. Gladstone should be back inside of his home at ten o'clock.

The dinner had no sooner started than some question arose which not only interested but excited Mr. Gladstone. He at once entered upon an eloquent monologue on the subject. There was no possibility of interruption by any one, and Mr. Lincoln had no chance whatever to interpose a remark. When the clock was nearing eleven Labouchère interrupted this torrent of talk by saying: "Mr. Gladstone, it is now eleven; it is an hour's ride to London, and I promised Mrs. Gladstone to have you back at ten." When they were seated in the carriage Labouchère said to Mr. Gladstone: "Well, you have passed an evening with Mr. Lincoln; what do you think of him?" He replied: "Mr. Lincoln is a charming personality, but he does not seem to have much conversation."

Among the very able men whom I met in London was Joseph Chamberlain. When I first met him he was one of Mr. Gladstone's trusted lieutenants. He was a capital speaker, a close and incisive debater, and a shrewd politician. When he broke with Mr. Gladstone, he retained his hold on his constituency and continued to be a leader in the opposite party.

Mr. Chamberlain told me that in a critical debate in the House of Commons, when the government was in danger, Mr. Gladstone, who alone could save the situation, suddenly disappeared. Every known resort of his was searched to find him. Mr. Chamberlain, recollecting Mr. Gladstone's interest in a certain subject, drove to the house of the lady whose authority on that subject Mr. Gladstone highly respected. He found him submitting to the lady for her criticism and correction some of Watts's hymns, which he had translated into Italian.

The British Government sent Mr. Chamberlain to America, and he had many public receptions given him by our mercantile and other bodies. On account of his separating from Mr. Gladstone on Home Rule, he met with a great deal of hostility here from the Irish. I was present at a public dinner where the interruptions and hostile demonstrations were very pronounced. But Mr. Chamberlain won his audience by his skill and fighting qualities.

I gave him a dinner at my house and had a number of representative men to meet him. He made the occasion exceedingly interesting by presenting views of domestic conditions in England and international ones with this country, which were quite new to us.

Mr. Chamberlain was a guest on the *Teutonic* at the famous review of the British navy celebrating Queen Victoria's jubilee, where I had the pleasure of again meeting him. He had recently married Miss Endicott, the charming daughter of our secretary of war, and everybody appreciated that it was a British statesman's honeymoon.

He gave me a dinner in London, at which were present a large company, and two subjects came under very acute discussion. There had been a recent marriage in high English society, where there were wonderful pedigrees and relationships on both sides, but no money. It finally developed, however, that under family settlements the young couple might have fifteen hundred pounds a year, or seven thousand five hundred dollars. The decision was unanimous that they could get along very well and maintain their position on this sum and be able to reciprocate reasonably the attentions they would receive. Nothing could better illustrate the

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terrific increase in the cost of living than the contrast between then and now.

Some one of the guests at the dinner said that the Americans by the introduction of slang were ruining the English language. Mr. James Russell Lowell had come evidently prepared for this controversy. He said that American slang was the common language of that part of England from which the pilgrims sailed, and that it had been preserved in certain parts of the United States, notably northern New England. He then produced an old book, a sort of dictionary of that period, and proved his case. It was a surprise to everybody to know that American slang was really classic English, and still spoken in the remoter parts of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, though no longer in use in England.

The period of Mr. Gladstone's reign as prime minister was one of the most interesting for an American visitor who had the privilege of knowing him and the eminent men who formed his Cabinet. The ladies of the Cabinet entertained lavishly and superbly. A great favorite at these social gatherings was Miss Margot Tennant, afterwards Mrs. Asquith. Her youth, her wit, her originality and audacity made every function a success which was graced by her presence.

The bitterness towards Mr. Gladstone of the opposition party surpassed anything I have met in American politics, except during the Civil War. At dinners and receptions given me by my friends of the Tory party I was supposed as an American to be friendly to Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule. I do not know whether this was the reason or whether it was usual, but on such occasions the denunciation of Mr. Gladstone as a traitor and the hope of living to see him executed was very frequent.

I remember one important public man who was largely interested and a good deal of a power in Canadian and American railroads. He asked a friend of mine to arrange for me to meet him. I found him a most agreeable man and very accurately informed on the railway situation in Canada and the United States. He was preparing for a visit, and so wanted me to fill any gaps there might be in his knowledge of the situation.

Apropos of the political situation at the time, he suddenly asked me what was the attitude of the people of the United States towards Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule bill. I told him they were practically unanimous in favor of the bill, and that Mr. Gladstone was the most popular Englishman in the United States. He at once flew into a violent rage, the rarest thing in the world for an Englishman, and lost control of his temper to such a degree that I thought the easiest way to dam the flood of his denunciation was to plead another engagement and retire from the field. I met him frequently afterwards, especially when he came to the United States, but carefully avoided his pet animosity.

One year, in the height of the crisis of Mr. Gladstone's effort to pass the Home Rule bill, a member of his Cabinet said to me: "We of the Cabinet are by no means unanimous in believing in Mr. Gladstone's effort, but he is the greatest power in our country. The people implicitly believe in him and we are helping all we can."

It is well known that one after another broke away from him in time. The same Cabinet minister continued: "Mr. Gladstone has gone to the extreme limit in concessions made in his Home Rule bill, and he can carry the English, Scotch, and Welsh members. But every time the Irish seem to be satisfied, they make a new demand and a greater one. Unless this stops and the present bill is accepted, the whole scheme will break down. Many of the Irish members are supported by contributions from America. Their occupation is politics. If Home Rule should be adopted the serious people of Ireland, whose economic interests are at stake, might come to the front and take all representative offices themselves. We have come to the conclusion that enough of the Irish members to defeat the bill do not want Home Rule on any conditions. I know it is a custom when you arrive home every year that your friends meet you down the Bay and give you a reception. Then you give an interview of your impressions over here, and that interview is printed as widely in this country as in the United States. Now I wish you would do this: At the reception put in your own

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way what I have told you, and especially emphasize that Mr. Gladstone is imperilling his political career and whole future for the sake of what he believes would be justice to Ireland. He cannot go any further and hold his English, Scotch, and Welsh constituencies. He believes that he can pass the present bill and start Ireland on a career of Home Rule if he can receive the support of the Irish members. The Americans who believe in Mr. Gladstone and are all honest Home Rulers will think this is an indirect message from himself, and it would be if it were prudent for Mr. Gladstone to send the message."

On my return to New York I did as requested. The story was published and commented on everywhere, and whether it was due to American insistence or not, I do not know, but shortly after Mr. Gladstone succeeded in carrying his Home Rule bill through the House of Commons, but it was defeated by the Conservatives in the House of Lords.

His Irish policy is a tribute to Mr. Gladstone's judgment and foresight, because in the light and conditions of to-day it is perfectly plain that if the Gladstone measure had been adopted at that time, the Irish question would not now be the most difficult and dangerous in British politics.

I had many talks with Mr. Parnell and made many speeches in his behalf and later for Mr. Redmond. I asked him on one occasion if the Irish desired complete independence and the formation of an independent government. He answered: "No, we want Home Rule, but to retain our connection in a way with the British Empire. The military, naval, and civil service of the British Empire gives great opportunities for our young men. Ireland in proportion to its population is more largely represented in these departments of the British Government than either England, Scotland, or Wales."

Incidentally to the division in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, which had not at this time broken out, was the great vogue which a story of mine had. I was dining with Earl Spencer. He had been lord lieutenant of Ireland and was very popular. His wife especially had been as great a success as the viceregent. He was called the Red Earl because of his flowing auburn beard. He was a very serious man, devoted to the public service and exceedingly capable. He almost adored Mr. Gladstone and grieved over the growing opposition in the Cabinet.

The guests at the dinner were all Gladstonians and lamenting these differences and full of apprehension that they might result in a split in the party. The earl asked me if we ever had such conditions in the United States. I answered: "Yes." Mr. Blaine, at that time at the head of President Harrison's Cabinet as secretary of state, had very serious differences with his chief, and the people wondered why he remained. Mr. Blaine told me this story apropos of the situation: The author of a play invited a friend of his to witness the first production and sent him a complimentary ticket. During the first act there were signs of disapproval, which during the second act broke out into a riot. An excited man sitting alongside the guest of the playwright said: "Stranger, are you blind or deaf, or do you approve of the play?" The guest replied: "My friend, my sentiments and opinion in regard to this play do not differ from yours and the rest, but I am here on a free ticket. If you will wait a little while till I go out and buy a ticket, I will come back and help you raise hell."

The most brilliant member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet and one of the most accomplished, versatile, and eloquent men in Great Britain was Lord Rosebery. I saw much of him when he was foreign minister and also after he became prime minister. Lord Rosebery was not only a great debater on political questions, he was also the most scholarly orator of his country on educational, literary, and patriotic subjects. He gathered about him always the people whom a stranger pre-eminently desired to meet.

I recall one of my week-end visits to his home at Mentmore, which is one of the most delightful of my reminiscences abroad. He had taken down there the leaders of his party. The dinner lasted, the guests all being men, except Lady Rosebery, who presided, until after twelve o'clock. Every one privileged to be there felt that those four hours had passed more

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quickly and entertainingly than any in their experience.

It was a beautiful moonlight night and the very best of English weather, and we adjourned to the terrace. There were recalled personal experiences, incidents of travel from men who had been all over the world and in critical situations in many lands, diplomatic secrets revealing crises seriously threatening European wars, and how these had been averted, alliances made and territories acquired, adventures of thrilling interest and personal episodes surpassing fiction. The company reluctantly separated when the rising sun admonished them that the night had passed.

It has been my good fortune to be the guest of eminent men in many lands and on occasions of memorable interest, but the rarest privilege for any one was to be the guest of Lord Rosebery, either at his city house or one of his country residences. The wonderful charm of the host, his tact with his guests, his talent for drawing people out and making them appear at their best, linger in their memories as red-letter days and nights of their lives.

All Americans took great interest in the career of Lord Randolph Churchill. His wife was one of the most beautiful and popular women in English society, and an American. I knew her father, Leonard Jerome, very well. He was a successful banker and a highly educated and cultured gentleman. His brother, William Jerome, was for a long time the best story-teller and one of the wittiest of New Yorkers.

Lord Randolph Churchill advanced very rapidly in British politics and became not only one of the most brilliant debaters but one of the leaders of the House of Commons. On one of my visits abroad I received an invitation from the Churchills to visit them at their country place. When I arrived I found that they occupied a castle built in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and in which few modern alterations had been made. It was historically a very unique and interesting structure. Additions had been made to it by succeeding generations, each being another house with its own methods of ingress and egress. Lord Randolph said: "I welcome you to my ancestral home, which I have rented for three months."

Though this temporary residence was very ancient, yet its hospitalities were dispensed by one of the most up-to-date and progressive couples in the kingdom. In the intimacy of a house-party, not too large, one could enjoy the versatility, the charm, the wide information, the keen political acumen of this accomplished and magnetic British statesman. It was unfortunate for his country that from overwork he broke down so early in life.

### A CHANCE TO AVERT THE SPANISH WAR

No one during his period could surpass Baron Alfred Rothschild as host. His dinners in town, followed by exquisite musicales, were the social events of every season. He was, however, most attractive at his superb place in the country. A week-end with him there met the best traditions of English hospitality. In the party were sure to be men and women of distinction, and just the ones whom an American had read about and was anxious to meet.

Baron Rothschild was a famous musician and an ardent lover of music. He had at his country place a wonderfully trained orchestra of expert musicians. In the theatre he gave concerts for the enjoyment of his guests, and led the orchestra himself. Among the company was sure to be one or more of the most famous artists from the opera at Covent Garden, and from these experts his own leadership and the performance of his perfectly trained company received unstinted praise and applause. Baron Rothschild had the art so necessary for the enjoyment of his guests of getting together the right people. He never risked the harmony of his house by inviting antagonists.

Lord Rothschild, the head of the house, differed entirely from his amiable and accomplished brother. While he also entertained, his mind was engrossed in business and affairs. I had a conference with him at the time of the Spanish-American War, which might have been of historical importance. He asked me to come and see him in the Rothschild banking-house, where the traditions of a century are preserved and unchanged. He said

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to me: "We have been for a long time the bankers of Spain. We feel the responsibility for their securities, which we have placed upon the market. The United States is so all-powerful in its resources and spirit that it can crush Spain. This we desire to avert. Spain, though weak and poor compared to the United States, has nevertheless the proudest people in the world, and it is a question of Spanish pride we have to deal with."

In answering him, I said: "Lord Rothschild, it seems to me that if you had any proposition you should take it to Mr. John Hay, our accomplished minister."

"No," he said; "then it would become a matter of diplomacy and publicity. Now the Spanish Government is willing to comply with every demand the United States can make. The government is willing to grant absolute independence to Cuba, or what it would prefer, a self-governing colony, with relations like that of Canada to Great Britain. Spain is willing to give to the United States Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, but she must know beforehand if these terms will be accepted before making the offer, because if an offer so great as this and involving such a loss of territory and prestige should be rejected by the United States there would be a revolution in Spain which might overthrow not only the government but the monarchy. What would be regarded as an insult would be resented by every Spaniard to the bitter end. That is why I have asked you to come and wish you to submit this proposition to your president. Of course, I remain in a position, if there should be any publicity about it, to deny the whole thing."

The proposition unfortunately came too late, and Mr. McKinley could not stop the war. It was well known in Washington that he was exceedingly averse to hostilities and believed the difficulties could be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, but the people were aroused to such an extent that they were determined not only to free Cuba but to punish those who were oppressing the Cubans.

One incident which received little publicity at the time was in all probability the match which fired the magazine. One of the ablest and most level-headed members of the Senate was Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont. The solidity of his character and acquirements and his known sense and conservatism made him a power in Congress, and he had the confidence of the people. He visited Cuba and wrote a report in which he detailed as an eye-witness the atrocities which the government and the soldiers were perpetrating. He read this report to Mr. McKinley and Senator Hanna. They both said: "Senator Proctor, if you read that to the Senate, our negotiations end and war is inevitable."

The president requested the senator to delay reporting to the Senate. The excitement and interest in that body were never more unanimous and intense. I doubt if any senator could have resisted this rare opportunity not only to be the centre of the stage but to occupy the whole platform. Senator Proctor made his report and the country was aflame.

### STORIES OF QUEEN VICTORIA

I was in London at both the queen's fiftieth anniversary of her reign and her jubilee. The reverence and love the English people had for Queen Victoria was a wonderful exhibition of her wisdom as a sovereign and of her charm and character as a woman. The sixty years of her reign were a wonderful epoch in the growth of her empire and in its relations to the world.

Once I said to a member of the Cabinet, who, as minister of foreign affairs, had been brought in close contact with the queen: "I am very much impressed with the regard which the people have for Queen Victoria. What is her special function in your scheme of government?"

"She is invaluable," he answered, "to every prime minister and the Cabinet. The prime minister, after the close of the debate in the House of Commons every night, writes the queen a full report of what has occurred at that session. This has been going on for more than half a century. The queen reads these accounts carefully and has a most retentive memory. If these communications of the prime ministers were ever available to the public, they would present a remarkable contrast of the minds and the methods of different prime ministers and especially

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New Court.
St. Swithin's Lane.
22nd. June. 1878.

Dear Mr. Reuter.

Many thanks for your kind letter and for the interesting information you give me. I am afraid that there is nothing to do at present but to wait.

Believe me.
Faithfully yours,
Rothschild

Facsimile of letter from Rothschild.

those two extreme opposites, Gladstone and Disraeli. The queen did not like Gladstone, because she said he always preached, but she had an intense admiration for Disraeli, who threw into his nightly memoranda all his skill not only as a statesman but as a novelist. The queen also has been consulted during all these years on every crisis, domestic or foreign, and every matter of Cabinet importance.



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The result is that she is an encyclopædia. Very often there will be a dispute with some of the great powers or lesser ones, which is rapidly growing to serious proportions. We can find no report of its beginning. The queen, however, will remember just when the difficulty began, and why it was pushed aside and not settled, and who were the principal actors in the negotiations. With that data we often arrive at a satisfactory settlement."

I remember one garden-party at Buckingham Palace. The day was perfect and the attendance phenomenally large and distinguished. While there were places on the grounds where a luncheon was served, the guests neglected these places and gathered about a large tent where the royalties had their refreshments. It was an intense curiosity, not so much to see their sovereign eat and drink, as to improve the opportunity to reverently gaze upon her at close range. The queen called various people whom she knew from this circle of onlookers for a familiar talk.

When the luncheon was served the attendant produced an immense napkin, which she spread over herself, almost from her neck to the bottom of her dress. A charming English lady, who stood beside me, said: "I know you are laughing at the economy of our queen."

"On the contrary," I said, "I am admiring an example of carefulness and thrift which, if it could be universally known, would be of as great benefit in the United States as in Great Britain."

"Well," she continued, "I do wish that the dear old lady was not quite so careful."

At a period when the lives of the continental rulers were in great peril from revolutionists and assassins, the queen on both her fiftieth anniversary and her jubilee rode in an open carriage through many miles of London streets, with millions of spectators on either side pressing closely upon the procession, and there was never a thought that she was in the slightest danger. She was fearless herself, but she had on the triple armor of the overmastering love and veneration of the whole people. Americans remembered that in the crisis of our Civil War it was the influence of the queen, more than any other, which prevented Great Britain recognizing the Southern Confederacy.

Among the incidents of her jubilee was the greatest naval demonstration ever known. The fleets of Great Britain were summoned from all parts of the globe and anchored in a long and imposing line in the English Channel. Mr. Ismay, at that time the head of the White Star Line, took the *Teutonic*, which had just been built and was not yet in regular commission, as his private yacht. He had on board a notable company, representing the best, both of men and women, of English life. He was the most generous of hosts, and had every care taken for the individual comfort of his guests. In the intimacy for several days of such an excursion we all became very well acquainted. There were speeches at the dinners and dances afterwards on the deck for the younger people. The warships were illuminated at night by electric lights, and the launch of the *Teutonic* took us down one lane and up another through the long lines of these formidable defenders of Great Britain.

One day there was great excitement when a war-ship steamed into our midst and it was announced that it was the German emperor's. Even as early as that he excited in the English mind both curiosity and apprehension. One of the frequent questions put to me, both then and for years afterwards at English dinners, was: "What do you think of the German emperor?"

Shortly after his arrival he came on to the *Teutonic* with the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. The prince knew many of the company and was most cordial all around. The emperor was absorbed in an investigation of this new ship and her possibilities both in the mercantile marine and as a cruiser. I heard him say to the captain: "How are you armed?" The captain told him that among his equipment he had a new invention, a quick-firing gun. The emperor was immediately greatly excited. He examined the gun and questioned its qualities and possibilities until he was master of every detail. Then he turned to one of his officers and gave a quick order that the gun should be immediately

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*From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, I. W.*

Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales about 1862.

investigated and all that were required should be provided for Germany.

I heard a picturesque story from a member of the court of Queen Victoria's interest in all public affairs. There was then, as there is generally in European relations, some talk of war. The queen was staying at her castle at Osborne on the Isle of Wight. He said she drove alone down to the shore one night and sat there a long time looking at this great fleet, which was the main protection of her empire and her people. It would be interesting if one could know what



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were her thoughts, her fears, and her hopes.

The queen was constantly assisting the government in the maintenance of friendly relations with foreign powers by entertaining their representatives at Windsor Castle. When General Grant, after he retired from the presidency, made his trip around the world, the question which disturbed our American minister, when General Grant arrived in London, was how he could be properly received and recognized. Of course, under our usage, he had become a private citizen, and was no more entitled to official recognition than any other citizen. This was well known in the diplomatic circles. When the ambassadors and ministers of foreign countries in London were appealed to, they unanimously said that as they represented their sovereigns they could not yield precedence to General Grant, but he must sit at the foot of the table. The Prince of Wales solved this question with his usual tact and wisdom. Under the recognized usage at any entertainment, the Prince of Wales can select some person as his special guest to sit at his right, and, therefore, precede everybody else. The prince made this suggestion to our minister and performed this courteous act at all functions given to General Grant. Queen Victoria supplemented this by extending the same invitation to General and Mrs. Grant to dine and spend the night with her at Windsor Castle, which was extended only to visiting royalty.

I remember that the Army of the Potomac was holding its annual meeting and commemoration at one of our cities when the cable announced that General Grant was being entertained by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. The conventions of diplomacy, which require all communications to pass through the ambassador of one's country to the foreign minister of another country before it can reach the sovereign, were not known to these old soldiers, so they cabled a warm message to General Grant, care of Queen Victoria, Windsor Castle, England.

One of the most delightful bits of humor in my recollections of journalistic enterprise was an editorial by a Mr. Alden, one of the editors of the *New York Times*. Mr. Alden described with great particularity, as if giving the details of the occurrence, that the messenger-boy arrived at Windsor Castle during the night and rang the front door-bell; that Her Majesty called out of the window in quite American style, "Who is there?" and the messenger-boy shouted: "Cable for General Grant. Is he staying at this house?" I can only give a suggestion of Alden's fun, which shook the whole country.

One of the court officers said to me during the jubilee: "Royalties are here from every country, and among those who have come over is Lilioukalani, queen of the Hawaiian Islands. She is as insistent of her royal rights as the emperor of Germany. We have consented that she should be a guest at a dinner of our queen and spend the night at Windsor Castle. We have settled her place among the royalties in the procession through London and offered her the hussars as her guard of honor. She insists, however, that she shall have the same as the other kings, a company of the guards. Having recognized her, we are obliged to yield." The same officer told me that at the dinner the dusky queen said to Queen Victoria: "Your Majesty, I am a blood relative of yours."

"How so?" was the queen's astonished answer.

"Why," said Lilioukalani, "my grandfather ate your Captain Cook."

### WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HOMBURG

During my summer vacations I spent two weeks or more at Homburg, the German watering-place. It was at that time the most interesting resort on the continent. The Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, was always there, and his sister, the dowager empress of Germany, had her castle within a few miles. It was said that there was a quorum of both Houses of Parliament in Homburg while the prince was there, but his presence also drew representatives from every department of English life, the bench and the bar, writers of eminence of both sexes, distinguished artists, and people famous on both the dramatic and the operatic stage. The prince, with keen discrimination, had these interesting people always

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about him. There were also social leaders, whose entertainments were famous in London, who did their best to add to the pleasure of the visit of the prince. I met him frequently and was often his guest at his luncheons and dinners. He fell in at once in the Homburg way.

The routine of the cure was to be at the springs every morning at seven o'clock, to take a glass of water, walk half an hour with some agreeable companion, and repeat this until three glasses had been consumed. Then breakfast, and after that the great bathing-house at eleven o'clock. The bathing-house was a meeting-place for everybody. Another meeting-place was the open-air concerts in the afternoon. In the evening came the formal dinners and some entertainment afterwards.

Both for luncheon and dinner the prince always had quite a large company. He was a host of great charm, tact, and character. He had a talent of drawing out the best there was in those about his table, and especially of making the occasion very agreeable for a stranger. Any one at his entertainments always carried away either in the people he met or the things that were said, or both, permanent recollections.

I do not think the prince bothered about domestic questions. He was very observant of the limitations and restrictions which the English Government imposes upon royalty. He was, however, very keen upon his country's foreign relations. In the peace of Europe he was an important factor, being so closely allied with the imperial houses of Germany and Russia. There is no doubt that he prevented the German emperor from acquiring a dangerous control over the czar. He was very fixed and determined to maintain and increase friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain. He succeeded, after many varied and long-continued efforts, in doing away with the prejudices and hostilities of the French towards the English, an accomplishment of infinite value to his country in these later years.

I was told that the prince required very little sleep, that he retired to bed late and was an early riser. I was awakened one night by his equerry calling me up, saying the prince was on the terrace of the Kursaal and wanted to see me. The lights were all out, everybody had gone, and he was sitting alone at a table illuminated by a single candle. What he desired was to discuss American affairs and become more familiar with our public men, our ideals, our policies, and especially any causes which could possibly be removed of irritation between his own country and ours. This discussion lasted till daylight.

Meeting him on the street one day, he stopped and asked me to step aside into an opening there was in the hedge. He seemed laboring under considerable excitement, and said: "Why do the people in the United States want to break up the British Empire?"

I knew he referred to the Home Rule bill for Ireland, which was then agitating Parliament and the country, and also the frequent demonstrations in its favor which were occurring in the United States.

I said to him: "Sir, I do not believe there is a single American who has any thought of breaking up the British Empire. We are wedded to the federal principle of independent States, which are sovereign in their local affairs and home matters, but on everything you call imperial the United States is supreme. To vindicate this principle we fought a Civil War, in which we lost more lives, spent more money, destroyed more property, and incurred more debt than was done in any contest of modern time. The success of the government has been so complete that the States which were in rebellion and their people are quite as loyal to the general government as those who fought to preserve it. The prosperity of the country, with this question settled, has exceeded the bounds of imagination. So Americans think of your trouble with Ireland in terms of our federated States, and believe that all your difficulties could be adjusted in the same way."

We had a long discussion in which he asked innumerable questions, and never referred to the subject again. I heard afterwards among my English friends that he who had been most hostile was becoming a Home Ruler.

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At another time he wanted to know why our government had treated the British ambassador, Lord Sackville West, so badly and ruined his career. The Sackville West incident was already forgotten, though it was the liveliest question of its time.

Cleveland was president and a candidate for re-election. Sackville West was the British ambassador. A little company of shrewd Republican politicians in California thought if they could get an admission that the British Government was interfering in our election in favor of Cleveland, it would be a fine asset in the campaign, and so they wrote to Lord Sackville West, telling him they were Englishmen who had become naturalized American citizens. In voting they were anxious to vote for the side which would be best for their native land, would he kindly and very confidentially advise them whether to support the Democratic or the Republican ticket. Sackville West swallowed the bait without investigation, and wrote them a letter advising them to vote the Democratic ticket.

There never had been such consternation in diplomatic circles in Washington. Of course, Mr. Cleveland and his supporters had to get out from under the situation as quickly and gracefully as possible.

The administration instantly demanded that the British Government should recall Lord Sackville West, which was done, and he was repudiated for his activity in American politics. It was curious that the prince had apparently never been fully informed of the facts, but had been misled by Sackville West's explanation, and the prince was always loyal to a friend.

One year Mr. James G. Blaine visited Homburg, and the prince at once invited him to luncheon. Blaine's retort to a question delighted every American in the place. One of the guests was the then Duke of Manchester, an old man and a great Tory. When the duke grasped that Blaine was a leading American and had been a candidate for the presidency of the United States, all his old Toryism was aroused, and he was back in the days of George III. To the horror of the prince, the duke said to Mr. Blaine: "The most outrageous thing in all history was your rebellion and separation from the best government on earth." He said much more before the prince could stop him.

Blaine, with that grace and tact for which he was so famous, smilingly said: "Well, Your Grace, if George III had had the sense, tact, and winning qualities of his great-grandson, our host, it is just possible that we might now be a self-governing colony in the British Empire."

The answer relieved the situation and immensely pleased the host. Lord Rosebery once said in a speech that with the tremendous growth in every element of greatness of the United States, if the American colonies had remained in the British Empire, that with their preponderating influence and prestige the capital of Great Britain might have been moved to New York and Buckingham Palace rebuilt in Central Park.

At one dinner one of the guests of the prince suddenly shot at me across the table the startling question: "Do you know certain American heiresses"—naming them—"now visiting London?"

I answered: "Yes"—and naming one especially, a very beautiful and accomplished girl who was quite the most popular débutante of the London season.

"How much has she?" he asked.

I named the millions which she would probably inherit. "But," I added, "before you marry an American heiress, you better be sure that she can say the Lord's prayer."

He said with great indignation that he would be astonished if any American girl could be recognized in English society who had been so badly brought up that she was not familiar with the Lord's prayer.

"All of them are," I replied, "but few heiresses, unless they have come into their inheritance and can say 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' will inherit much, because American fathers are very speculative."

He continued to express his astonishment at this lack of religious training in an American family, while the prince enjoyed the joke so much that I was fearful in his convulsive laughter he would have a fit of apoplexy.

Once at a dinner given by the prince, an old lady of very high rank and leading position said suddenly to me, and in a

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way which aroused the attention of the whole company: "Is it true that divorces are very common in America?"

I knew that a denial by me would not convince her or any others who shared in this belief, then very common in Europe. Of course, the prince knew better. I saw from his expression that he wished me to take advantage of the opportunity. I made up my mind quickly that the best way to meet this belief was by an exaggeration which would show its absurdity.

Having once started, the imaginative situation grew beyond my anticipation. I answered: "Yes, divorces are so common with us that the government has set aside one of our forty odd States for this special purpose. It is the principal business of the authorities. Most of these actions for divorce take place at the capital, which is always crowded with great numbers of people from all parts of the country seeking relief from their marital obligations."

"Did you ever visit that capital?" asked the prince.

"Yes, several times," I answered, "but not for divorce. My domestic relations have always been very happy, but it is also a famous health resort, and I went there for the cure."

"Tell us about your visit," said the prince.

"Well," I continued, "it was out of season when I was first there, so the only amusement or public occasions of interest were prayer-meetings."

The old lady asked excitedly: "Share meetings?" She had been a large and unfortunate investor in American stocks.

I relieved her by saying: "No, not share meetings, but religious prayer-meetings. I remember one evening that the gentleman who sat beside me turned suddenly to his wife and said: 'We must get out of here at once; the air is too close.' 'Why, no,' she said; 'the windows are all open and the breeze is fresh.' 'Yes,' he quickly remarked, 'but next to you are your two predecessors from whom I was divorced, and that makes the air too close for me.' "

The old lady exclaimed: "What a frightful condition!"

"Tell us more," said the prince.

"Well," I continued, "one day the mayor of the city invited me to accompany him to the station, as the divorce train was about to arrive. I found at the station a judge and one of the court attendants. The attendant had a large package of divorce decrees to which the seal of the court had been attached, and also the signature of the judge. They only required to have the name of the party desiring divorce inserted. Alongside the judge stood a clergyman of the Established Church in full robes of his sacred office. When the passengers had all left the cars, the conductor jumped on to one of the car platforms and shouted to the crowd: 'All those who desire divorce will go before the judge and make their application.'

"When they had all been released by the court the conductor again called out: 'All those who have been accompanied by their partners, or where both have been to-day released from their former husbands and wives to be remarried, will go before the rector.' He married them in a body, whereupon they all resumed their places on the train. The blowing of the whistle and the ringing of the bell on the locomotive was the music of their first, second, or third honeymoon journey."

The old lady threw up her hands in horror and cried: "Such an impious civilization must come speedily not only to spiritual and moral destruction, but chaos."

Most of the company saw what an amazing caricature the whole story was and received it with great hilarity. The effect of it was to end, for that circle, at least, and their friends, a serious discussion of the universality of American divorces.

The prince was always an eager sportsman and a very chivalric one. At the time of one of the races at Cowes he became very indignant at the conduct of an American yachtsman who had entered his boat. It was charged by the other competitors that this American yachtsman violated all the unwritten laws of the contest.

After the race the prince said to me: "A yacht is a gentleman's home, whether it is racing or sailing about for pleasure. The owner of this yacht, to make her lighter and give her a better chance, re-



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moved all the furniture and stripped her bare. He even went so far, I am told, that when he found the steward had left in his stateroom a tooth-brush, he threw it out of the port window."

It will be seen from these few anecdotes how intensely human was the Prince of Wales. He did much for his country, both as prince and king, and filled in a wise and able way the functions of his office. Certainly no official did quite so much for the peace of Europe during his time, and no royalty ever did more to make the throne popular with the people. I heard him speak at both formal and informal occasions, and his addresses were always tactful and wise.

While at Homburg we used to enjoy the delightful excursions to Nauheim, the famous nerve-cure place. I met there at one time a peculiar type of American, quite common in former years. They were young men who, having inherited fortunes sufficient for their needs, had no ambitions. After a strenuous social life at home and in Europe, they became hypochondriacs and were chasing cures for their imaginary ills from one resort to another.

One of them, who had reached middle life, had, of course, become in his own opinion a confirmed invalid. I asked him: "What brought you here? You look very well."

"That is just my trouble," he answered. "I look very well and so get no sympathy, but my nervous system is so out of order that it only takes a slight shock to completely disarrange it. For instance, the cause of my present trouble. I was dining in Paris at the house of a famous hostess, and a distinguished company was present. The only three Americans were two ladies and myself. I was placed between them. You know one of these ladies, while a great leader at home, uses very emphatic language when she is irritated. The dinner, like most French dinners, with many courses, was unusually long. Suddenly this lady, leaning over me, said to her sister: 'Damn it, Fan, will this dinner never end?' The whole table was shocked and my nerves were completely shattered." The great war, as I think, exterminated this entire tribe.

I was delighted to find at Nauheim my old friends, Mark Twain and the Reverend Doctor Joseph Twichell, of Hartford, Conn. Doctor Twichell was Mark Twain's pastor at home. He was in college with me at Yale, and I was also associated with him in the governing corporation of Yale University. He was one of the finest wits and remarkable humorists of his time. Wit and humor were with him spontaneous, and he bubbled over with them. Mark Twain's faculties in that line were more labored and had to be worked out. Doctor Twichell often furnished in the rough the jewels which afterwards in Mark Twain's workshop became perfect gems.

I invited them to come over and spend the day and dine with me in the evening at Homburg. Mark Twain at that time had the reputation in England of being the greatest living wit and humorist. It soon spread over Homburg that he was in town and was to dine with me in the evening, and requests came pouring in to be invited. I kept enlarging my table at the Kursaal, with these requests, until the management said they could go no further. I placed Mark Twain alongside Lady Cork, one of the most brilliant women in England. In the course of years of acquaintance I had met Mark Twain under many conditions. He was very uncertain in a social gathering. Sometimes he would be the life of the occasion and make it one to be long remembered, but generally he contributed nothing. At this dinner, whenever he showed the slightest sign of making a remark, there was dead silence, but the remark did not come. He had a charming time, and so did Lady Cork, but the rest of the company heard nothing from the great humorist, and they were greatly disappointed.

The next morning Mark Twain came down to the springs in his tramping suit, which had fairly covered the continent. I introduced him to the Prince of Wales, and he was charmed with him in their hour of walk and talk. At dinner that evening the prince said to me: "I would have invited Mark Twain this evening, if I thought he had with him any dinner clothes."

"At my dinner last night," I said, "he met every conventional requirement."

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*From a photograph by Lock & Whitfield, London.*

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.
Photographed from life, July 17, 1876.

"Then," continued the prince, "I would be much obliged if you would get him for dinner with me to-morrow evening."

It was very much the same company as had dined with the prince the night before. Again Twain was for a long time a complete disappointment. I knew scores of good things of his and tried my best to start him off, but without success. The prince, who was unusually adroit and tactful in drawing a distinguished guest



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Sandringham,
Norfolk.

December 3/90.

Dear Mr. Depew,

How very kind
of you to have
sent me some
Champagne back Darks
which arrived
safely on the 7th
& was much
appreciated
by a large party

Facsimile of le

out, also failed. When the dinner was over, however, and we had reached the cigars, Mark Twain started in telling a story in his most captivating way. His peculiar drawl, his habit in emphasizing the points by shaking his bushy hair, made him a dramatic narrator. He never had greater success. Even the veteran Mark himself was astonished at the uproarious laughter which greeted almost every sentence and was overwhelming when he closed.

There are millions of stories in the world, and several hundred of them good ones. No one knew more of them than Mark Twain, and yet out of this vast collection he selected the one which I had told the night before to the same com-



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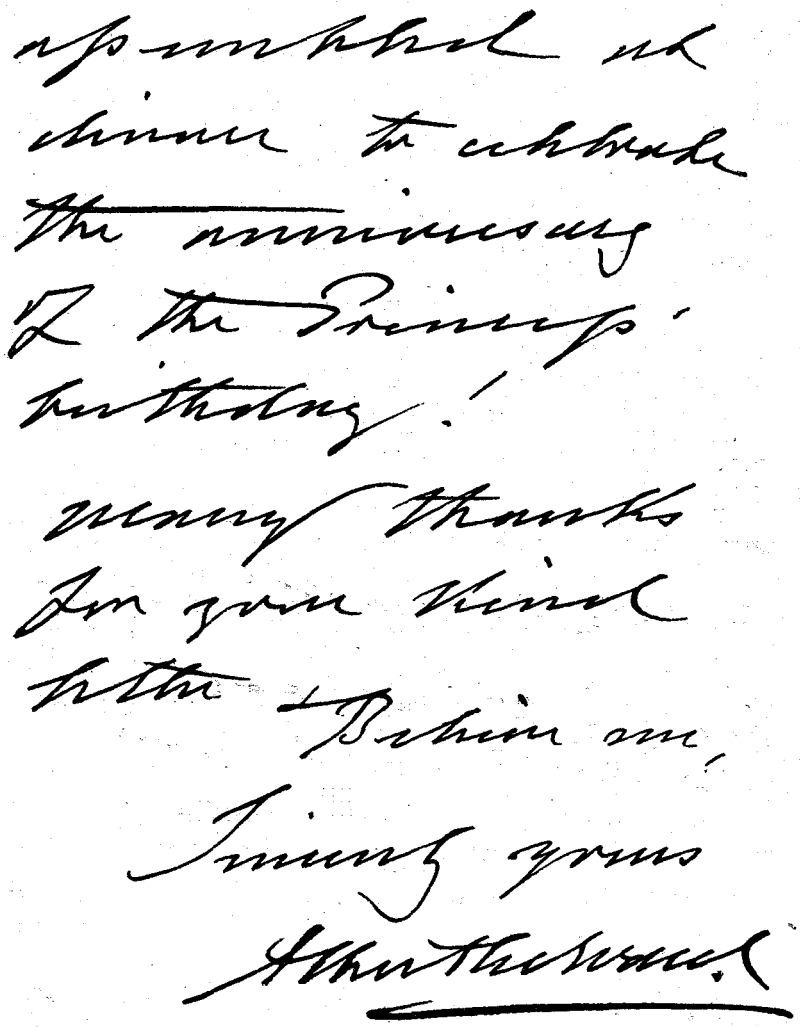

1 the Prince of Wales.

pany. The laughter and enjoyment were not at the story, but because the English had, as they thought, caught me in retailing to them from Mark Twain's repertoire one of his stories. It so happened that it was a story which I had heard as happening upon our railroad in one of my tours of inspection. I had told it in a speech, and it had been generally copied in the American newspapers. Mark Twain's reputation as the greatest living humorist caused that crowd to doubt the originality of my stories.

Mark had declined the cigars, but the prince was so delighted that he offered him one of the highly prized selection from his own case. This drew from him a story, which I have not seen in any of



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his books. I have read Mark Twain always with the greatest pleasure. His books of travel have been to me a source of endless interest, and his "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" is the best representation of the saint and heroine that I know.

When the prince offered him the cigar, Mark said: "No, prince, I never smoke. I have the reputation in Hartford, Conn., of furnishing at my entertainments the worst of cigars. When I was going abroad, and as I would be away for several years, I gave a reception and invited all my friends. I had the governor of the State of Connecticut and the judges of the highest courts, and the most distinguished members of the legislature. I had the leading clergymen and other citizens, and also the president and faculty of Yale University and Trinity College.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon my butler, who is a colored man, Pompey by name, came to me and said: 'Mr. Clemens, we have no cigars.' Just then a peddler's wagon stopped at the gate. In England they call them cheap jacks. I hailed the merchant and said: 'What have you in your wagon?' 'Well,' he answered, 'I have some Gobelin tapestries, Sèvres china, and Japanese cloisonné vases, and a few old masters.' Then I said to him: 'I do not want any of those, but have you cigars, and how much?' The peddler answered: 'Yes, sir, I have some excellent cigars, which I will sell you at seventeen cents a barrel.' I have to explain that a cent is an English farthing. Then I told him to roll a barrel in.

"It was a great occasion, one of the greatest we ever had in the old State of Connecticut," continued Mark, "but I noticed that the guests left unusually early after supper. The next morning I asked the butler why they left so early. 'Well,' he said, 'Mr. Clemens, everybody enjoyed the supper, and they were all having a good time until I gave them the cigars. After the gentleman had taken three puffs, he said: "Pomp, you infernal nigger, get me my hat and coat quick."' When I went out, my stone walk, which was one hundred yards long from the front door to the gate, was just paved with those cigars." This specimen of American exaggeration told in Mark Twain's original way made a great hit.

I met Mark Twain at a theatrical supper in London given by Sir Henry Irving. It was just after his publishing firm had failed so disastrously. It was a notable company of men of letters, playwrights, and artists. Poor Mark was broken in health and spirits. He tried to make a speech, and a humorous one, but it saddened the whole company.

I met him again after he had made the money on his remarkable lecture tour around the world, with which he met and paid all his debts. It was an achievement worthy of the famous effort of Sir Walter Scott. Jubilant, triumphant, and free, Mark Twain that night was the hero never forgotten by any one privileged to be present.

(To be continued.)

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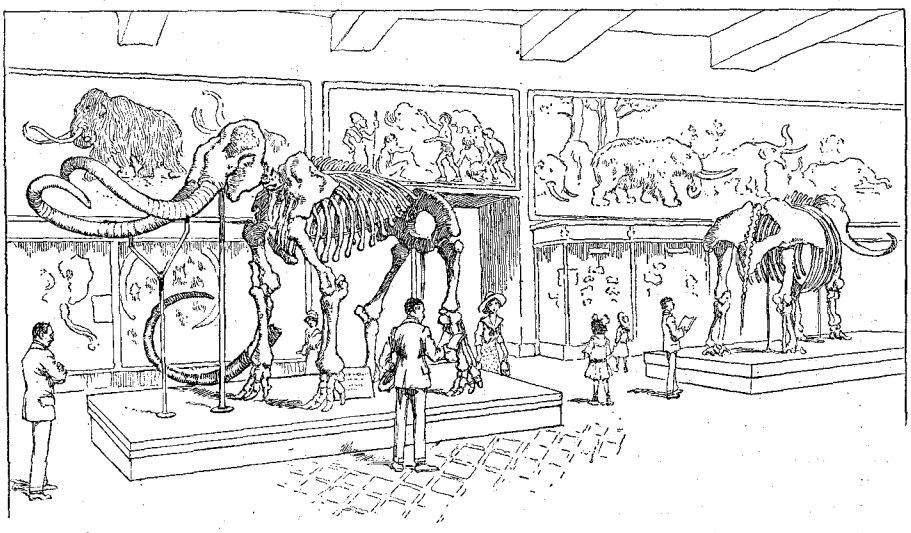

The sketch by W. M. Berger shows a section of the Pleistocene Hall with the actual skeletons of mammoths and mastodons; and above them a glimpse of two of the large murals in position on the wall.

# Mural Paintings of Prehistoric Men and Animals by Charles R. Knight

[IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY]

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY THE ARTIST

THE painting of the large panels recently placed on view in the Pleistocene Hall presents many difficulties, as a number of points must be taken into consideration before work on the murals themselves really begins. The whole scientific side of the question must, of course, be very carefully considered and the most characteristic types of animals selected for the various landscape backgrounds. The probable appearance in life of the different species presented, their form, color, and typical attitudes, are all discussed in detail as well as the important question of a relative scale for the creatures throughout the entire hall. One must realize that the animals pictured do not exist at the present day, and the artist is obliged, therefore, to use his knowledge and imagination to the fullest extent in the recreation of so many varying types. When a decision has been finally reached upon all the foregoing points, the question of the artistic composition and color scheme becomes paramount, and a number of charcoal sketches are made in order to arrive at some general schematic arrangement for the groups in question. The color sketches for the different panels are naturally very important, as they are, after all, the original paintings from which the larger pictures are copied, and must therefore be very fully carried out, with due regard for the completed effect of the finished murals when placed finally upon the walls. It is safe to say that these sketches take up at least four-fifths of the time required to complete the entire work, and represent no end of laborious research and many abortive attempts to attain a satisfactory result.



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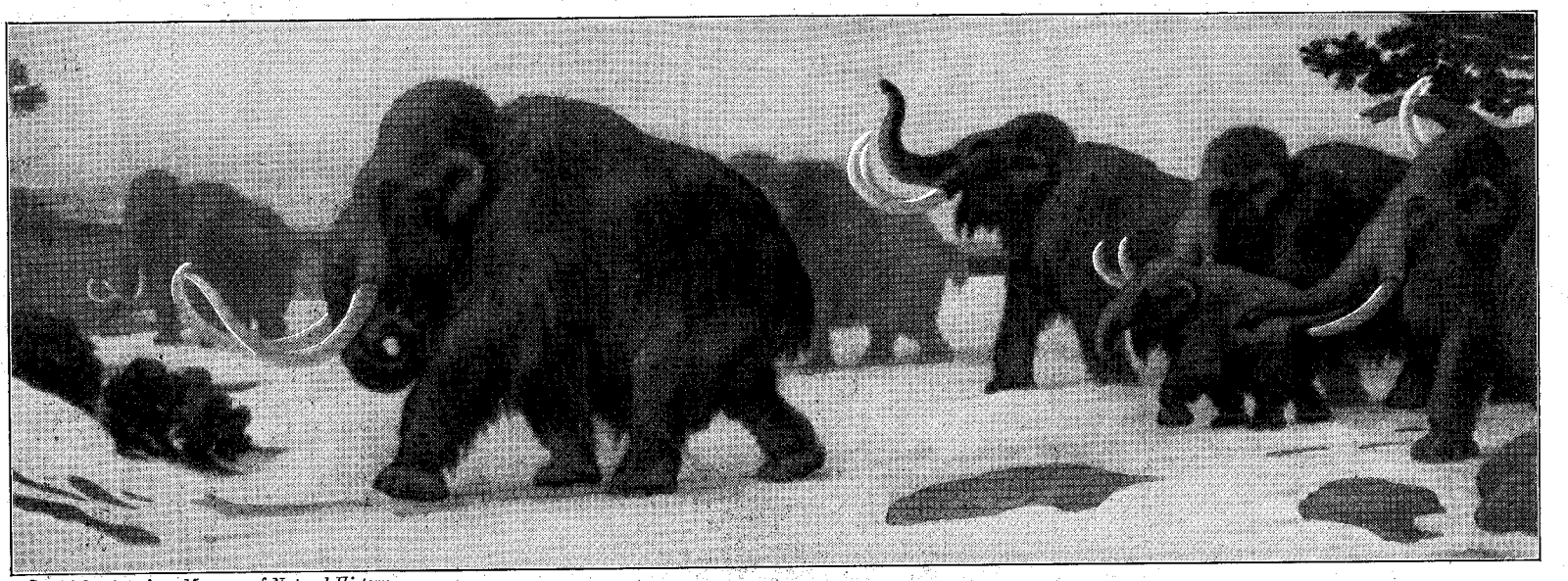

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Siberian woolly mammoths seeking new feeding-grounds.

The woolly mammoth seems to have been a very highly specialized type of pachyderm which inhabited the colder portions of Europe, Asia, and North America during a very long period of time. As a protection against the bitter cold of a northern winter, the huge animal was covered with a dense coat of under wool (reddish brown in color) and an outer covering of long, blackish hair, which grew thickest on the head and shoulders. The very long recurved tusks, dome-shaped forehead, and humped back must have imparted a very strange appearance to these great creatures, whose actual remains (frozen in the ice) have been discovered on several occasions in certain parts of Siberia. The food of the mammoth probably consisted of pine shoots, and the succulent leaves and branches of the hardwood-trees found in that region. We can imagine with what misgivings our prehistoric ancestors regarded these mighty beasts and how they rejoiced when perchance the hunters of the tribe were able to trap or otherwise destroy an old individual whose waning powers of resistance rendered him at last an easy prey to their puny weapons.

NOTE.—The frontispiece is the result of very careful study on the part of the author and, to his knowledge, the first picture, based on actual measurements, produced in this country. In it he has tried to show the physical strength and mental acuteness so necessary for man's future development, even in his more primitive stages. Though scientific opinions differ greatly as to the amount of hair on the bodies of the Neanderthals, the author is convinced that they were so covered, and that to a very considerable degree. Mentally the Neanderthals, while primitive and savage, were nevertheless cunning and resourceful to a degree, else they would have had no chance for existence, surrounded as they were by fierce predatory animals and still more rigorous climatic conditions. They knew the use of fire, but their weapons were rude, clumsy affairs, and not well fitted for aggressive combats with either man or beast. It is very important to remember that these so-called men were certainly not degenerate types of modern man, but a distinct species, lower in the scale, perhaps, but still very intelligent and well fitted to their time and place in the world's history.

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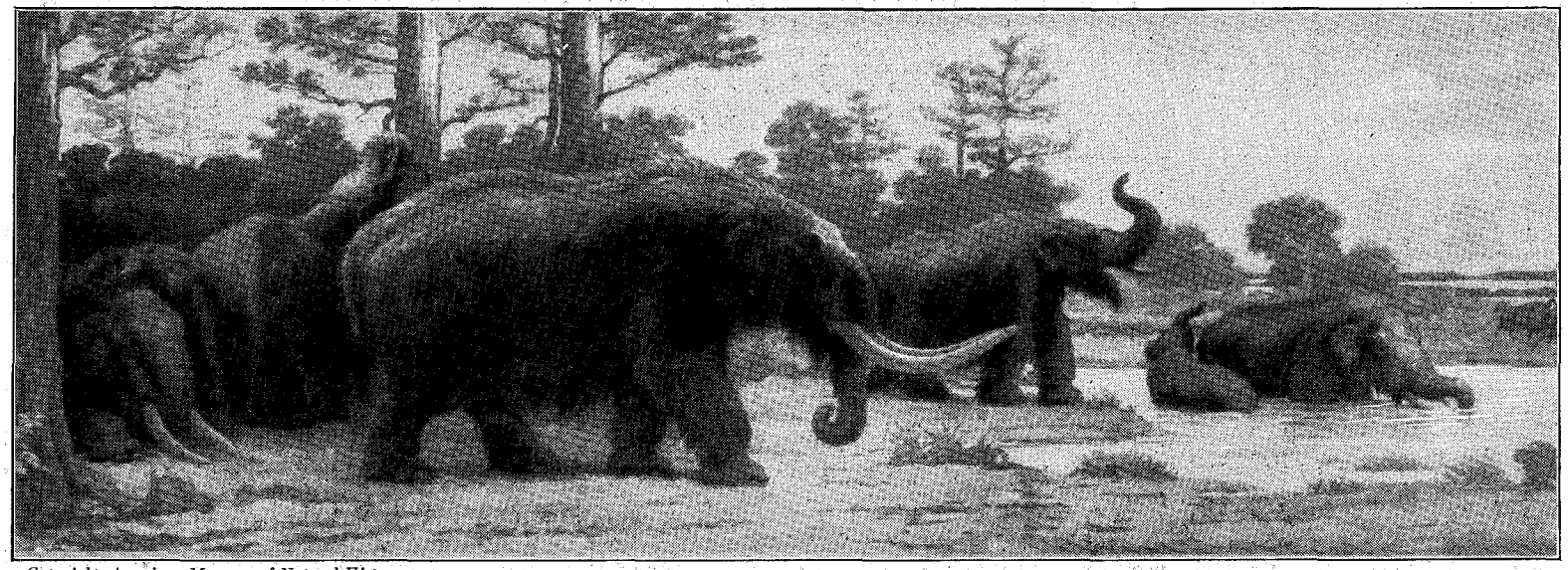

*Copyright, American Museum of Natural History.*

Summer-evening scene in the Mississippi Valley, showing a herd of American mastodons bathing.

The particular skeleton used as a basis for the restoration of the mastodon (and exhibited just beneath the picture) was found in a bog near Newburg, on the Hudson, some fifty years ago, and was bought by a certain Doctor Warren, of Boston, who had it mounted and placed on exhibition in his private museum. The bones were very well preserved and the great creature had evidently been mired and perished just where it was found by some workmen who were digging for loam in the aforesaid bog. For years the specimen remained on view until it was finally purchased by the late J. P. Morgan, who presented it to the Museum in New York. It is with difficulty that we conjure up the image of this enormous animal browsing about on the shores of the Hudson River in a climate very much like our own, and the reason for his final extinction is completely wrapped in mystery. In form the mastodon was more primitive than the modern elephants, with short, massive limbs and a long, heavy body. The head was carried low, and the trunk was rather short and very thick and powerful. It, too, was covered with a thick coat of hair and wool as a protection against the elements, and this great mass of hair must have greatly increased its apparent size. The differences in form between the mastodon and the mammoth have been very carefully worked out, and a comparison of the two creatures is easily made, as the companion mural at the other side of the door shows a herd of mammoths drawn to the same scale.



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Men of the Cro-Magnon race drawing mammoths on the walls of the Font de Gaume cavern in France.

The Cro-Magnon people are the most highly developed type of prehistoric men yet discovered, and are justly celebrated for their skill in depicting various forms of animal life on the walls of numerous caves and rock shelters in eastern and southern Europe. It is surmised that their art may have been semireligious in character, as most of the so-called paintings (drawn, as a rule, with black and white, and red chalk) are placed far back in very remote parts of the caverns in question, and are often reached with difficulty by present-day archæologists. That they were a tall and powerfully built race we know by the skeletal remains often found buried in or near the caves which they inhabited. Doubtless they often fought with, and may have annihilated, the much more primitive Neanderthal tribes with whom they came in contact, though this point is mere conjecture on our part, as nothing is definitely known about their life habits. From the great quantities of bone awls or needles found associated with the skeletons, we infer that the Cro-Magnons cut and sewed the skins from which they made their clothing, much after the manner of the modern Esquimau. They also made lance-heads of bone, and captured and used as food several species of large game animals, such as reindeer, bison, and several species of wild horses. The flesh of these creatures they roasted over the fire, cracking the bones to get at the marrow within, and using the skins as clothing and bedding for their chilly and miserable retreats at the entrances of the rock shelters which they perforce inhabited. Fire was also of great use to them as a protection against wild animals which roamed the interminable forests in search of prey, and would most certainly have attacked any stragglers found wandering abroad after nightfall. Indeed, life in these early times must have been one continuous struggle against the forces of nature, and only the strong and fortunate individuals survived the ordeal.

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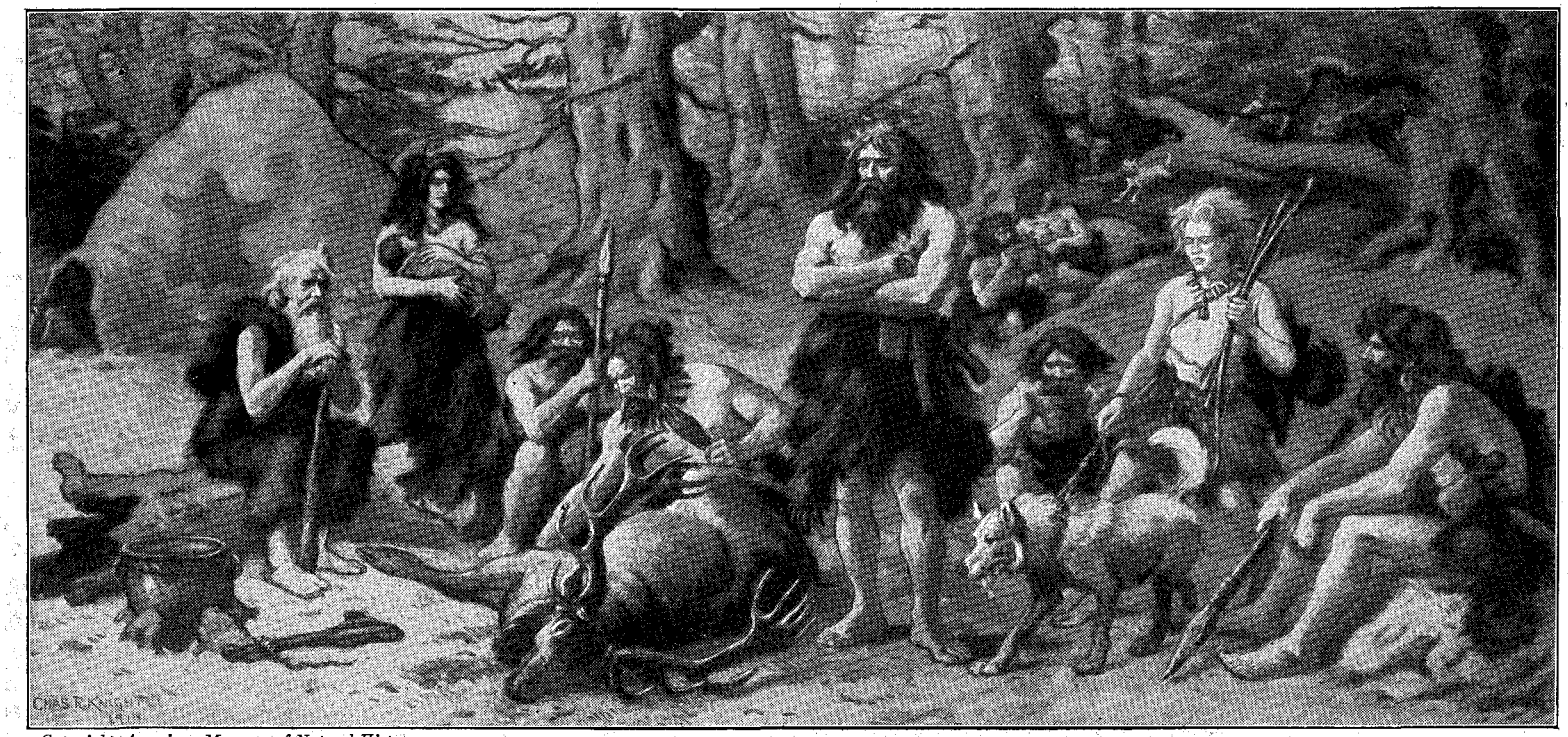

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Men of the later Stone Age returning from a stag hunt.

Archæologists are of the opinion that the age of roughly chipped flint weapons was followed by a long period in which the implements of war and the chase were further finished by the difficult and very laborious process of polishing the hard stone with a mixture probably of sand and water. With these finely wrought weapons the men of the period contrived to kill great numbers of wild animals for use as food, and the present mural attempts to show a band of these hardy Nimrods returning from a successful stag hunt. The great red deer of the period was a most imposing creature, carrying a splendid set of horns, and was no mean adversary for men armed with very primitive weapons. By the use of dogs, however, which seem to have been employed in this work, the task was made much easier, as the game could be caught and held by a pack of these savage brutes until the hunters could come up with their quarry. Along more æsthetic lines, on the other hand, these skilful pursuers of big game were sadly lacking, as we find no evidences of art among them, with the exception of some very crude designs on the earthen vessels which they contrived to make in a fairly serviceable manner. Yet in some mysterious way the human race was surely evoluting into a higher sphere than that occupied by the Cro-Magnon men, whose artistic talents were of such a high order, and the late Stone-Age men undoubtedly lived in huts or sod houses, where the community idea became a necessity, and the first notion of a definite home began to flourish in the minds of our ancestors. For as ancestors we must certainly regard these rugged and resourceful men who by dint of brains and brawn had made for themselves a dwelling-place where they might live in comparative security, meanwhile developing those communal instincts which in after ages were to materialize into what we now call modern civilization.



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Winter scene in Siberia with woolly rhinoceros, saiga antelopes, and mammoth.

A bleak waste of snow stretching to the horizon, where dark-blue hills cut sharply against a yellow rift in the cold, gray clouds, constitutes a fitting background for the weird form of the great woolly rhinoceros and serves to accentuate the frigid character of its environment for the greater part of each year. The mural attempts to show these mighty creatures at home on the Siberian tundra, that bleak and desolate region which stretches for thousands of miles across northern Asia. In the middle distance some small animals may be seen, standing or resting in the snow. These are saiga antelopes, an animal which still survives, though the great rhinoceros has passed away. The woolly rhinoceros must have been a most singular-looking beast with its long shaggy coat of reddish wool, and the two massive horns projecting from its nose. We have certain knowledge of its actual form from a very excellent colored-chalk drawing found in one of the French caves, and also from a specimen found frozen in the ice in Siberia. Strange as it may seem, the color and texture of the hair in this specimen is much the same as that found on a modern Sumatran species, and proves how conservative nature is in maintaining a really serviceable thing through countless ages.

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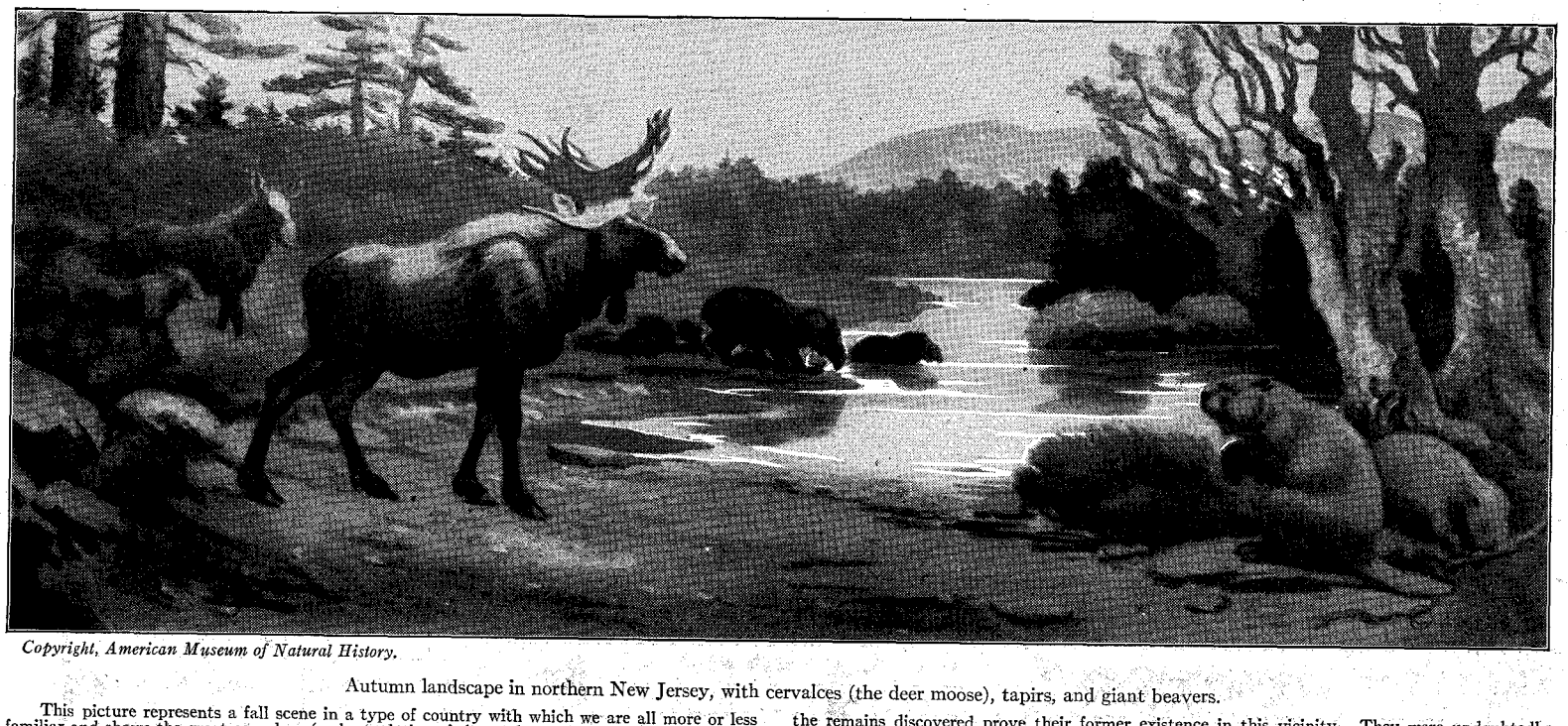

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Autumn landscape in northern New Jersey, with cervalces (the deer moose), tapirs, and giant beavers.

This picture represents a fall scene in a type of country with which we are all more or less familiar and shows the great cervalces (a close relative of the modern moose) coming to drink in the fast-falling twilight of a crisp autumn evening. A complete skeleton of this remarkable animal was discovered by a Jersey farmer not many years ago, and was purchased by the Princeton Museum, which considered itself most fortunate in securing this splendidly preserved specimen for its collections. We are not accustomed to think of tapirs living so near New York City, but the remains discovered prove their former existence in this vicinity. They were undoubtedly covered with long, thick hair as a protection in winter, yet it is not easy to imagine how an animal with their general make-up could have obtained sufficient food during the winter, unless the weather was much milder than that of our own time. The giant beavers, on the other hand, were eminently fitted for a cold climate, and, though more than twice as large as a recent beaver, could easily have survived in very severe weather owing to the vast quantity of available food always at hand.



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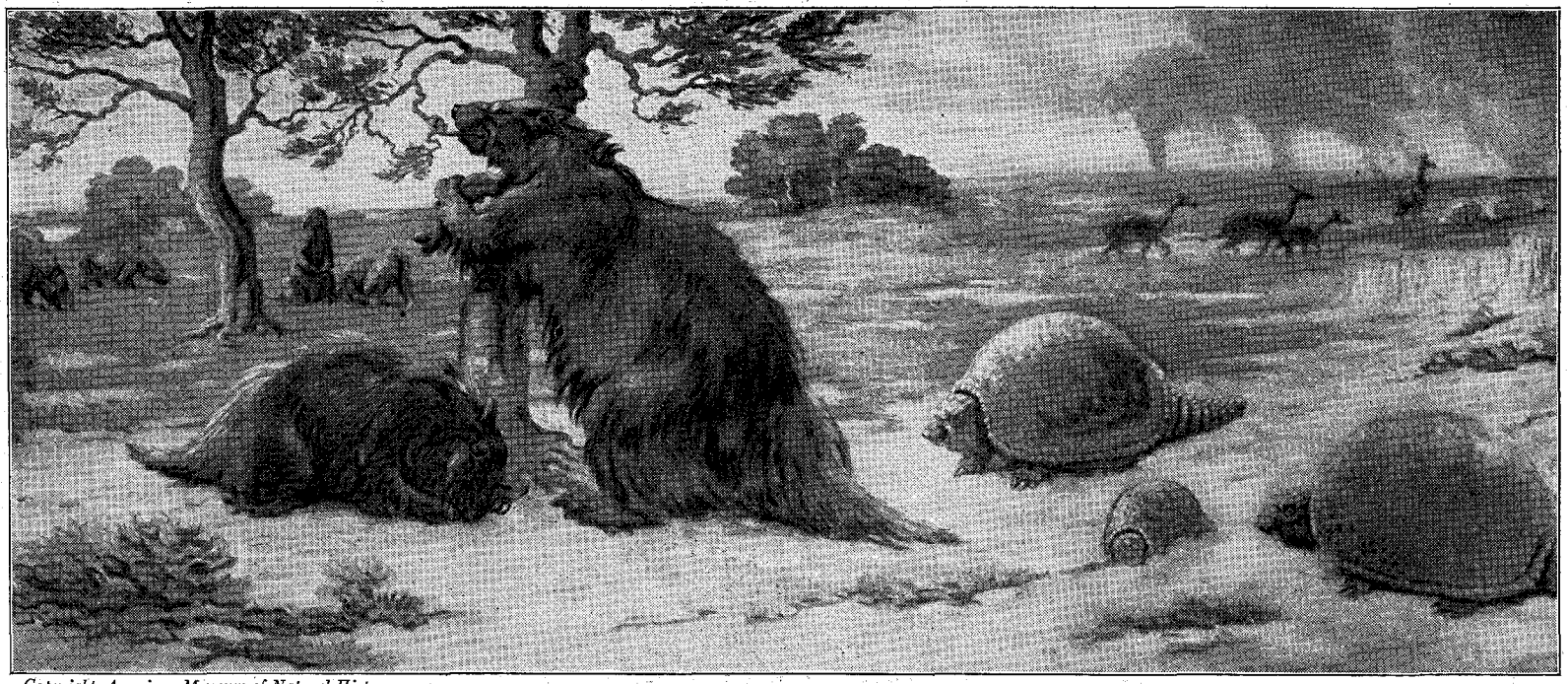

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Patagonian panel, with animals of the region feeding on the semiarid Pampean plains.

Of all the animals depicted in the Pleistocene Hall, none perhaps are more grotesque in appearance than those of the Patagonian region. The great ground-sloths are naturally the most important of these, but the turtle-like glyptodons are not far behind them in the matter of uncouth form. These latter are, of course, not related to turtles in any way, but are closely allied to the modern armadillos, those singular-looking animals that can at will roll themselves into a ball as a protection against their enemies. When attacked, the great glyptodons, which could not thus roll themselves up, were constrained to squat upon the ground and, digging their great claws into the yielding soil, could bid defiance to any animal not powerful enough to turn them over. Indeed, the great sabre-toothed tigers themselves must have had difficulty in killing one of these heavily armored and ungainly brutes. The two other types in the background are, respectively, toxodon (the squatty creature at the left) and machrauchenia, a llama-like form with a long proboscis somewhat resembling that of a tapir.

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# Hadji Hamid and the Brigand

BY HERBERT E. WINLOCK
Assistant Curator, Metropolitan Museum of Art

ILLUSTRATION BY H. R. SHURTLEFF

"YOU say that you buy these things from the natives and the dealers in Egypt, yes? But what I don't understand is how do *they* get them?"

That is a perfectly natural question and is put up to the museum curator again and again. He knows that the romance of the picaresque and the illicit often attaches to objects which he has collected for their scientific value or their æsthetic virtue, and sometimes he gets a hint—but usually only the vaguest—of a story that makes bootlegging sound as matter-of-fact and as humdrum as selling bonds. But even if he had the facts, a museum label would hardly be the place to give them.

For instance, there are some gold and silver cups in the Metropolitan Museum that once were part of a treasure of the Great Rameses. It would fill the entire case they are shown in if a label were written to tell the whole tale of how they were "found in 1906 in the ruins of ancient Bubastis." The story would have to begin with some workmen digging a railroad cutting through the ruins, who turned over the treasure with their hoes, and then quickly covered it up again. It would have to go on with how that night they came back to dig their find up and then fell into such a row over the division that by morning it was the gossip of the whole town of Zagazig, and by night the police were fishing a golden pitcher out of the thatch of one house and a silver bowl from under the bed in another. And then it would have to tell how the next day every antiquity dealer in Cairo was on the spot bargaining for what had escaped the search.

And even so, the story would not be complete. An affair like that, conducted with a lot of revengeful peasants looking for vicarious victims of their rage at the police, is one of the things in a dealer's life besides the lucrative and enjoyable pastime of levying tribute from the tourist friends of Mr. Thomas Cook.

That day at Zagazig one of the dealers was shown a silver goblet from the treasure and was told to send his man for it, with the purchase money, the next night. The man came and paid over the money, but all he got for it was a broken head. Another dealer was given just one fleeting glimpse of a golden pitcher in the hands of the wily fellâh who had succeeded in keeping it away from the authorities. Off and on for months those two haggled over the price until at last a bargain was struck and the dealer sent his trusted agent down to Zagazig to fetch away the pitcher. The fellâh and the agent passed each other in a crowded market-place. One handed over a little bag of sovereigns and the other a bundle done up in a dirty old handkerchief, and they parted without a sign of recognition. But when the bundle was opened in Cairo, instead of the golden pitcher, out came a very battered silver one the dealer had refused even to consider buying.

"Sapristi," he said to me with a shrug, "I assure you, it is *une des risques de nos affaires*. I still bargain for it, and *Inshallah*, as the Arabs say . . ." but he never got that golden pitcher.

Most of these tales are never told, and it is only a few that can even be imagined. Still, there are those rare times after some trade has been made and the coffee-cups and cigarettes are out, when a dealer will feel reminiscent. Once Hadji Hamid Mohammed Mohassib felt that way throughout a long hot afternoon, and I sat deathly still for fear of interrupting the unexpected flow of memories.

No, it's not as easy for us nowadays as it was when my father, Hadji Mohammed, was young. He used to take a bundle of



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*Drawn by H. R. Shurtleff.*

It was dark before we boosted the fat and puffy Mikhaïl up into his saddle and rode off through the narrow, black streets.—Page 290.



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libdehs and tagîyehs—you know those little caps the fellahîn wear under their turbans?—and go up to Esneh and Edfu and swap them for scarabs and little bronze gods. The caps cost him a piaster or two a piece, and the scarabs used to bring him five shillings—a pound—or even two. Money was made easily and without any risk in those days, and long before I was grown up my father was known all through the Saïd and even in Cairo as a prosperous merchant—and an honest one. It's different now with the inspectors and all the other dealers and the peasants who always want cash. Often I have to go loaded with gold and then I travel in the dark like the desert fox and pray Allah I meet no wolves. But sometimes I do.

In the summer-time my father has the servants put a wooden bench underneath the tree by our house, and hang a lantern so that his friends can sit in the cool of the evening with him. One night some of his old cronies had been chatting there—Ahmed the dragoman, Abdel Megîd the antiquity dealer, Sheykh Awadullah and some others—while the lesser people of the village had squatted on the edge of the shadows to listen to what the older men had to say to each other. It was late. They had gone home one by one and my father and I were about to go to bed when we saw one fellow waiting to speak. He was a northerner—a Behêri. You know you can always tell them from our Saïdis. He came up to my father and spoke to him very respectfully, telling him how the fame of Hadji Mohammed Mohassib as an honest antika dealer had spread even to his village, way down in the Fayoum. Therefore he had come all the way to Luxor to ask my father whether he would like to buy some gold coins which he had found. With that, he fumbled in his turban and pulled out one of those big Greek coins that weigh as much as two or three English sovereigns. He said that he had dug up a pot full in his garden and that in it there must be over five hundred. Naturally we showed no great interest, because to do so would have been very bad business, and my father told him that if he wanted to sell such things to us he would have to bring them to Luxor.

"By the life of the Prophet (upon whom be the peace) I am afraid to, my masters," he whispered to us. "If the Omdeh of our village got news of this find he would take the half of it and then tell the Inspector that I had the rest. And worse than that. If I started out from my house with that pot full of gold, our village brigand down there would take it all from me, and I would be found on the canal bank beaten half to death for not sharing it with him before."

Then he went into a long account of this brigand of theirs, Ahmed es Suefi, whom he called a real afrît with the very devils for his gang. The police were after him for killing a village guard out of revenge, but how can the police catch a man who is the cousin of the Omdeh of a big town, when the very Omdeh himself is afraid of him? The Omdeh may have hoped that some one would shoot this Ahmed in the dark and so relieve him of a very trying relative, but no self-respecting man could denounce his own uncle's son to the police, even to save himself from disgrace. So Ahmed es Suefi lived in the sugar-cane and sent out word to the Beys and the rich Copts who owned the plantations that he would set fire to their cane unless they gave him a present every month. They always sent it. They knew that with a single match he could burn up thousands of pounds of their profits. There he was, hidden by the poor because he robbed the rich; paid by the rich to leave them alone, and free to waylay those who passed along the canal banks and ease the purses of all who were not his friends.

"I can't bring that gold here, on my honor," wailed the Behêri. "My wife's brother—may God destroy his house—goes to the sugar-cane all the time and by now Ahmed es Suefi knows everything about my gold except where I have hidden it."

My father laughed, "W'allahi. So you want us to come instead so that this Suefi can rob us and split open our heads?"

"May God forgive . . ." he began, but we made much of the difficulties of the affair and refused many times to go before we got down to the real business of haggling over a price. At last he agreed



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to take their weight in sovereigns for the coins, which meant a very good profit for us. But then, he couldn't spend the antika guineas in the market and he could bring out English gold, piece by piece, with safety—and for us of course, there was a great risk with no redress from any one.

So he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Malaish—it makes no difference. Only bring me cash, my masters—bring me English sovereigns, and may God increase your prosperity." Then he told us how to get to his village, how to find his house and what day to come, after which he went away.

Of course, my father is too old a man for such a trip, and it is always my part of the business to travel on an affair like that. He raised the money that we would need, according to the Behêri's story—well over a thousand pounds—and I made all the preparations for the day that I was to go, with this redoubtable Ahmed es Suefi in my mind.

You know the Copt, Mikhaïl, the Christian, who is my father's clerk, and you know how fat and pompous he is? Well, I bought him a new silk kuftan, and when he was dressed up in it he looked like a very well-to-do merchant. Then there was Abdullah Kheirullah, that skinny, black Sudani servant that we trust with everything around the house, and my wife's brother Semân. These two and I myself went as the servants of the prosperous-looking Mikhaïl. Among the four of us I divided the money so that each of us carried nearly three hundred pounds in gold packed in belts under our clothes—and I assure you that they were heavy.

We took the train to Wasta and changed for Medinet el Fayoum, with Mikhaïl always in the second-class compartment among the omdehs and the rich farmers, and all of us, his servants, in the third-class with the fellahîn. When we got off the train in the evening, it was I who ran and hired donkeys and asked the way to a village which we knew was way off to the south, while Abdullah and Semân stood around and addressed Mikhaïl as "Excellency," and he made a great talk about going to the southern village to buy cotton. What with getting donkeys, and asking the way, and fussing about, it was dark before we boosted the fat and puffy Mikhaïl up into his saddle and rode off through the narrow, black streets. By that time we were sure that everybody who had seen us had put us down as a Coptic merchant and his party going about some business to the south. Anyway no one was following us, and when we got to the outskirts of the town we made our way around among the gardens and the rubbish dumps to the big canal that flows northward, past the village we were really seeking.

There was no moon—we had chosen the night on purpose for that—and under the trees along the banks it was as dark as inside the belly of a camel. We could scarcely see each other as the donkeys ambled along. Nobody was about. The peasants had left their farms long before and only now and then did we see a light in some hamlet away off across the black fields. We rode for a long time that night. How can I describe it to you? . . . the darkness that seemed so empty and so quiet, except for the barking of a dog, at last, a little way ahead. We were sure that that meant our village was near and all of us began to feel so safe that even Mikhaïl began to get facetious and whisper some joke about the Prince of the Afrîts himself being unable to see Abdullah's black face on such a night—and then half a dozen shadows rose up between us and the pale starlight reflected in the canal, and a voice bellowed out, "Peace be upon you."

Even the donkeys stopped and our hearts with them. We could scarcely move our lips enough to gasp out, "And upon you be the peace; the mercy of God and His blessing"—for we were all good Muslims and even if there was to be murder we could not refuse to greet the faithful. That is, we were all good Muslims except Mikhaïl the Christian, but in any case he was too choked with fear to have answered at all. I myself could just find breath to begin the recitation of the Fatah in a fervent whisper.

By the time we had answered their salaam the strangers had gathered close enough around us for me to see that each of them, except one little bearded man, had a shawl wrapped around his face, and

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one of those heavy sticks—a naboot—in his hands. The little man shoved through the others and came up to the quaking Mikhaïl in the front of our party.

"Greetings from Luxor, Hadji Hamid Mohammed," he said.

"May God give you peace," replied Mikhaïl, his fat bulk shaking so that the little donkey under him almost rolled over. "But, my brother, . . . I am no Hadji Hamid . . . I am Mikhaïl Effendi Fakhouri, a poor cotton merchant of Assiout. I do not know Hadji Hamid—unless he is a man we passed on the road an hour ago."

Even in the dark there was something terrifying about the little man as he drew himself up and snorted out at one of the others, "Is he not here, thou dog?" and that other came peering among us and finally pointed at me.

"I am not Hadji Hamid. By the life of our Lord . . ." I began, but the little man raised his hand and said very politely: "Your Excellency does not know me perhaps—Ahmed es Suefi, your servant and a robber of some reputation in these villages here."

"Whatever is, is God's will," I murmured. "Yes, I have heard of you, Sheykh Ahmed."

"That is better," he said, grinning at me. "Now I shall tell you what you are up to. You came to buy a pot of gold coins from So and So, and I am here to get the money you have brought. So hand it over and then you can go back and get some more. If you make no trouble I will let you by the next time, and God will increase your prosperity."

What was the use of pretending any more? Here, after all, was the brigand Ahmed es Suefi. He knew me and all of my affairs, and his men had half a dozen thick clubs to crack our heads if we made any fuss. And with broken heads what chance would we have to save those money belts? Perhaps it was the thought of one of those naboots coming down on my pate that made my tongue go slower and my head work faster, searching for an idea.

"Sheykh Ahmed," I began, pulling out my wallet and untying the string, "there is no use denying. I am Hadji Hamid and I have come to buy antikas, but nothing of great value." I was sticking my hand into the wallet to get out what change I had. I drew out my check-book, and with it suddenly came the idea.

"But anyway I have often heard tell of you. In fact, I had heard so much of your deeds that I praised God that the English had taught us poor merchants a little cleverness. Do you think, my brother, I would be so foolish as to go about your country loaded with gold when I can write on one of these slips of paper that the English call checks, and each will be worth hundreds of pounds at the bank in Cairo? Never in the world! I told the ignorant fellâh I would only bring a check . . ." but I could get no further.

"May destruction smite thee! And these English beasts—they are not of the children of Adam. Curses on all their kind and on their religion for teaching merchants such tricks and ruining my livelihood." He raged and spat and shrieked evil things. I offered him my wallet with the few piasters in it and a pearl-handled revolver (which would not shoot, by the way, because the firing-pin was broken), and a silver watch that was usually wrong. Mikhaïl produced a silver ring with a red glass ruby in it and the others had a little money for the journey, but altogether I doubt if we had five pounds to give him. Still he let us go, for there was nothing else for him to do. As he very plainly put it, we would be worth much more to him coming back with the gold coins.

All the time my money belt was pinching tighter and tighter under my clothes, for I knew that if ever that brigand's vitals began to cool off he would search us in spite of everything we had told him. But luckily there was no end to his rage at the English for inventing checks, and he was still cursing them in the dark as we went on our way. We, on the contrary, praised God for the cleverness of those same English, while we drummed on our donkey's ribs to make them go the faster.

The fellâh was waiting for us at his house. He produced his gold; we got out some scales, and each one stripped the money belt from his waist. For an hour or more we were weighing the coins and

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stuffing them into our belts as fast as we took the sovereigns out. We worked hard to hurry through the business. The peasant was trembling with anxiety to get his new sovereigns buried before Ahmed es Suefi should call upon him, and we were dead-tired from fright and from carrying those heavy belts all day. The weekly market was to be held the next morning at Medinet el Fayoum and crowds of people would be going from all the villages. We borrowed the dresses and veils of some women—all but Semân who was to go as the head of our family—and at daylight we were on the road again, safely hidden among the throngs of people and their beasts flocking to the market.

After that we had no trouble all the way back to Luxor, and in the end we made a handsome profit out of the affair. There were some rare coins which we sold very well in Cairo, and the common ones made a good business for us with the tourists for several seasons. In time we forgot our trip to the Fayoum, except when old black Abdullah chuckled sometimes at "Mikhaïl Effendi, the poor merchant of Assiout," and perhaps we never really got over the way our hearts had sunk into our bellies under those money belts.

Then once, a long time afterward, I was in Cairo. Usually when I am down there I go to Turah to pass an afternoon with my friend Sadîk Bey, who is the Mamour of the penitentiary. It happened that that day he had an inspection to make of the quarries where the most dangerous of the convicts make paving slabs. I went along with him and when he stopped to speak to the mulâhiz in charge, I stood waiting for him.

Suddenly a little bearded man bounded up from among the prisoners shouting out, "Hadji Hamid! Oh, Hadji Hamid, don't you know me . . . Ahmed es Suefi?"

Sadîk Bey and the mulâhiz turned on him drawing their revolvers, but I had recognized the little old fellow and I laughed and stopped them and went over to him, saying, "Of course I do. How are you, Sheykh Ahmed?"

"In peace and prosperity, the praise be God's," he answered simply. He was a pious man even with the chains clanking about his ankles. He bore me no grudge, but he did want to know how I had escaped him on the way back with the gold coins. He chuckled when he learned that we had had to wear women's veils and he grudgingly admitted that I had been clever to have brought checks instead of the money.

And then I told him about the money belts.

I believe that was probably the first time in his life that he was ever really stupefied. A look of bewilderment and amazement spread over his face, and his hands just dropped limp at his sides. "On your honor? . . . praise the Prophet? . . . this is not idle talk?" he kept saying over and over until at last a sort of relieved look came into his eyes, and he threw himself at my feet. "W'allahi, my master," he said, "at last I have met a man. If God is willing and if ever I get out of here, I shall work for you as long as I live—wages or no wages."

"And has he?" I asked finally, when it seemed evident that Hadji Hamid was going no farther with his tale.

"Not yet. I believe that he has still five or six years to serve." And then he added musingly: "But he would be a really useful man for me in antiquity dealing."

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# Germany after the War

## AS SEEN BY A FRENCHMAN

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

Formerly of the French General Staff; Author of "Foch: the Winner of the War" and "General Joffre and his Battles"

FOR a Frenchman nothing is more essential, at the present moment, than to know exactly what the state of affairs and the trend of thought are in Germany.

At the same time nothing is more difficult; for a Frenchman—no matter how impartial he may be, nor how hard he tries—finds it almost impossible not to have his view of Germany-at-peace distorted by his recollections of Germany-at-war. During the four years of that terrible conflict, the efforts which our country made, her sacrifices and her sufferings were too great for the world to ask that he forget, overnight, all that happened.

It behooves each one of us, however, to watch carefully, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, with detachment and coolness, the events taking place on the other side of the Rhine. The best way of doing so is, as they say, to "go and see." And that is what I have tried to do, for my part. I have been in Germany three times since the end of the war. The first time was in 1919, when I made a long automobile trip which enabled me to get a good view of the country; the second time was in 1920, when I was on my way back from a journey through central Europe, and the last visit was one of six weeks, which I have just concluded, to Munich, Dresden, and Berlin.

What struck me the most forcibly on my first visit in 1919, was the terrible food situation of the country. At that time much the most important question the Germans had to answer was whether they would have enough to eat. Well, a large part of Germany was far from having enough to eat. In the best hotel in Frankfort they served us putrid meat. When I complained bitterly to the *maître d'hôtel*, he said that he greatly regretted it, but that he absolutely had no other to offer us. In all the cities through which we passed, Eisenach, Leipzig, Hannover, etc., the food was everywhere simply uneatable. The bread was horrible, a sort of black putty, heavy and mixed with bran; eggs were unobtainable. The only place where we could get anything decent to eat was in Berlin at the Hôtel Adlon, which was exceptionally well provisioned because it was the headquarters for all the inter-Allied missions.

One can imagine, therefore, how greatly the inhabitants of the cities and industrial centres, especially, must have suffered from the war. The faces of the children were emaciated, the skin shrivelled. In the streets the crowds waited in long files before the delicatessen shops and the sight of a ham or a string of sausages literally petrified them with admiration.

In two years this situation has been entirely changed. To-day one can state absolutely that Germany has enough to eat. There are poor people, of course; the laboring classes and, more especially, the small tradesmen, those living on restricted incomes and petty office-holders, are in anything but enviable circumstances, for the cost of living has soared way beyond any increase in salaries or revenues. But this is true in all countries. On the other hand, we must remember that the number of the unemployed is infinitely less in Germany than in England or America.

Germany has managed, in short, to solve her difficult food problem much more rapidly and much more easily than one would have supposed possible. Her magnificent agricultural output furnishes her with part of her means of livelihood, and in exchange for her manufactured goods she procures from neighboring states the rest of the commodities which she lacks.



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In 1919 Germany was far from being safe from the danger of bolshevism. A communist government was set up at Munich under the leadership of Kurt Eisner, and only by the use of force, by an energetic, even pitiless repression, was it overthrown. In Berlin the Spartacan uprisings took place. Men fought with rifles and machine-guns in the streets of the capital and before the imperial palace which still bears many marks of the battle. The energy of Noske, then minister of war, saved the situation. My friend, Theodore Wolff, editor-in-chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, whom I went to see at his office, told me numerous details of the affair. When I called on Noske I found the War Office surrounded by a triple barricade of *chevaux de frise* and barbed-wire, like a blockhouse on the Hindenburg line during the war. Sentinels, wearing trench helmets, mounted guard in war-like fashion.

The Berlin streets, so admirably cared for before the war, had taken on a look of filthy untidiness that reminded me of the Russian cities immediately after the revolution. At the slightest menace of a communist uprising, soldiers, armed with machine-guns, barred the street, ready to fire on the insurgents.

In two years the transformation has been complete. Germany has become once more as industrious, as strictly disciplined, as orderly, as she was before the war. The peril of bolshevism has disappeared. Those who affect to fear it still—the Bavarian reactionaries, for example—are simply pretending and are making political use of the danger to terrorize the bourgeois class, attract to their standard as many adherents as possible, and pave the way for a return of the old order.

All the factories have started up again. At the present moment Germany is the country least affected by the economic crisis. She has even profited by it to a considerable extent, because the drop in her rate of exchange helps her exports.

The railroads are operating admirably, trains departing and arriving on time. A genius for organization, General Groener, has taken over the whole problem of transportation and reduced it to order and efficiency. Robberies, which were very numerous on the trains, in the stations, and even in hotels, have almost ceased.

Such is the exact picture of Germany as she is to-day. This return to order, upon the importance of which one cannot lay too much emphasis, exerts an influence both on the domestic political situation of Germany herself and on the politics of the whole of Europe. In the interior nothing could be of greater service to the cause of democracy. As long as the working classes are occupied and quiet, as long as there are no strikes and street riotings, just so long will the reactionaries be without any justification for a *coup d'état*.

On the other hand, the Lenine and Trotsky propaganda was extremely dangerous for Europe while there was reason to fear that Germany, Russia's powerful neighbor, might be corrupted by it. This peril was greatest during the summer of 1920, when the red armies, by invading Poland and reaching the gates of Warsaw, established direct contact with Prussian territory. From Germany the bolshevist contagion might have reached Czecho-Slovakia, a country particularly favorable to its development, and from there spread to other lands.

Now, on the contrary, Germany forms an unshakable barrier against bolshevism. One may say that Europe has about ceased to feel any further apprehension of "the red peril." The theories of Lenine have absolutely no chance of spreading to the west, but, on the other hand, it might easily happen that they should gain ground considerably in the east—in the Caucasus, in Asia Minor, and in central Asia. Bolshevism, that evil, conceived and nurtured in semi-oriental Russia, where material and moral conditions have helped to mature it, has been definitely rejected by Europe. Either it must disappear of itself, like a fire that is extinguished for lack of fuel, or it must be transformed, must evolute, must rid itself of its uncivilized, purely destructive attributes and adapt itself to the needs of a normal form of government.

The majority of the French are inclined instinctively to underestimate the strength and, even more, the sincerity of the democratic movement in Germany. They believe, willingly enough, that Ger-

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many has assumed the republican form of government simply in order to "save her face," to escape, partially at least, the consequences of her defeat; that everything is camouflage in this so-called democratic country which, at the first chance, will let fall the mask and reveal herself as she really is—a Germany eternally reactionary, monarchical, militarist, and Pan-Teutonic.

To my way of thinking, we err in forming such an opinion, and I never fail to tell my countrymen so. The keen, unbiassed, clear-sighted observer, after a sojourn in Germany, carries away with him the impression that the democratic movement is extremely serious and grows more so with each day.

All the laboring classes, that is to say 20,000,000 men at the least, are firmly attached to the republic. They are enrolled in organized unions, and are at their beck and call. It is true they have no arms and it would be difficult for them to fight against machine-guns, but they could at any moment declare a general strike, stop all transportation, and paralyze the economic existence of the country. Should some reactionary demonstration, some new "putsch," take place, such as that of Kapp for example, everything indicates that they would not hesitate to have recourse again to those drastic measures the efficacy of which is indisputable.

To the socialist working classes must be added the lower middle class, the small office-holders, and a part of the rural population, except in Bavaria. The Clerical party, the Centre, which plays an ever increasingly important rôle in German politics, is far from being antagonistic to democratic ideas. The present chancellor, Wirth, a conscientious, sincere man, whose energy and good faith are beyond question, is a Catholic. The papal nuncio at Munich, Monseigneur Pacelli, one of the foreigners who best know Germany, where he stayed throughout the war, gave me many details concerning the important Catholic congress held this last summer at Frankfort. The chancellor was present and delivered an address, which was greatly applauded. The Catholic party, with its numerous affiliations, stands for order and social tranquillity, and its influence cannot help but become greater and greater.

In summing up these forces, ranged more or less solidly on the side of the democratic government, one realizes that they are far from negligible. They represent the masses. But we must remember, on the other hand, that their adversaries, if unquestionably less numerous, are terribly audacious and active. They are, first, the former governing class, the Junkers, who have been stripped not only of much of their influence but also of a part of their fortune. Their investments have not augmented in value, or very little, while the purchasing power of their money has become less and less, and the cost of living has increased out of all proportion. For centuries the civil, military, and diplomatic representatives of the state, especially in the case of Prussia, have been drawn from among the Junkers. It is with grief and anger that they now see themselves superseded in authority by entirely new classes of people, nor is it astonishing that they are ready to make every effort to regain the position and power they have lost.

More tragic, more desperate still, is the situation of those officers who have been dismissed from the army in consequence of the reduction in the military forces. In France, following the return of the Bourbons in 1815, we had what was known as the *demi-soldes* — "half-pays"—poor, adventurous Bonapartists who detested the new régime and impatiently "champed the bit." Balzac has drawn them for us with powerful strokes in one of his greatest novels, "La Rabouilleuse."

The German ex-officers are not even *demi-soldes*, most of them having no pay at all. Many of them find it impossible to adapt themselves to civilian life. They live, literally, on the fringe of society. The band of adventurers that poured into Bavaria in the wake of Ludendorff, was formed of these men, ready for any bloody enterprise in which they had nothing to lose and everything to gain. It was from the ranks of these adventurers that the assassins of Erzberger were recruited. That murder aroused a commotion, a terror, throughout all Germany that served to strengthen the gov-

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ernment of Wirth. Everybody realized that it was impossible to allow a handful of conspirators to assassinate, one after the other, the men of mark in democratic Germany, and a pronounced reaction in favor of the government took place in all parts of the country. Some time later the government of Berlin gave proof of its energy and power by obliging that of Munich to suppress the state of siege and the objectionable government it was maintaining, without excuse, in Bavaria.

The majority of the higher officials are the enemies, more or less disguised, of the republic. One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the democratic cause, M. von Gerlach, editor of the *Welt am Montag*—called my attention to a number of significant facts in regard to the unfairness of the magistrates especially. They are extremely severe on workmen who have committed offenses and impose the maximum sentences on them, while toward the "nationalists" and the reactionaries they show the greatest clemency. A man accused of murder has a ridiculously light sentence passed upon him, because, it is set forth in the judgment, "he was not animated by dishonorable motives!" This scandalous casuistry is almost an invitation to crime.

To the reactionary forces we must add the universities—the professors and nine-tenths of the student body. We have come upon a very curious and a very disquieting fact here, for, whereas in other countries, notably in France, the youth of the colleges are eager to embrace new ideas, in Germany, on the contrary, they are fiercely reactionary and opposed to progress.

I had, during my stay at Berlin, an interview of several hours with the distinguished scholar Einstein. If, at the present time, Germany has a genius of whom she may be justly proud, it is certainly Einstein. Yet he himself told me that "nationalist" students had tried to make noisy demonstrations in his classes; that he had receved threatening letters; that he was taunted with being a Jew; with having made himself a naturalized Swiss subject because of his disgust with imperial Germany; for having refused to sign the manifesto of the Teutonic *savants;* and for having, throughout the war, protested against the errors and the crimes of Germany.

But, in spite of these retrogressive forces, it is by no means certain that the democratic government will not survive, will not succeed in sending its roots deep into the soil of Germany. We must not forget that, for several years after the war of 1870, the third republic had a hard struggle to firmly establish itself. It was only after eight years, in about 1878, that it succeeded in finally overcoming all the opposition of its adversaries. Up to that time it had led a precarious existence. The same thing may happen in Germany.

It is certainly not astonishing that France watches with keen attention the violent struggle going on between the political parties of Germany and the evolution of her new government. She does so because she has tremendous interests at stake. France will be less fearful of a counter-attack and a policy of revenge on the part of Germany should she swing toward the Left and the republic be definitely established. If, on the contrary, the supporters of the monarchy and the army come back with power, their return will presage the resumption of armaments and the preparation for war.

The material disarmament of Germany, which the inter-Allied commissions are effecting to a greater or less extent, is evidently of tremendous importance. But of far greater importance still is the moral disarmament. As long as that has not been accomplished in Germany, just so long will Europe not breathe easily.

From the economic and financial point of view, the situation of Germany might be expressed by this formula: the money chests of the state are empty, but those of a large number of private individuals are full.

The depreciation of the mark was obviously the result of natural causes. The principal one is the necessity under which the German government labors of buying foreign exchange to meet the first payments exacted by the treaty of Versailles. This, of course, amounts to saying that German money has fallen in value because Germany has been conquered.

But along with the natural causes were many artificial ones which the govern-

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ment at Berlin had the power, and even the duty, of so regulating as to prevent, or at least minimize, the lowering of the monetary unit. Now, such action was not taken. The government allowed the paper currency to increase in alarming proportions. At the end of September, 1921, it reached the astounding figure of 88,000,000,000 marks. In the course of one single week it was increased by 2,800,000,000 marks. No currency in the world could stand such an inflation.

The system of taxation, as it was conceived and put into operation by Erzberger in 1920 and 1921, was also responsible for the continual depreciation of the mark. Theoretically his system appeared to be excellent. It levied a tax on all fortunes over 172,000 marks. On the other hand, the public treasury is supposed to have first deducted, by the "Reichsmotopfer," an assessment of from 10 to 60 per cent.

If all these taxes had been collected, the state would have derived a large revenue from them. Unfortunately, they have not been collected. This fiscal reform, so tremendous, so Draconian in appearance, has been purely fictitious in large part. In spite of these taxes, never have private fortunes nor luxurious spending been greater than to-day. In the cities it is impossible to get a seat at a theatre, although they are very expensive—in marks! In the cabarets, the night restaurants (and heaven only knows how many there are!), where a bottle of Rhine wine or champagne costs several hundred marks, all the tables are reserved in advance!

So it is evident that there are any number of men in Germany to-day who spend money right and left and who apparently are not at all concerned over the depreciation of the mark. Take the case of Hugo Stinnes, one of the industrial magnates of Germany. Nearly all his available capital is in foreign countries—in Holland, in Scandinavia, etc. During the war and since the armistice he has taken good care not to bring into Germany the proceeds from his coal exports. His fortune is in crowns, in florins, in pounds sterling. It cannot, therefore, be touched—by the government. He, however, can easily manipulate his great wealth. Just as soon as some "big business" enterprise in Austria, Hungary, Italy, or Roumania attracts his interest, he gets his powerful grip upon it, buys it with his so-called depreciated money, and gets away with it from under the very noses of his French and English competitors.

Many Germans, since the cessation of hostilities, have followed Stinnes's example. They have sent their fortunes, in part or in whole, out of the country. In consequence Germany has been drained of capital.

The Bourse of Berlin, far more than that of London, Paris, or New York, has contributed to the depreciation of the mark. When the downward trend in the rate of exchange began to get alarming, the public became panicky. There was a mad race to get rid of the paper money, which was no longer of any value, as quickly as possible. Everybody, even the man in the street, sold his marks—at no matter what price—in order to buy foreign currency.

A veritable epidemic of speculation broke out over the entire country. As the mark declined, valuable transferable securities and real estate, the price of land, of houses, stocks of banks and business concerns, increased in inverse ratio. The Germans have finally got to the point of classifying all valuables under two heads: first, "gold securities," represented by something real, tangible—shares of corporations or landed property; second, "paper securities," which are bank-notes or government bonds. Everybody is trying to get hold of the first and nobody wants the second.

There is no country in which the government, if convinced in the slightest degree of the wisdom of such a course, is not empowered to prevent, or at least limit, the sending of capital out of the country. During the war all the countries involved took effectual measures to prevent that. The purchase of all foreign securities was under the control of the government, which, on the other hand, by exercising a strict surveillance over the banks, made the sending abroad of large amounts of capital impossible.

Nothing prevented the German government from enforcing the same regulations. It would have been comparatively

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easy, moreover, for her to have watched her exports, and assured herself that the value which they represented was returned to Germany instead of remaining abroad.

The Allies—French, English, Italians, Belgians, etc., who are the creditors of Germany, can and should, through the commission on reparations, remind the government at Berlin of her sacred obligations.

Unfortunately, none of that has been done, and the mark continues to decline in value.

In spite of this depreciation, Germany is still a rich country. Her fortune is not in bullion, but in her prodigious industrial and economic power, in her genius for work which enables her to produce more cheaply than any of her neighboring competitors and to dominate, in consequence, almost all the markets not only of Europe but of the world. Is it just, is it admissible, that this potential solvency should not constitute, to a certain extent, a guarantee in the hands of her creditors who are anxious to make her pay the indemnities of a war which she alone provoked, and which she waged with ferocity and a frenzy of wanton destructiveness, as the whole world knows?

If not, where would be the justice of it? Suppose that France could receive no indemnity, or almost none, from Germany—our country would be crushed under a triple burden:

First, the absolute necessity of restoring our devastated provinces, without which our economic existence would be menaced.

Second, the necessity of maintaining an army sufficiently strong to prevent any further offensive on the part of Germany until, by her acts, she gives proof of her pacific intentions.

Third, the payment of a domestic and foreign indebtedness much larger than Germany's.

On comparing the two countries, one is impressed with the fact that, all things being taken into consideration, Germany is undeniably in a better situation than France.

It is therefore just, indispensable, that Germany should pay to the limit of her power. The French are ready to promote all efforts, all arrangements that would tend to further this end. They gave proof of this when they sent one of their ministers, M. Loucheur, to Wiesbaden to negotiate with M. Walther Rathenau an agreement concerning the delivery of goods in payment to be manufactured by German concerns.

This contract, ingenious and at the same time rather complicated, carries the impress of its two authors, who are both experts in economics. It attempts to regulate, to the satisfaction of both parties, the practical carrying out of such exchanges.

Public opinion in France not only endorsed this contract but even welcomed it. It determined, as a whole, to take no notice of the opposition on the part of the French manufacturers. These, it must be conceded, are undeniably injured by such an agreement. French industry has been hard hit by the economic crisis which is felt all over the world. It no longer receives enough orders nor finds enough markets. In Europe, because of the differences in the cost of hand labor and of coal, French industry is unable to compete with the German, and must rely therefore on domestic orders. It risks losing one of the most important of them all, the restoration of the devastated regions, to German captains of industry.

One cannot be greatly astonished, under such conditions, that French business men are not entirely pleased with the arrangements at Wiesbaden. The government, firmly supported by public opinion, has decided to go counter to their protests. It feels, and it is right, that the public good should take precedence over private interests.

The public welfare demands that the devastated regions should be restored as quickly as possible, and that Germany, in order to pay off a part of her debt to France, should contribute in large measure to restoring what her armies have destroyed.

France, in short, expects two things of Germany: first, security; second, reparations.

During my visit to Berlin I saw a great deal of my old friend, General Nollet, head of the inter-Allied Military Mission,

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charged to effect the disarmament of Germany. This mission, which has worked zealously and continuously, is on the way to obtaining about all the results humanly possible. But results—and this is an important point—can only be approximate. Marshal Foch said to me one day, in his epigrammatic fashion: "One does not disarm entirely a people like the Germans!" He meant by that, that if Germany ever wishes to she will always be able, by more or less secret means, rapidly to get together a powerful armed force.

An army is composed of three elements. First, *l'esprit militaire*—the martial spirit—which animates it. This spirit will remain for a long time still deeply rooted in the German character. It cannot be otherwise. Second, the regular forces. Third, arms and ammunition. The "Reichswehr" has been brought up to 100,000 men. Only, at the express demand of Lloyd George, and contrary to the opinion of Marshal Foch, this army is composed solely of regulars, enlisted for a long term. It could, therefore, easily furnish a corps of instructors and commissioned and non-commissioned officers—a sort of concentrated military broth into which the government only has to pour hot water in the shape of reserves, which are never wanting in Germany. Each division of the "Reichswehr" corresponds to a unit of the old imperial army; a company or a battalion represents a regiment, etc. As for military supplies, it doesn't signify anything that the Germans have destroyed or handed over guns, machine-guns, and cannon. Their numerous factories and their powerful industrial organization will make it possible—except perhaps in the case of large cannon—easily to replace those losses.

Who knows, furthermore, whether, in another war, if unfortunately we have another, the same sort of armaments will be used? The products of commercial chemistry, of which industry Germany is incontestably the leader, the gigantic strides made in aviation, may possibly, thanks to new inventions, completely revolutionize the science of war.

What is of the highest importance, therefore, is to know whether or not Germany really wishes peace. As long as that question remains unanswered one cannot reproach France—three times invaded in the course of a century—for taking every precaution and being continually on her guard.

And likewise can any one accuse our country of disturbing the peace, of upsetting the economic situation of Europe, when she limits herself to demanding of Germany a part, at least, of what she owes us?

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# Cardinal Mercier

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

THE incredibility of a tree of flowers!
If it never had happened, these thousand thousand Springs,
We would never have thought it could happen; yet there they gleam,
Apple-trees—earth's white soul of a myriad wings;
And never a human so dull but halts and sings
A phraseless hymn of delight to the blessed things.

The incredibility of a holy life!
Humanity mocks and sighs the dream away,
Yet a face shines out of a shattered land, and a smile
Dissolves all doubt as the sun melts night-fogs gray;
And never a human but stands, in that flooding day
With a surer hold on visions, the things that stay.

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# James Gibbons Huneker

BY NORMAN T. BYRNE

LAST spring America lost, in the person of James Gibbons Huneker, her most vital critic, and lost in him a writer whose influence on American letters it is as yet quite impossible to determine. Born in Philadelphia in 1860 of stanch old stock, he grew up in an atmosphere fairly saturated with all that is best in literature, painting, and music. His early education at the hands of Catholic priests was designed to fit him for a clerical life, and there was much in his make-up to draw him toward the church. He was bashful and reticent; an oversensitive child possessed by a morbid love of his mother which manifested itself in a passionately sensuous devotion to the Catholic ritual. It was an æsthetic emotion prompted not only by an appeal to the sensations, but by that feeling of spiritual comfort and seclusion that the Catholic edifice gives to those who shrink from contact with reality—a feeling neither religious nor rational, but both æsthetic and neurotic.

But there were other forces. Intellectually vigorous and curious, vital, having a keen sense and sincere love for all that is beautiful especially if it were new and strange and a bit bizarre, being innately inclined to give chase to each new star that showed itself on the horizon, he finally wearied of the clerical repression and one after another tried the locomotive shops, law, and the pianoforte.

Alone in Paris during what was the most impressionable period of his life, from 1878 to some time in the early '80's, he dabbled in each of the arts and fairly drank in the culture and taste of the inimitable Paris of that period. A few articles written during this time for the Philadelphia papers led to newspaper work on his return, and finally to his advent in New York as a reporter. The rest of his story is well known. His study of Chopin (1899) established him firmly as a music critic, and "Iconoclasts" fixed him as firmly as a dramatic critic. His remaining work is for the most part a medley of the seven arts, critical with the exception of two volumes of short stories done in the French style; "Melomaniacs" (1902) and "Visionaries" (1905); "Old Fogy," a critical farce which very well expresses Huneker's lighter vein; "Steeplejack," an autobiographical ramble; and "Painted Veils," an attempt at a hybrid novel.

Personally Huneker was enthralling. Quick and ready, he had an amazing flow of conversation that, although it was backed by an imponderable fund of information, leaped here and there, impressionably characterizing everything in a few salient words that were pregnant with meaning and never didactic. This same quality of lightness, of playfulness, of what sometimes seemed a lack of seriousness, moulded not only his conversation but all his writings, and showed itself in his curious attitude toward life. With Flaubert he held to a philosophy of disenchantment which says that "life is but a rope of sand," and that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Nearer to his heart was Jules de Gaultier's doctrine of the eternal pretense. Man is nothing but a series of masks which, consciously or unconsciously, he dons and doffs to suit his environment. Remember Oscar Wilde's horror of the human common denominator, and his interest in each man's pretense? But though sceptical and disillusioned, Huneker was never a pessimist. With Nietzsche he uttered a rhapsodic *Yea* to life. The meaning of life was just the living of it: an escape from the horror of *ennui*. Sceptical of everything, he fell back on a Dionysiac enjoyment of all that life has to offer—the æsthetic escape. Nietzschian too was his egoism and his individualism, two delightful components of his character. In



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all it made for subjective valuation, leniency, a freshening zest for life that was pagan in spirit, and a passionate love for art that was almost religious.

Interesting in what it reveals is a simple chronicle of a man's likes and dislikes —his prejudices, in short. Huneker considered Velasquez the greatest harmonist in colors, Vermeer the greatest painter of daylight, and Rembrandt the profoundest interpreter of the human soul. Among musicians Chopin was dearest to him, Bach was his master, and he bowed before the genius of Beethoven. Flaubert was his greatest novelist and Gaultier his favorite philosopher, although if it had not been for the "Antichrist," another might have been. Critically he acknowledged Remy de Gourmont as his guide and master, although, again, he took his æsthetics of music from the German. His regard for his own ego was overwhelming, for Pilsner almost as much so, while women and the Jews came in for their share. He had a perfect mania for catchy phrases and quotations, in turn bejewelling and besplattering his work with them.

The list of his dislikes is longer and even more enlightening. He fairly hated Kipling, while the later works of Wells bored him, as did the earlier ones of Arnold Bennett. Cognac was too much for him; he preferred the pale beverage of Bohemia. Player-pianos, music-boxes, the Shavians, the Ibsenites, new religions, socialism, altruism, or universal brotherhood—he abhorred them all and never failed to deride them. Art theories he mistrusted. Programme music flayed his nerves. American hypocrisy and pseudo-national taste were the bane of his life. Metaphysics, logic, and philosophy he fled from. "Throw metaphysics to the dogs," he says in "Steeplejack," "unless you like a tortoise pace in a labyrinth and leading nowhere." Of Bergson's *duration* —"It's magnificent, but it's metaphysics"; and again, "All metaphysicians are mythomaniacs," and "Henri Bergson is a mystagogue."

Critically Huneker hailed from France. He had too vital an appreciation of the beautiful to follow Brunetière, but he was frightened by the freedom of the impressionistic methods of Anatole France. Nevertheless, after paying his customary pence to the bulwarks of convention, he acted and wrote much as if he were completely subjective. He scorned the idea of objective criticism. "In art, as in life, there is no absolute," he wrote; and further, "The didactic spirit ever fails to interpret." The critic's function then is "humbly to follow and register his emotion aroused by the masterpiece;" neither to praise nor to blame, but to relate his own prejudices. To escape utter freedom he required of the critic sympathy and sincerity, a complete cosmopolitanism, a "catholicity of taste and judgment," and even more than that, "an artistic temperament and a *credo*." But the critic, Huneker held, was the most necessary nuisance —after women—in this world. "Art is art and not nature, criticism is criticism and not art." Oscar Wilde's creative critic is a dream. The critic really is an interpreter between the artist and the public, a vulgarizer, a middleman. Let him ply his pen modestly and amiably.

Undoubtedly, Huneker was blessed with an artistic temperament, but the æsthetic *credo* which he himself required of any critic is not so apparent. Of course, he held art to be non-moral—some place he asks us to "consider the uneasy moral itch from which Ruskin and Brunetière suffered." He declares that there is no hierarchy of the seven arts, Pater's inviting argument being an "amiable heresy." Nor is there possible any commingling of the arts; they are of discrete substances; and Wagner was possessed by an "æsthetic nightmare." Music should be absolute music; but, just as Huneker continually mingled the seven arts in his critical works, he did not scruple to enjoy music that was not absolute. Lastly, the anathema of art, for him, was the didactic, the doctrinaire, the propaganda; and he pointed successively to Tolstoy, Gorky, and Bernard Shaw.

Naturally the above facts left an indelible trail across his works, sometimes for good, and yet other times for ill. If a critic considers himself one of those rings in the series of interpreters that lie between the enrapt muse and the public, his work is apt to become *presentative*, sketchy, somewhat immature, and of the

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nature of those popular versions of Einstein. It will lack depth. It will be too humble. More dangerous still to his critical work was Huneker's hatred of theory, his ignorance and disdain for philosophy, his scorn for the intellectual. Not only was he sceptical of the theoretic activity, but by his own confession he was completely unable to deal with it. It left his entire work singularly lacking in balance, profundity, or finality, as you will. The articles on James and Bergson are utter failures from even a presentative standpoint, while the same lack of complete mastery shows itself too often throughout his entire works. He was continually inconsistent, not with the superb independence of Emerson, but rather from carelessness. The same carelessness resulted, too, in a disconcerting number of misquotations, unacknowledged quotations, unauthentic data and utter falsification. Mistakes were of little concern to him. Thus his dates are often given from memory, gossip is given for fact, while he calls Nietzsche anti-Semite, and says that the "Antichrist" was written after the nervous breakdown. "Promenades of an Impressionist" and several articles are almost ruined by the continual lack of authentic material. He tells us that there is not one original idea in Bernard Shaw, repeats the same of Nietzsche, and a score of others, while his eternally accusing every one of plagiarizing all of their ideas grows exceeding tiresome. One has only to glance through modern French criticism to learn how successfully Huneker himself could reorchestrate other men's ideas.

Into his work, also, crept that irrational element of his life, dominated perhaps by the mother *imago*, that held him, however loosely, yet safely, within the bonds of the established church. He always gave his religion as Catholic—though in many ways he was sceptical. It was an unreasoning, inescapable respect for established authority, for venerable institutions, for time-worn reputations: a thing that, although held in check by all the natural vitality and genius of the man, nevertheless would out. Inexplicable except in view of the above is the touch of sentimentality that he sometimes uncovered. To anti-Catholic ideas he *could* not be fair, nor quite fair to the man that held them, although he did esteem his art. His articles on Oscar Wilde and James Joyce might be cited, while of Nietzsche he wrote: "He used the battering-ram of a rare dialectic skill, and crash go the religious, social, and artistic fabrics reared ages since. But when the brilliant smoke of his style clears away, we still see standing the same venerable institutions." Quite as unwarranted is the persistency with which he uncovers the shadow of the cross. Of Gorky he wrote that "He shakes his fist at the eternal stars and makes the sign of the cross." Perhaps Gorky did, but it is certainly too much to repeat the same, in substance, of George Moore, Anatole France, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Shaw, and James Joyce.

If one were to choose one word that was to sum up all of Huneker's virtues, one would say that he was *refreshing*. He was an inestimable breath of fresh air that deranged the musty rooms of a criticism grown didactic and lifeless. Life and vigor were typified by his style—a sheen of sparkling phrases set in a rhythmical prose that borrowed much from his musical training. He was well versed in the seven arts, and if his knowledge of some of them was not always profound, his love of them was sincere, and the manner in which he criticised each one in terms of the other is a continual delight to his reader. His taste, entirely European in character, was rarely at fault. He was taken in by some things that were ephemeral, yet he rarely failed to notice each rising star of genius. His defense was fearless and his article always stimulating. Never didactic, never pedantic, if he was found wanting in philosophical ballast he did possess that sense of æsthetic value that the scholar too often lacks and that the critic must have. That was Huneker's forte—his taste and his verve.

Although his critical tenets made his work presentative, they also excluded the dogmatic moralistic judgments that were the curse of the last century. Subjective in character, his criticisms were attempts to get at *artistic* values and not moralistic or intellectual values. Take any one of

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his better articles in "Iconoclasts," or "Egoists," or "Ivory Apes and Peacocks"; take his entire volume on Chopin—in it there is a sincere attempt to understand the artist, to appreciate his attempt. He does not bother to rate or censor; he is not much concerned with an analytic disintegration. An expression of the initial impression, the emotional thrill that a work of art gives to the sensitive spectator, an expression in terms that themselves are fairly pregnant with life—it is more than America could boast before.

Huneker's chief value lies, then, it seems, not in his works, which with the exception of the study of Chopin will probably be forgotten comparatively soon, but in his having, in the freshness of his method, paraded before the American public his ideas on an art of which they were all but totally ignorant. As commentaries or studies his articles lack body; as stimulating introductions they are unparalleled. The part he played in the introduction of modern European art to America and in the attack on pedantic criticism will perhaps only be understood and appreciated by later generations and in the light of more mature results.

# On Living Next to James Huneker

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I DID not know the late James Huneker in the sense of presentation, acquaintance, or friendship; yet, in another sense, I feel now that I knew him well; and there was a time when he gave me some most uncomfortable quarters of an hour.

My sister and I had, in those years, a studio next to his, high up in a tall apartment-house in which the top floor only was given over to the arts or would-be artists, with the additional occupancy of a janitor and his wife. In the studio on one side of us lived a man and his wife who were painters; on the other—though his identity was for quite a long time hidden from us—the immortal James Gibbons! In the little apartment just beyond him lived the aforesaid janitor and his wife.

We were altogether new to New York and New York studio life, my sister and I, but not unfascinated by the independence of two rooms, a really marvellous view, a scant but sufficient amount of furniture, including a piano, and dreams galore.

We were neither of us musicians—we meant rather to be writers—but we were, of old, lovers of music. From early years we had taken piano lessons, as a matter of course, from the old family piano professor who had taught our older brothers and sisters, just as we had taken dancing lessons from the family dancing-master. No one, I am sure, charged with our educations, ever seriously intended to make finished musicians of us; but in those days which lacked victrolas, a cultivation of a certain type which was in our family tradition required that we play the piano at least moderately well and that we read piano music at sight.

With the latter end in view, my sister and I had since early years read duets together. Beginning with overtures to "Norma," "William Tell," "The Barber of Seville," and the like, we had accumulated speed and a musical library, until we had attained to a four-handed arrangement of the Beethoven sonatas. We intended some day to play the Beethoven symphonies; meanwhile the sonatas were our delight.

I am obliged to confess we played them very badly. When we became too painfully aware of this, we reminded ourselves that it was only as a matter of practice in reading that we played them at all.

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Nevertheless we found the greatest pleasure in attacking their manifold difficulties of tempo and notation.

Generally, I began my performance in the treble, then, when we had labored through the last page and had met valiantly on the last chords, we would exchange places at the piano, and each would then proceed to show the other how the part now attacked really should have been played.

I do not mean that we ever quarrelled. We never did. But rivalry and love of conquest are deep-rooted in the human heart. I am inclined to think it was something as fundamental as these which made it so difficult for us to keep pace together. One or the other of us was forever straining ahead.

If my measures were simple when my sister's were difficult, nothing was easier than for me to accelerate the tempo, and vice versa. This resulted in occasional appalling disharmony, not a few discussions, and even at times some hardness of feeling.

As a means of forestalling argument, we had numbered with a pencil the measures. When matters became too acute, I would stop and say icily: "Well, *I* am at number twenty-three. Where are you?" Or my sister would say in a loud voice, as she continued to play, not deigning to break off the measure: "Twelve! Twelve! I'm at twelve! You're behind! *Thirteen! Fourteen!* It isn't! That's a half note!"

So it was that often, like the fabled cornetist, we played not so much by note or by ear as by main force, and came to our destination by sheer unabated determination and persistence; grace-notes, trills, sixteenth notes, thirty-seconds, sometimes whole measures and platoons falling by the way.

Yet, dear me! the pleasure we had of our performance! I can still feel a lift of the heart remembering how, having finished and laid aside other matters, we decided we would play a Beethoven sonata; settled ourselves in our chairs in front of the piano, turned the pages, agreed amicably on which sonata it should be, settled ourselves for the fray, held our hands ready, glanced at each other, nodded for a sign, and began!

The heart has a native habit, I believe, of high hopes. We had played those sonatas very often and made havoc of them, yet we started in as freshly hopeful each time as though the Muses stood at our elbows.

Meanwhile events, impressions, suspicions, and confirmations went forward as to our neighbor in the next studio on our right.

That he was a musician was plain, or say rather a lover of music. For, though he played a great deal, yet he never by any chance practised at all. I never heard him play scales or any of those customary repetitions of various flexibilities known as "exercises." Here was no "*Gradus ad Parnassum*." Indeed, no! He played always *from* Parnassus. You would be at your task, or eating your salad, and surprisingly he would begin, as though suddenly Ariel had alighted.

I can give you no idea of the abruptness, the ease, the charm, the beauty, of the performance. Flying measures for the most part, wisps of smoke if smoke were harmony, breaths of breeze that fainted and melted into nothing, if breeze were music, bursts of beauty and delicate force, then fairy-like recantation and abrupt stillness, and a beginning again of joy, delicate and wonderful as my ears have been witness to from nowhere else in the world but the throat of a canary. You held your breath! You did indeed! You forgot to eat your salad. So much of the temperament of the man there seemed to be in his playing. I can still hear, too, those full rich measures that would later break off abruptly; or he would play a nocturne, or the movement of a concerto almost to the end, then suddenly drop the whole lovely matter, not as it were through weariness, but as though lovelier forms still floated just beyond his touch.

We listened enraptured, and were not slow as to conjecture. We pictured him very young in our first imaginings, young and lithe and poetic—oh, yes, poetic; and wrestling alone with some great sorrow or heartbreaking experience; above all discontented, unsatisfied, with a certain irremediable disgust of the life he obviously loved and appreciated so much.

All this we built up out of three facts,

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namely, his unwillingness—one would almost have said inability—to play any composition to its end; his unceasing devotion to Chopin, and his persistent, repetitious infatuation with the Chopin Revolutionary Étude.

I never knew any one who knew him; I have never come upon an intimate description of him, and I have read comparatively few of his writings; but I could swear from this evidence alone that he was a man of profound but disappointed sensibilities; of a splendid dream, but compromised attainment; something of a rebel spirit fighting, fighting unreasoningly, and finally by sheer habit, to the last; an iconoclast who alternately loved and hated the image he broke.

But the Chopin Revolutionary Étude that he loved was, like all the rest, in his hands only a fragment. He never played it to its finish. He would begin it passionately, feverishly, determinedly,

"Te *tum*, te *TUM!*
(Te *Tum*, te *tum-tum!*)
Te tum-tum-te *TUM!*
(Te *tum*, te *tum!*)"

So he would carry it on splendidly, the left hand taking its powerful determining part magnificently, but always either midway, or toward the last of his almost fiercely satisfying performance, he would tire; disappointment, disgust would return upon him; he would either cease playing altogether, or he would enter on some crashing transitional harmonies; and presently these would be again, as by incredible fairy magic, wisps of smoke, if smoke were harmony; breaths of wandering breeze, if breeze were music; the miraculous trill and fluting of some sweet-throated bird; then, abrupt silence.

I can see now how inevitably the man's spirit was portrayed in all this, but it remained yet for us to know what body that spirit wore.

One day coming out of our studio, I saw him coming out of his. He was in no way the ideal young poetic person we had pictured him. I remember being not only disappointed but shocked. His face and build are too well known to the present public to need description. I am thankful to say that I later outgrew some of my young romanticism, and came to appreciate, in a measure at least, the meaning of that powerful, wonderful, almost gross, distinctly cynical mask, under which the restless, unsatisfied delicacy of his spirit walked the streets disguised; the massive stalwart tree, so to speak, in which that Ariel he so powerfully commanded was imprisoned.

Shocked as we were at first to find him so far from what we had imagined him to be, yet, from the vantage of older years, I know well enough now how much better is fact than fiction. The restlessness of his playing; its forever fragmentary character, its extraordinary facility, those delicate moonlit Chopin measures, those marvellous patterns of exquisite irregularity, and these suddenly broken into arbitrarily by the passionate almost crude crash and thunder of the Revolutionary Étude; as though shaggy Pan were to enter suddenly, terribly, on fantastic fairy revels, beating down fairy things with his hoofs; or as though Lear were to present himself mad, and calling on the heavens, in the midst of the most delicate measures of "Midsummer Night's Dream"—these things, I now believe, were better than biography, an indisputable index and an interpretation. This which was his style of playing—this was the man.

Well, I know that now; I had not fully grasped it then; nor should it be forgotten that at the time of which I write we did not know his name. But the mere fact that he was so much a musician had its effect on our playing. However commendable might be our efforts to play Beethoven "four-handed" as a means of learning to read music, must they not be somewhat excruciating to the ear of a man already a finished musician? So we adopted a continuous soft pedal, and allowed ourselves no fortes or fortissimos, sfortzandos, or crescendos. We played the "Kreutzer" like pickpockets lifting shillings, or the "Moonlight" like thieves stealing treasure in the night; like Bottom, we roared through the most stormy passages "as 'twere any nightingale."

But even so we had our misgivings; even so our music, we conceived, must wear upon the fine sensibilities of the temperamental musician next door. There



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were times when I could have believed the Revolutionary Étude was hurled at us. Then, one day, we learned who he was. Marry! Alack! and good heavens! So this was James Huneker! And we in our ignorance had played our Beethoven sonatas miserably in the near neighborhood of those acutely judicial ears! How could our ragged music have been less than excruciating to a man of his type! high-strung, nervous, of course, irritable even, as could be guessed from his characteristic playing.

Moreover, we had our own interests at heart. We were but unknown and newcomers. The janitor was of the usual New York disconcerting type. He had given us a bad turn or two in correcting several of our initial mistakes. Had we not put empty milk-bottles out in the area way at a too early or too late hour? Had we not ventured adventurously onto the roof at dawn one day, to view with awe the surrounding splendor—the city lying asleep, wearing "like a garment" "the beauty of the morning," whereas, we were soon informed, the roof was not intended for our delight, but only for maids hanging out laundry! Might not the janitor appear some day with a terrible knocking at the door, like Banquo's ghost, and inform us that our "banging" (he was precisely of a type to have called our musical efforts "banging") was objected to by the musician next door, and we and our piano would better be seeking other fields and pastures new?

So we knew that as we valued peace and the possession of our studio we must take no further risks. We even shuddered a little, remembering our first reckless playing. Not that our fears abated our desire to play the sonatas; by some fundamental law, little understood, it rather increased it; but discretion was still the better part of valor, and we determined to play only at such times as we knew that James Huneker was not at home.

When we heard him sally forth, then, like mice when the cat is securely away, we would fly to the piano, select our sonata, and begin. Indeed, we were on these occasions so pleased to be playing together and without the soft pedal that we developed more than our usual patience with each other. Like love snatched under the shadow of the sword, our performance, snatched under the possibility of his return, took on keener value. I no longer stopped and said icily: "*I* am at sixteen! Where are you!" My sister no longer shouted: "Twelve! *Twelve!* You're wrong! *Thirteen! Four*teen!" as she played and pedalled furiously. We grew gentle: "My dear, I don't believe we are together!" "I believe I'm out; let's begin again!" Ah, the softening, the sweetening uses of adversity! How we played the "Moonlight" sonata now! How it dripped from our fingers with satisfaction and sentiment! We could play it to the full, and as badly as we pleased! He was not there!

Sometimes, when we were in the midst of it, we would hear the elevator and the heavy sound of his step returning. Then we would break off our measures as abruptly as ever he did his, to wait until another day.

So matters went on for a long time, and then the inevitable happened. We grew careless, forgot the danger of our ways, were not as keen and acute in our watching as I suppose we should have been. Oh, we were not purposely rash! We *thought* we had heard him go out, as I believe we had; but we must have missed his home-coming.

It was, I remember, a chill afternoon in February. It was the "Kreutzer" that we attacked. We found a good deal of difficulty in keeping together, and were obliged often to recommence. Then finally we determined to see the matter through by main force, each to play her part on to the end without stopping, come harmony or disharmony. Character and determination should be given preference over æsthetics.

I have no idea at what part of the performance we had arrived when we became aware of a storm bursting in the hall outside at a little distance, and the voices of James Gibbons Huneker and the janitor raised in terrible and angry altercation. Ah, we knew then, like the Lady of Shalott, that our downfall had come upon us! We had tempted fate too often! Those tender sensibilities and delicate irascible musical nerves had borne their utmost and snapped at last. As the past flashes

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on the eye of a drowning man, so the future flashed now on ours. Could we hope to compete in tenantableness with the immortal James Gibbons? Hardly! The studio we so much loved, its delights, its marvellous view, stolen journeys to the roof, all these were falling in the general ruin of ourselves and the Kreutzer sonata! Needless to say at the first sounds of the storm we had stopped playing! My sister sat petrified at the piano, her hands frozen to the keys. I flew to the door to stand in horror, with my ear to the crack, to catch what I could of the miserable, sordid altercation outside. What I caught immediately was the furious but hardly exaggerated statement in James Gibbons's most leonine roar that the janitor was a miserable drunken blackguard, who drew his pay and did not attend to his duties, and the hurled retort that Mr. Huneker had better go to hell, for an "all-fired crank!"

So! I waved wildly to my sister at the piano! So, it appeared, the janitor was taking our part! Was this due to the last grudged tip we had given him; or, having no music in his soul, did he enjoy our music? Here I saw our studio saved to us perhaps, for janitors are powerful people! Let them corroborate who know.

There followed, however, a new burst which conveyed that Mr. Huneker had most important work to finish for his publishers and meant to hold the janitor responsible!

Oh, why the janitor when it was ourselves! It seemed to me there was nothing for us to do now but open the door and meet the full fury, and take the entire blame. But just then—new confusion and amaze ensued. For it turned out suddenly that they were after all not talking about us and our playing at all, but rather storming about the thermometer. The latter, it seems, registered (this in Mr. Huneker's infuriated and purple tones) a bare fifty! He was cold to the tips of his toes and fingers! and janitors of the drunken inefficient type of this one ought to be taken by the collar and thrown down ten flights of stairs as he had half a mind there to throw him. Here I heard the voice of the janitor's wife adding her shrill opinions to the fracas.

Well, never mind! Never mind, we were saved! Not our miserable playing, not the Kreutzer sonata, but the thermometer at fifty in James Huneker's north studio had caused all this!

Well, so be it! We were weak in the knees, almost hysterically relieved, and though we did not know it exactly at the moment, we were permanently cured of the "Kreutzer." I remember that we made strong tea, rehearsed the happening a dozen times, and giggled a great deal.

Well, looking back, of course from older years, I have little doubt that it was the "Kreutzer" after all. The cold alone would, I feel sure, have been tolerable. (I know that north studio of his well now, and he must have endured cold in it often.) But the cold *and*, at our hands, the Kreutzer sonata were too much for him. He had, as I know now, a kind of fundamental sympathy with young people like ourselves who were learning to be writers. He had looked cynically always yet not unkindly in our faces when we met in the elevator from time to time. Reading there that we had no intention of worrying him or anybody, that we were in short harmless, rather shy and laughter-loving people, living like sparrows here in a vast city, with the hope of picking up some crumbs of success, I doubt very much if he would ever have objected to our playing, trying as I have no doubt it must have been to him. But the cold gave him his excuse. By a sort of transferrence, not unknown to psychologists, he shifted to the janitor the fury he very probably felt toward ourselves.

From then on, somehow, my zest for Beethoven four-handed sonatas was gone. My sister, more hardy than I, would have risked the "Moonlight" from time to time, suggesting that we each keep only one ear on the music, and the other very sharply on the elevator door. But no! Somehow I could not. The performance was likely to be too nerve-racking, not so much to him as to ourselves. So, there was less and less music of any kind in our studio, and, it seemed, more and more in his. More and more of that ease, that charm, that beauty of performance. Exquisite flying measures, escaping into nothing but sheer loveliness, harmonies that swayed and rocked and wavered,

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then bursts of brilliant beauty and memorable force, then fairylike recantation and abrupt stillness. I have waited for that pause and delicate breakage many a time, and I like sometimes to believe that a little of that evanescent beauty may have subtly and slenderly influenced some of the things I wrote in those days. Yes; I like to think so; but of one thing I am certain—some passion or force in the man, magnificently evident in his persistent attacking of the Revolutionary Étude, had its influence on me, though I cannot say exactly how.

I have no words to convey the meaning or power of that impassioned music, breaking in again and again on my thought. I only know that something very direct and very precious was received by a young and growing spirit (to speak only for myself) from that interpretative music falling often from the hands of that spirit older and more experienced. Some cultivation of taste and deepening of sensibilities must also have resulted; the power and force of the man carrying you with him, whether you wished or not, into the clearer spaces that his own fine taste had attained.

It seems strange to me now that I who knew him not at all—save for those occasional inconsequential greetings when we chanced to meet in the hall or elevator—should yet in one sense know him so well. After some years he moved out of the old north studio into the larger south one, which the two painters had vacated, and then not very long after that he went away altogether. Meantime, I moved into the north studio myself. Where his piano stood—and however less adequately—my writing-table now stands; and the books on my book-shelves take the place of what must have been his. Though I have wandered often and far from it, though I have even allowed others from time to time to live in it, I still come back to that old studio of his, and find, as of old, the memory of his music there, fresh and unspoiled.

My sister wrote him concerning some matters, within the last few years, and received from him, she tells me, a letter of warm courtesy, with a recollection at the last of it of the old days when we were neighbors. Since those years I myself saw him only once at the distance of a car's length in a crowded subway. It was but a little while before his death. I noted again that powerful mask which defended and protected truthfully and cynically enough all the delicate sensibility of his nature. I even recognized, with a certain pleasure, a characteristic way he had of carrying his cane, letting it hang, important but useless, from one arm.

Many still read his books and owe him much in the way of enlightenment and a certain delicate but almost bitter pleasure, and those who were his friends write of him with warm intimacy. I have no such message to bring concerning him; but I have seen the sun set over the city while he played, and again and again through the day I have had my own thoughts directed to beauty by that music of his, interpreting better than any words the moods that moved him, Chopin above all, it should be remembered! Delicate irregularities of loveliness; changing forms, emerging, passing, vanishing, and forever sweeping again into view; restlessness of a godlike, half-divine order, chained to vast immutabilities; visiting moonlight of the changing fickle moon, falling on faithful forests of the centuries; beauty of stillness and magic and enchantment. Then suddenly—all this swept away, demolished, routed, lashed, by some deep power almost cynical; and then, that magnificent determined attack, once more, of those first measures of the Revolutionary Étude.

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# The Gumbo Lily

BY BADGER CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

I NEVER knew but one event to happen in the big Bad Lands, and that was the one that I got in on. Nothing ever happens there. Oh, of course, a coyote catches a cottontail now and then, or a rattlesnake bites a horse on the nose, but generally the march of events keeps to the smooth prairie outside, for the Bad Lands are no parade-ground. I don't know why heaven decreed that my high and hopeful heart should be wrung beyond recognition against that wild and peculiar background, but heaven did, and my heart was.

I was down in the Bad Lands with Prof, helping him dig out all that was mortal of a *Megacerops robustus*. The *Megacerops robustus* was bedded down in gumbo, so it took a whole lot of pecking and scratching to clear away the draperies of his couch without breaking his bones, and we had been a couple of weeks on the job. Prof held honors from some great universities toward the rising sun and was steeped in Eastern culture, yet he wasn't effete, and he showed me proper respect as a high school senior, which is more than I can say for some roughnecks in my own native hills.

The other two men in the party had no intellectual endowments, taking no interest in science except to look up long names in Prof's books and spring them on each other as cusswords; but in the evenings at the ranch-house where we boarded, while those untutored minds were playing pinochle on the kitchen table, Prof and I would talk geology, and he would unroll before my attentive gaze "the eternal landscape of the past," as Tennyson has it. Prof could take a piece of fossil bone, assemble the rest of the skeleton around it, dress it in muscle and hide, and then turn it loose so I could almost see the Lower Oligocene beast snorting around outside where the summer moonlight silvered the Bad Lands pinnacles.

But the Bad Lands have been pretty shy on society ever since late Tertiary times, so we were glad, one day, when somebody phoned out from town that a party of Sioux from the reservation, on their way to the hills for the Fourth, were going to hold a war-dance that night. Prof knocked off the day's work at three o'clock, and we all shaved and put on our neckties and went to town for the spectacle.

It was truly a weird and beautiful scene. The drums thumped and the lithe braves leaped and yelped in the firelight, while the women at the edge of the dance bent their knees in time to the music and sang the songs of the blood-stained long ago. The warriors had on a whole lot less clothes than those girls that the church ladies objected to at our high school hops last spring, but the Ogallalas always seem able to get away with that kind of stuff at their dances.

It was a hot, black evening, and the sky had been flickering and rumbling ever since dark, but the light and noise that the Indians furnished were so much more interesting that nobody paid any attention to the weather. Then, all of a sudden, a corkscrew of lightning split the brooding night in two above the depot, and Gitche Manitou, the Mighty, as Longfellow has it, upset the rain-barrel.

The very first sprinkle seemed to be a stratum of water about six inches thick, and after that it came in fairly solid formation, with no noticeable slips or faults. I lost Prof and the fellows in the scattering, and as the burg was mostly vacant lots, I ran quite a ways through the torrential obscurity before I hit something solid and bounced off. Another coruscation of lightning showed me that a one-room shack had crossed my path,



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and I found the door and dodged in without any formality. The shack was darker than the outside world, and I fell over a chair, sat up again, scratched a match on the floor—and with that dim and flickering light dawned the sweetest and saddest experience of my life.

My physical being was at her very feet as—ah me!—my soul has kept right on being to this very hour. Her hair was reddish-gold and her skin was creamy, and her startled eyes were like jewels as she blinked and tried to make out what kind of an animal had butted into the shack. She was a storm refugee like myself, and had arrived at this tin-roofed haven only a few seconds ahead of me, for she still held a suitcase in her hand. I have been accused of fussing seven different girls in my junior year, but there are times when the readiest tongue is mute. Even in that first glimmering instant I knew that it was all off, and though my open mouth said nothing, my heart rang with the words of Prince Geraint in Earl Ynoil's hall—"Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me."

Wordlessly I rose up to the full height of my not contemptible stature, and lit a kerosene lamp on the table. Wordlessly I was searching my not contemptible mind for words, when there came a thumping on the board-floor behind me, and I turned to confront another, but far different, apparition. He was a good six feet tall, as most Ogallalas are, a man of about fifty, and skinny. His skinniness was prominent because he didn't have much on but his war-bonnet and moccasins, and a sort of horsetail bustle that stuck out about eighteen inches behind him. The best part of his make-up, though, was his paint. He was bright green from head to foot, with small, pink polka-dots. He looked like something that had just crawled out of the Age of Reptiles, or like a cartoonist's idea of some awful disease.

"Howgch!" he grunted aboriginally, shaking the rain-drops off of the feathers of his war-bonnet. "Plenty rain tonight, I guess."

"Miohippus crassicuspis!" I ejaculated, thankful to science for helping me relieve my nerves in the presence of a lady. "What are you, anyway?"

Something about my words made him draw himself up with savage pride as he answered: "I'm Flying Thunder. Who are you, white boy?"

He might have left off the "boy." In my eighteen-dollar laced boots I stood nearly as tall as he did, and I drew myself up with civilized pride as I said: "Harry B. Pine, a high school senior from the Hills, at present assisting Professor Drake's paleontological researches in Corral Draw. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Flying Thunder."

There was a fine dignity in my account of myself, if I do say it, and Flying Thunder relaxed and grinned a little as he shook hands.

"And now," I went on, sweeping off my Stetson and turning to the bright vision, "may we ask the pleasure of the lady's name we owe to which—whom the goddess Fortunatus has thrown—deposited in our midst?"

I got some snarled up on that, but I defy any man to look into such eyes for the first time and do better.

"I'm Elaine Truitt," she replied, modestly turning her eyes away from Flying Thunder's stringy but stalwart form, while her soft red lips twitched bewitchingly at the corners, "and I'm right glad to see you both. It was creepy here alone in the dark. Did you ever see such a rain?"

"'Elaine the fair,'" sang my heart, "'Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat!'"

"It doesn't rain here as often as in the Hills," said I out loud, "but when it does rain it precipitates cats and dogs—and *Megacerops robustuses*. You're a stranger in this country, no doubt."

"Not especially," smiled the fair girl. "I was born within fifty miles of here."

Think of it! I had lived all my life within a hundred miles of such a girl and never suspected her existence. I ought to have felt it in the air. How could such a creature spring from the dead, barren soil of the Bad Lands country? Then I bethought me of the dainty gumbo lily that blooms in beauty on bare slopes where no blade of grass could support a stultified life, and I thanked great Nature for her miracles. I was thankful for lots of things at that minute. I blessed the

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*Drawn by Clarence Rowe.*

The drums thumped and the lithe braves leaped and yelped in the firelight.—Page 309.



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war-dance, and the storm, and the sheltering shack, and all things that had caused this lovely lily to bloom in my dim life. I even blessed the ghastly Flying Thunder, whose reptilian presence, as a kind of chaperon, might make her easier in the strange situation and prolong the interview for a few minutes. It was a scrubby interview, though, for again I stood wordless. Again I combed my not contemptible intellect for honeyed words that would nail her attention to me forever, but they eluded me like wet soap, and I had to let my eyes speak for me. And the moments were so precious! Soon she would go, and never know. When the rain let up she would drift away like the rain-cloud, leaving my life dark and drenched and slimsy, and those nifty little shoes with the gray mud on them, which I would have given worlds to wipe away with my handkerchief, would tread distant ways where I could not follow.

"Listen!" she said suddenly, holding up one white hand. "Is that the train?"

Through the patter of the rain on the tin roof, which was growing lighter, we heard a locomotive bell clanging mournfully at the depot.

"I must go, rain or no rain," she said, picking up her suitcase with enchanting determination. "I came a long way to catch that train."

"I'm afraid you can't catch it now," said I, jerking open the door and seeing the red tail lights. "It's pulling out."

"Oh, it mustn't!" she cried, running to the door and giving me a thrilling little jostle with her shoulder. "But yes, it is. It's gone! What *can* I do? I've got important business in Rapid and must be there to-night—must! must! must! Mr. Pine, will you help me hunt up somebody in town with a car?"

Would I? An opalescent wave of joy surged up in me, and I clapped on my Stetson for a dash through the rain when Flying Thunder, who had been listening with one mottled leg thrown over the corner of the table, spoke up.

"I got a car," he said with primitive simplicity, "and I'll get you to Rapid or bust it."

"Noble old serpent!" I rejoiced, slapping his polka-dot shoulder. "Flying Thunder and I will count ourselves honored to serve you, Miss Truitt. Command us! When do we start?"

Her jewel eyes rested upon us a moment before she answered. We were some hard-looking pair for a beautiful girl to trust herself with on a long, dark road, but the jewel eyes must have read the manly hearts beneath the green paint and the flannel shirt, for she flashed us a smile that made me catch my breath.

"Thank you both a thousand times," she said, "and we can't start any too soon for me."

"All right," said the variegated Ogallala with aboriginal brevity. "Let's go."

I blew out the lamp and we threaded the dusky mazes of the mud toward the place where the candles in the Indian tents made glimmering yellow squares against the dark, and on the edge of the camp Flying Thunder stopped beside a car. He stowed away his war-bonnet in the top somewhere, put on the chains as if he had worked in a garage all his life, slipped on a coat over his coat of paint, and then, pulling his horsetail bustle around to one side, slid in under the steering-wheel. "All ready," he announced, and Elaine and I climbed into the back seat, and the car buzzed out into the road.

"Do you think we'll ever make it?" sighed the silvery voice beside me in the dark, as the wheels slithered and sloshed through the sticky gumbo.

"We'll make it like a shot, gentle lady," I soothed, with sublime confidence vibrant in my tones. "We may not be an airplane or a limited train, but 'that which we are, we are——'"

"'One equal temper of heroic hearts,'" she interposed, "'made weak by mud and fate, but strong in will.'"

We both laughed with the delicious freedom of kindred souls. How many girls could blaze away offhand with quotations like that? I thanked my stars for the hours I had given to immortal verse in school, though the mathematics instructor often intimated they should have been plugged in on plane geometry. I thanked my stars for it all—for the wild, wet wind that swept the dark road, for the happy chance that had borne me away from the *Megacerops robustus* into fiercely pulsating life, and for the sinewy,

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*Drawn by Clarence Rowe.*

"And now, . . . may we ask the pleasure of the lady's name?"—Page 310.



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speckled savage whose unerring hand gripped the steering-wheel and left me free for higher thoughts. I sang:

"'What is the moral? Who rides may read
When the night is dark and the tracks are blind——'"

She interposed again:

"'A friend at a pinch is a friend indeed'
When he keeps a poor girl from losing her mind."

She desecrated Kipling, but I loved it, and again thanked the wheeling constellations for this wonder girl, whose perfumed breath almost fanned my cheek in the ambrosial gloom, whose white hand lay so close to mine under Flying Thunder's horse blanket. For this charmed hour had I lived all my long eighteen years. After all the fussings and philanderings, the dreaming and disillusionment and despair of my wasted youth, now, at last, I read life's glorious meaning in the stormy sky of that Bad Lands night.

And so we "fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald," and the strong, exultant throbbing of the aboriginal car was even as the throbbing of my heart. Only once did it cease—the car, I mean. The hind wheels skidded into an abysmal chuck-hole on a hill, and there, after a furious convulsion or two, Flying Thunder killed his engine. He used exactly the same word that the proud Anglo-Saxon uses at such times. Then, in the sudden silence we heard the noise of another motor from afar on the wind, and down the back trail we could see the menacing eye of one lamp, a yellow eye with a green eyebrow over it.

"Oh, dear!" cried the mellow voice beside me, and I felt the rounded shoulder quiver against mine. "I know that light. They mustn't catch up with us or it means trouble, trouble, trouble for me. And we're stuck! Oh, do something, Mr. Pine, quick!"

Glorious chance! It was the work of a palpitant instant for me to leap from the stalled car, rip a board off of somebody's pasture gate with the strength of a great love, rive it asunder over the top of a fence-post, and stick the pieces under the hind wheels. I was behind the car when Flying Thunder tried to start and had to take the consequences from the spinning wheels, but I cared not. The wheels soon gripped, the chains bit into the boards, and then, dashing the mud from my eyes, I sprang to the running-board with a ringing laugh of triumph. In the queen's service!

"Forgive my nerve," said I as the car moved on up the hill, "but are the people in that car after you, sure enough?"

"They are that," she replied, with unmistakable terror in her accents. "They've been watching me for weeks. If I had caught that train to-night I could have beaten them, but now things look pretty blue for me."

The cold hand of a grisly suspicion for a moment clutched my heart. What, after all, did I know of this fair creature at my side? I had heard of beautiful murderesses, beautiful bandit queens, even—oh, sacrilege!—beautiful bootleggers. I thought of Merlin and the lissome Vivien, and of all the mysterious mazes of a woman's heart.

"We don't seem to be gaining any," she went on anxiously, gazing back at the baleful eye of the pursuing car. "They guessed my plans some way, and they must have been in town by the time we left it. If I can only get to Rapid half an hour ahead of them—if I could only get that much of a lead, they can't stop me."

"Don't you worry, red-hair girl," said our warrior-driver over his shoulder. "I got the best car on the Reservation. Now you watch him go."

The simple, unquestioning faith of the noble green-red man whelmed me with a wave of scarlet shame for my suspicions.

"Thank you, Flying Thunder," she said gratefully. "I know I'm a horrible nuisance, but this deal means so much to me. I'm telling you men that everything about it is straight and square, but the thing is so important to me, and I've kept it under cover so long that it is hard for me to explain it even now——"

"Not a word!" said I, laying my hand lightly on hers under the blanket. "We'd believe you against the whole United States Supreme Court. We'll get you safe to where you want to go if we have to take turns carrying you. Trust us!"

The thing was plain enough, after all,

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and I inwardly cursed my soaring imagination for my distrust. The world shall hear of my imagination in years to come, but now there are times when I wish I could throw the thing out of gear. I remembered, unimaginatively, that for years the country had been full of men and women taking up homesteads, and races to town on land-office business were

to the top of a high table where the road was sandier, and now Flying Thunder jammed his moccasined foot down where it would do the most good, and began to live up to his name. He taught me a thing or two about speeding that night. You might say he rode his car bareback, with a rawhide string around its jaw, as his ancestors rode their ponies. His

I was behind the car when Flying Thunder tried to start.—Page 314.

common. Nor did I like her less for being a homesteader. The tender grace of olden days mixed with a modern girl's eye to business made her even a rarer treasure.

"You're mighty good to me," she said simply, "and I'm gladder than ever that I happened to meet you both." And though she gently drew her hand away from mine under the blanket, the thrilling sweetness of her voice held in it no reproach, no rebuff.

We had climbed out of the Bad Lands

driving was primitive, elemental, passionate, and under his hands the machine began to pitch and plunge like a thumbed bronc. Elaine's excitement seemed to rise with the figures on the speedometer as the car swooped across the flat, and I could see, even in the dark, that she was a true daughter of the West.

"Powder River! Let 'er buck!" she cheered, the old cowboy yell sounding delicious from her lips. "Look back, Harry. Just look back!"

Dizzy with joy at hearing my name ut-

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tered in such a dear familiar way, I looked back and saw that the baleful yellow star behind us was farther away.

"What did I tell you?" said I. "Trust Flying Thunder and me, and you'll make town with oodles of time to spare, and win your claim."

for the humblest, homeliest woman. For the most ordinary freshman girl I would spend time and treasure to save her from distress: for you, my life!"

She made no reply. How could she? What girl of her quality could let herself be won so easily? To slack off the ten-

He taught me a thing or two about speeding that night.—Page 315

The last words slipped out accidentally, and I bit my lip. It sounded as if I was guessing at her business, but she took it kindly with a luscious little giggle.

"My claim? That was a centre shot," she laughed. "It's no common claim, Harry, but one of the best stock-raising propositions in the Hills—no desert claims for mine. And if I win it I'll thank you forever!"

"Oh, you needn't," said I in earnest undertones. "Chivalry isn't really dead, girl. Any true man would do as much

sion of the moment, she leaned forward and spoke in Flying Thunder's ear.

"*Wass-te*, Flying Thunder," she praised. "Big medicine! You're beating them."

Flying Thunder gave a joyous howl, such as his grandfather might have turned loose when he was shooting arrows right and left into a loping buffalo herd.

"Best car on the Reservation," he chanted. "Here comes a downhill. *Now* watch him go. Ee-e-ahoo!" And then for a minute I thought the forward fenders would climb the air like the wings of

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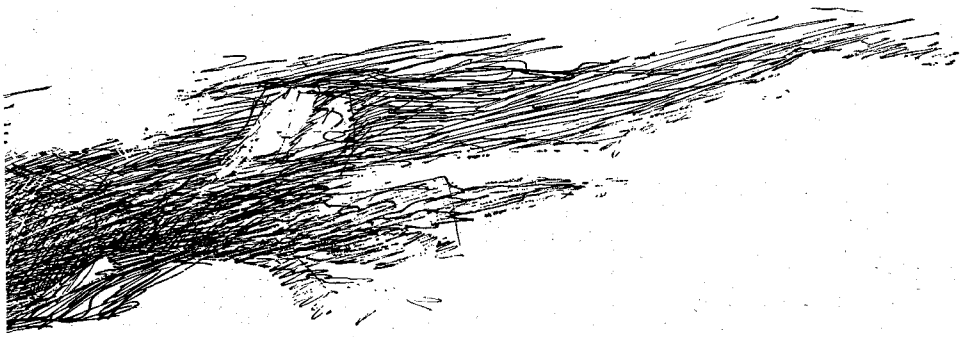
an airplane and lift the car clean away from the dull earth.

Would that I might close my weary typewriter at this point, at the hour when Flying Thunder's car was bearing me forward on glad wings into the dawn of a triumphant love. But such hours never



last, save in the wistful dreams of one who has breathed in their glories for one divine respiration and then bidden them farewell forever. As I droop by this table, supposedly writing editorial stuff for our high school annual, it all comes back to me—the rush of damp air, the wild dance of backward-fleeing fence-posts on either hand, the pungent aroma of the horse blanket in the enchanted darkness, and the consciousness of the dear presence at my side—but the memory shivers along my nerves with a sense of exquisite pain. Bear with me, therefore, if I hasten on with swift fingers and a heavy heart.

The car lived up to Flying Thunder's brag. On, on we flew, by cactus flat and creek bottom, by far-flung pasture fence and slumbering ranch-house, until at last we lifted over a low divide and saw the town, a bed of sparkling lights at the foot of the looming hills. The baleful yellow eye behind us had long been out of sight, and in her gladness Elaine sang songs to which I faked a tenor. Oh, that glad, swift hour! All too soon we hit the town, and Flying Thunder was hurling his car madly and unlawfully through the empty streets. As we turned a brightly lighted business corner my lady suddenly put her hand on the shoulder of the reckless brave and told him to stop.

"Is that you, Harve?" she called to a man who was slowly pacing along the sidewalk with bowed head.

The man jumped at the sound of her voice and came toward us hurriedly. He had a cowpuncherish swing to his shoulders, but his clothes had a swell cut and were quite correct, except for a pippin of a fuzzy sombrero that must have cost about thirty dollars.

"You!" he exclaimed when he saw her face. "Good leather! How did you make it, sister?"

"Well, I missed the train—" she began.

"*In*-deed? You don't say!" interrupted the stranger, laughing. "I've only pestered a long-distance operator to death and worn out a pair of shoes walking the streets since train time."

"Well, anyway, there's no time to lose," resumed Elaine. "That old one-eyed car showed up behind us just after we started, and it isn't any too far behind now."

"So?" said the stranger, suddenly getting sober. "They're next, then. Wait half a second till I go into the hotel and phone."

He dashed away and, in a few brief moments, during which Elaine sat quiet but with her breath coming quick, he dashed back again and jumped into the seat beside Flying Thunder.

"Two blocks straight ahead and three to the left," he snapped with an air of command. "Once we get there, they can bring on all the one-eyed cars in the State."

There was something about this man that changed the atmosphere. My gladness evaporated in his presence, and I felt a strange, supernumerary sensation. At

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Flying Thunder's speed, though, there was hardly time to think this much before we stopped at a house with one light in the up-stairs window.

"Come on in, boys," said the dictatorial unknown, hopping down to open the door for Elaine. "We'll need you a few minutes longer."

Light flashed up on the lower floor at the stranger's ring, and the door was opened by a man in a bathrobe. At the top of the bathrobe was a shiny clean collar and white bow tie, but below I could see the wrinkled bottoms of a pair of pajamas and bedroom slippers.

"Pardon the informality of my garb," he said, "but your statements over the phone regarding haste were so positive——"

"You're perfectly all right," cut in the man of the fuzzy sombrero. "What we want is speed, not form, as I told you this afternoon. Please shoot as fast and straight as you can, for they're after us, and we want to head off any chance of a row. The sooner the quicker."

We had gone through the hall into the living-room while he was talking, and there the man in the bathrobe instantly backed Elaine and the stranger up against the piano and began to say heavy words in solemn tones. My stricken heart! It had all been so cruelly swift that I scarcely had an inkling of the blow before it fell. My cup of dreams was dashed roughly out of my hand and shattered on the cabbage-roses of the parsonage carpet, as the minister began to roll out the words of the marriage ceremony.

Strange are the workings of a dazed mind as it staggers under a shock like that. When Flying Thunder, as the rite began, stealthily sneaked out and as stealthily sneaked back a few seconds later, arrayed in all the feathery glories of his war-bonnet, I could have smiled like a disinterested bystander! While the minister was speaking the terrible words that took her out of my life forever, I gazed dreamily at his feet and wondered if all the clergy wore such loud pajamas. My reeling brain recorded nothing of the ceremony except the trifling detail that it ended with an "Ay-men" rather than an "Ah-men."

The parson offered formal congratulations, and was pulling some papers out of his bathrobe pocket when a heavy step resounded on the porch, and a stocky, bow-legged man in boots strode stormfully into the room. His wind-swept mustache was red, but it was the homely kind of red. It seemed to bristle with rage as he addressed Elaine.

"And I got you, young lady," he jawed. "I knowed I would when they told me you missed the train. You're a nice daughter, ain't you, now? Here I've raised you and fussed over you and piled the education onto you till you're fitten to marry at least a congressman, and here you try to run off and get hitched to Harve Caswell, a common, stock-wrastling pin-head just like me. Besides, how many times must I tell you that his dad done me out of eleven head of steers one time, and I ain't got no use for the breed? I won't stand for it! You——"

He died away suddenly and scanned his superb offspring more closely. She did not shrink. On the contrary, standing by the man in whose keeping she had just placed her beautiful life, she smiled at her acrimonious parent kindly.

"What?" he barked, turning to the minister. "Are they spliced already?"

"They are united," said the reverend gentleman, "for better or worse."

Truitt raised one hand to his wind-swept mustache and stared foolishly. Then his sharp blue eyes, which had been mostly riveted on Elaine, slowly wandered over us all, pausing at my sad, mud-smeared face, at the minister's bathrobe and pajamas, and finally lingering, fascinated, on Flying Thunder's lean but powerful polka-dot legs. A convulsive shudder seized his sturdy frame and he sank into a chair.

"Jerusalem crickets!" he gasped. "*Some* weddin' party!" and he buried his face in his hard, brown hands.

In an instant Elaine was on the arm of his chair, with one soft hand caressing his leathery neck, while she murmured in his ear.

"Go 'way from me!" he growled. "I've done got shut of you for good, I hope. You always were a hard-mouthed little outlaw, and I'm glad you're off my hands. Go 'way, I say. I don't want nothing more to do with you."

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Yet even as he finished this ungentle speech he wound his left arm around her waist and held out his other hand to Caswell.

"There it is, you cub," he said. "Shake it! I'm glad that there thoroughbred milk stock of yours is in the family now, anyway."

All this time I stood among them as the library. And if that girl, *the* girl, is hard-hearted when you meet her, send her to me, and I'll tell her something. 'For thou'"—she smiled with agonizing roguishness as she spoke the words of that other, unhappier Elaine—"'For thou art a knight peerless.'"

Sad as I was, I felt glad that the pain of the moment was all mine, that no shaft

. . . And finally lingering, fascinated, on Flying Thunder's lean but powerful polka-dot legs.—Page 318.

one in a dream. When the papers were finally signed amid light-hearted laughter, I sacrificially attached my name beside Flying Thunder's as a witness, and spoke no word. I heard Elaine praise Flying Thunder, taking his greenish-red hand in both of hers, heard Caswell's offer to pay him munificently for his night's work, and saw him wave the money majestically aside. Then, in a moment, heavy with sadness yet infinitely sweet, her jewel eyes were raised to me, and her hand rested warm in mine.

"Harry," she said, "you must come and see us when we get settled on the ranch. There'll be saddle-horses in the corral, trout in the creek, and poetry in

or splinter of the sudden love that had transfixed my heart during our wild night ride had touched hers. She looked up at me with the clear eyes of a sister, and I vowed she should never know that for one mad, glorious hour I had thought of her in the other, sweeter way. I could not speak a word, though. My lips were sealed, but they were not utterly incapacitated. Tenderly, reverently, though a little too far to one side in the agitation of the moment, I kissed the bride. Then, with the primordial Flying Thunder, I went out into the dim dawn, back to the dreary daily round, to the Bad Lands, and Prof, and the *Megacerops robustus*.

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# Europe at Work

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

## II.—FRANCE—YESTERDAY'S HABIT TO-DAY'S HOPE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"AS mayor of this village, I was the first into the town after the boches left—my wife was here in their hands." So the keeper of the little bar-room assured me when I stopped in to rest on my walk back into Lens from the suburban mine where I had tried to get a job. "It is not possible to describe it. Nothing but winding paths across the dusty wastes of fallen bricks—fallen bricks that once were the little homes of my neighbors and myself."

Whether one should cry or swear—or merely roll up his sleeves and go to the work of rebuilding—that has been the problem there at Lens, as also pretty much throughout all France.

Unlike the city which suffered years of bombardment, the mines were destroyed as a part of a definite programme to destroy enemy industry both during and after the war.

Shaft No. 13, for instance, bore the name of the company's founder, M. Elie Remaux. A man well over seventy, he was taken when the town was captured in the fall of 1914. One morning he was invited to attend a ceremony at his beloved shaft. Naturally he had to accept. With all the dignity of his white hairs and a life of achievement as the organizer of France's most successful coal company, he stood in the midst of his captors at a safe distance from the huge and handsome tipple and outworks. Then while the crowd about him grinned, an officer touched a button. With an earth-shaking roar, the hundreds of pounds of high explosive which had been distributed throughout the buildings and machinery threw them high into the air to fall in ten million pieces before the eyes of the aged and unhappy prisoner. In the same way other tons of "h. e." reduced the splendid steel surface structures of all the neighborhood's forty shafts to nothing but heart-breaking thickets of twisted, crumpled girders and mangled plates of boilers upturned at every angle as though in mute appeal for mercy.

To let the water into every one of the square miles of the dark galleries below ground required very little powder. Throughout the district the pits are interconnecting and all are beneath the level of the numerous subterranean streams. No shaft is sunk in the Lens locality without first freezing the ground at this level and then lining the shaft with iron caissons so as to keep the water from pouring in. One explosion at this level was enough.

I saw a sort of blackboard on which some officer had put down with calm exactness the figures showing the metres and centimetres of height to which the water had attained on each inspection date. Month by month the level had risen satisfactorily. Finally came the last notation with a sort of "O. K.," as if the inspector had been happy to finish the job. The water had filled every one of the pits up to the level of the surface!

"One pump has been working since November, 1920. It raises 180,000 cubic metres or tons of water every twenty-four hours, holidays and Sundays—unceasingly. We are installing others of the same type as rapidly as they can be secured. With them all going and with each raising its quota of 180,000 tons we shall not get all the water out until the end of 1923!"

A real problem has been to find enough natural channels to carry off this volume. I wondered why it might not be used for irrigation. I learned why when I went down into the upper levels which had been pumped into a slimy dryness. I



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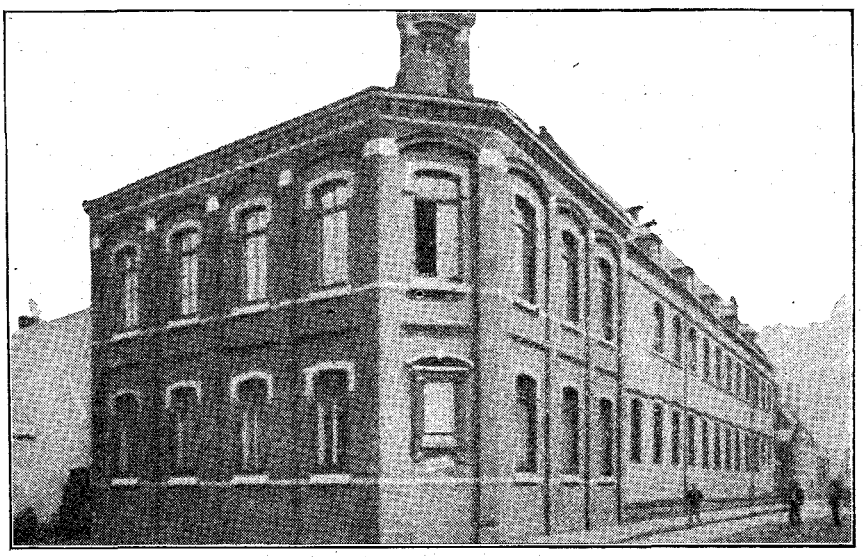
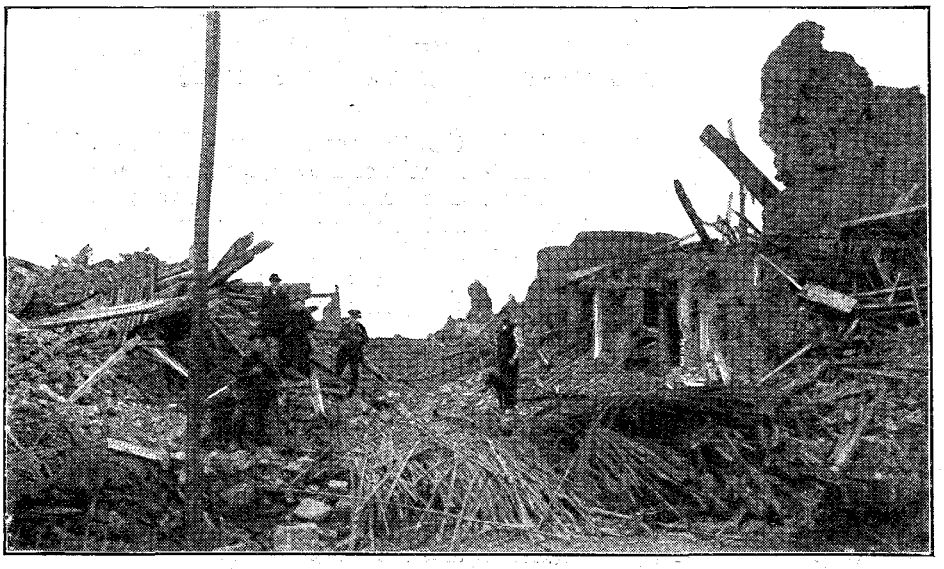


The hospital at Lens before the war.

was also consoled for my failure to get a job working in them. The invaders had made of the mines, during the four years, the cesspool of the army! In many cases, too, the bodies of horses and of enemy dead had been thrown in. The resultant collection of gases, in addition to those carried by the naturally sulphurous water, made even visiting the pits dangerous.

The same careful programme was applied to the entire occupied district of France. The details are given in a five-hundred-page report sent during the war to every Chamber of Commerce and every economic and commercial organization in Germany—"For the purpose of giving all a view of the results which will probably follow for us after the destruction of certain branches of the industry of our enemies." Prepared in February, 1916, by



The hospital and streets of Lens after its years of bombardment on the front line.



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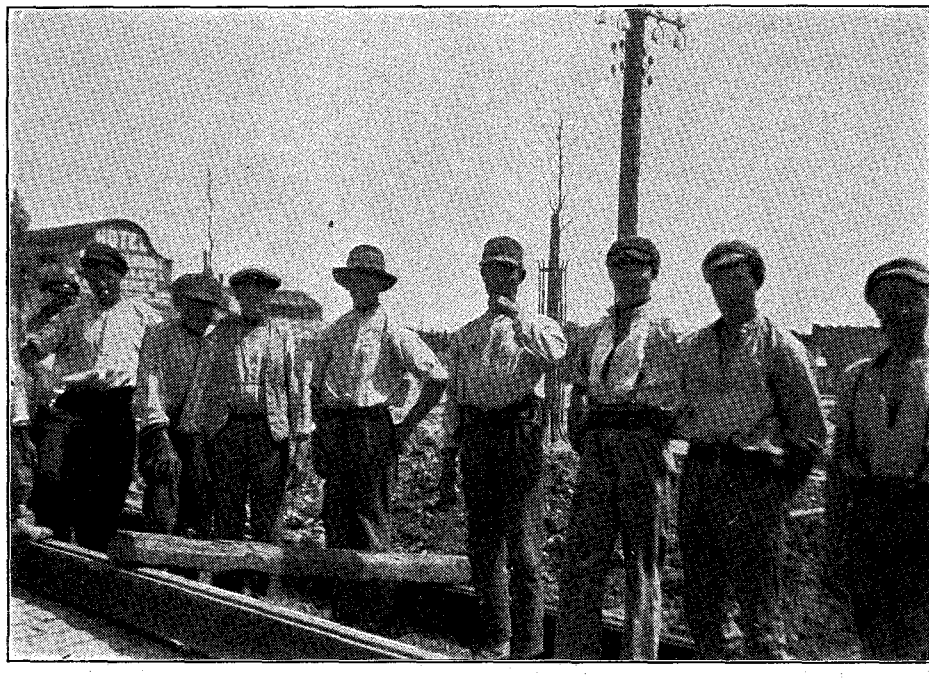
two hundred scientists and economic experts, it gave minute information as to the exact extent to which each industry had been destroyed and the resultant number of years and months in which it would give no competition in world markets. Also as to the exact kind of machines which had been destroyed and which would, therefore, be desired by France for the reconstruction. It expressed the hope that following this tip exactly these particular types would happen to be on the market when the war was over! It took care to state, also, whether this or that particular industry was damaged mainly by the ordinary mishaps of war or by the far-sighted economic mandates of the government.

Incidentally this document—with the help of a sight of Lens and other ruined cities—suggests why the particular sum total of reparations required of the vanquished invader happened to be arrived at.

"A total of more than three thousand shells of various calibers exploded within our gates," according to the superintendent of a plant close to the front-line trenches. "With the money given us by the government—in expectation of reimbursement by Germany—we are rebuilding as rapidly as possible and with the newest and most modern equipment throughout. Luckily our American blast-furnaces, installed just before hostilities, managed somehow to escape serious harm."

The report also helps make plain why the attack came through Belgium. Three-fourths of the country's normal coal production of forty million tons lay in the region under or near invasion. Three-fourths of this three-fourths, or more than one-half of all, was, throughout four years, in enemy possession. Nine-tenths of the total iron production and considerably more than one-half of its steel was in the same hands from August, 1914, to November, 1918.



Laborers from all over the world are cleaning up the bricks of Lens and laying the rails.

The marvel of the war is that France could somehow continue to fight. It is as if we here in America were forced to repel an invader who held New England and the State of Pennsylvania!

What mystic source of energy and inspiration enabled industrial France not

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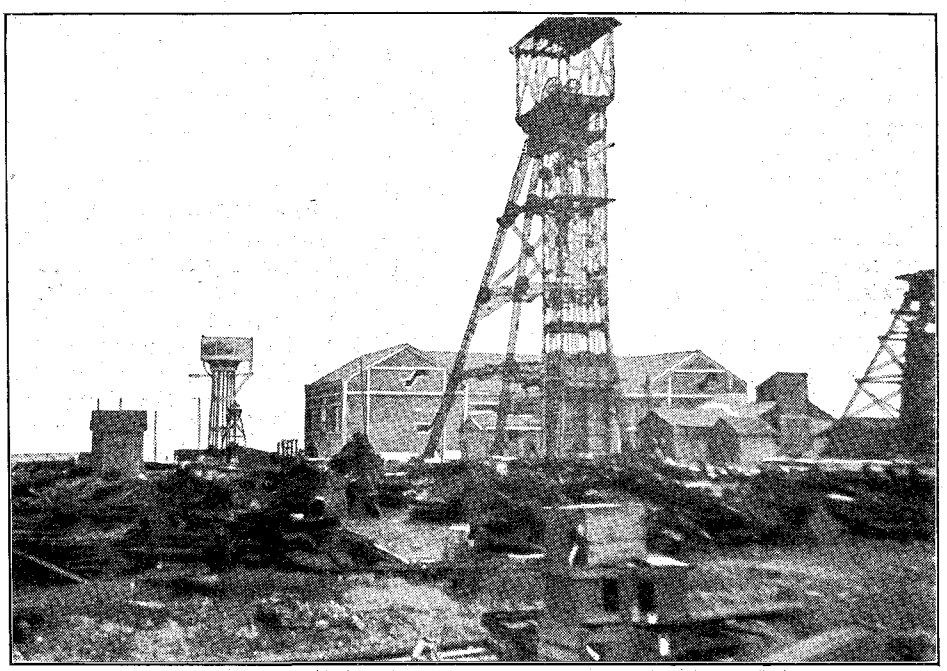
only to "carry on" but also to meet victoriously the crucial strains of the war under these amazing conditions?

The answer appears to me to have been suggested in our first article. France's strength lies in the effectiveness of that long-established "habit—habit and custom, m'sieu'," and the training it has given the French people in the art of accomplishing much with little.

that has been characteristic of the French temperament for a long time. Thanks to this, the French worker, the French farmer, and the French shopkeeper—also his wife—are able, under apparently any and all conditions, to show themselves well nourished and well groomed in body, alert and contented in mind, and active in spirit—active though conservative. The same holds true, also, for the French



Already the new tipples and outworks for the shafts are rising above the ruins caused not by bombardment but by the laying of high explosive by the invaders.

"In most of our mines we make great use of compressed-air pumps," the engineer explained down in one of the upper levels of the mine from which about one hundred tons were being got out in place of the three thousand tons daily in prewar times. "As you see, these pumps are very small. To help them we French are famous for giving them grease. Imagine, m'sieu', for three years it was here in the water, yet now, as you see, it is doing its work as good-heartedly as ever. We French are trained to watch the little things—and to help them when we can, is it not so?"

The habit of making things go—and go comfortably—on a narrow margin—

employer—at least it has held true up till Armistice Day, 1918.

"This plant, messieurs, has served us—and served us well—for seventy-five years," an employer explained proudly to a group of visiting steel men from another country as they stood in the midst of an extremely tumbled-down plant. One of the visitors was not able to deny himself the pleasure of inquiring:

"How long do you think it would take to tear it down and build yourself and your workers a proper one?"

For the employer, as for all the others, the margin of profit has been a narrow one as compared with America. The chief reason is to be found in French

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geography and geology and the comparative meagreness of the raw materials they furnish.

Take the matter of coal, for instance. Down in the old industrial centre of St. Etienne there are some rather limited seams with the surprising width of thirty or fifty feet. In the larger fields of the north, however, I saw hundreds of men working in seams not thicker than eighteen inches! An American operator would at least leave them till later if he did not ruin them getting at thicker deposits beneath. To increase the difficulty, these little veins have often been so disarranged by nature that they are not only on an extreme incline but also turned upside down! Sliding down the seam on its roof—lying on your own back—is like descending a glacier. One day I worked in a seam less than three feet wide which stood exactly on its end, vertically. We had to make our way up from one level of timbers to another until finally we were ready to work where the coal fell away from our picks down the rough chute of planks into the darkness below, a distance of seventy-five feet! Just above our heads were the planks of a chute into which the coal fell from men above us another thirty or forty feet! Their lights through the timber cracks kept making me think that I was looking into the attic of a house lighted by the outside day above—until I recalled that between us and "outside" was the continuation of the seam and rock for a full 1,800 feet! The dust was so thick that I could hardly see my companion's sweaty back three feet away—also so potentially explosive that my mind kept running on to the difficulty of hanging my lamp securely, in connection with the notice I had read up outside just before taking the "cage" down:

"In view of the explosion resulting in forty deaths a few weeks ago in a mine a few miles from here, every worker is begged to exercise the utmost care, etc., etc."

The necessity of earning either wages or profits under the restrictions of such conditions leads, I submit, to that "protective behavior" which tries always to soften the sharp edges of a narrow environment with the padded gloves of "*habitude*." And such conditions typify the general state of France's material and industrial equipment throughout the period which has seen the blossoming of the world's industrialism since, say, 1870. Such conditions have not favored France's being more than a fairly dim light in the industrial firmament. Such conditions have favored France's adaptation to her environment with the help of corner-cutting but comfort-securing thrift and conservatism.

The comparatively slight unemployment in France is indicated by the number of women still employed above ground by the mines.

With the loss of the iron ore of Alsace-Lorraine just as it was becoming most important, came also the spiritual blow. Its "repercussions," as the French say, have been carried into every field of the national life by all those born into what is called the "generation of defeat." As with individuals so with nations; unceasingly the mainspring desire to enjoy one's self-respect and the approval of some group causes the testing of this or that sector of its "Western Front" in the effort to find finally the right spot for making the "break-through" into the longed-for satisfaction and recognition. So when France was divested of the raw

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These girls and boys push the cars of coal from the top of the hoist onto the screens, where it is distributed into the cars for shipment.

materials necessary to achievement in the sector of practical or commercial realism, she inevitably made an effort to leave at that point of the line a minimum of energies while she directed the full reserves of her aspirations against some point of lesser opposition and restriction. The resultant attainments in the sector of the æsthetic and the ideal have helped to establish the national conservatism of *habitude* by giving it, as it were, a spiritual flavor and justification.

Thus has been achieved a high degree of comfort, contentment, and all-round enrichment of life in spite of what we Americans would think a very limited amount of either economic or social opportunity. As always, also—whether with individuals or nations—the conscious recognition of the restriction of Opportunity serves to call out increased pressure in the sector of Security. Will you "hold fast what I give thee"? It depends on how easy it is to get something else.

As one sign of the French emphasis on security, take the attitude toward the business man. If he does not play safe and avoid all possible risk, he is likely to be looked upon as a speculative climber. His good citizenship is hardly accepted at face value because his future, in the nature of the case, is highly uncertain. He is evidently a little careless in this highly important matter of "holding fast." On the other hand, the functionary who possesses a federal job—at one-fifth the commercial risk-taker's present earnings—has a solid social prestige which nothing can break. The reason is that nothing short of scandal can cause him to "let go"!

Throughout the life of France the thought of the future's security stands in line ahead of the present's opportunity and makes it wait—just as at the town post-office you must not rush to buy your special delivery or registry stamp until your neighbors have handed over to the clerk the monthly instalment that builds up the pension or "retreat" for their old age. Checks are slightly used in France, so it is the post-office which gives the crowds of citizens that in America would be transacting business at the ordinary bank. The government itself, like all the rest of the country, must depend upon that same narrow margin of resources to



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maintain its army and its navy for the desired—the indispensable—maximum of national security. More than a few French private businesses are loath to make too good a showing, for fear the government might think seriously about taking them over as an additional source of national revenue. The result of all this, in turn, is further to lessen the human opportunities of business by lessening both the scope and the efficiency of the country's commercial facilities.

Last year, in spite of France's extreme shortage of funds, the state-operated telephone system showed a deficit of two hundred and twenty million francs! To this should be added another three-quarters or a full billion of francs lost in the way of profit which might have been gained by the business men of France if they could have used an efficient service. Whereas America has one telephone for every eight inhabitants, young and old, France comes far down toward the bottom of the list with only one—and that an unsatisfactory one—for every one hundred and forty-three!

The billion and a half or so of francs needed for improving the equipment will probably have to wait a long time in view of that earlier mentioned antipathy against direct taxation felt by the French citizen in general and the French farmer in particular.

*Contributions indirects* is the label borne by the packages of tobacco and cigarettes for which the citizen pays to the government monopoly two or three times their usual price in near-by countries. Some of the tobacco provided is hardly calculated to inspire patriotism. When the same plan of indirect taxation puts a forty-centime stamp upon every large advertising poster, the result would seem to be a still further lessening of business opportunity and, therefore, a still further emphasis upon security. Consistent with it all, too, is the marked tendency of the comparatively few captains of industry to pass the executive management of their businesses on down to the son or nephew instead of to some more capable executive who might prove, in the long run, perhaps, decidedly more beneficial to both the business and the family.

According to one paper's morning "novelette," the father reported financial misfortunes just as his son married a stylish young girl. For years, accordingly, the young couple worked almost double shift in order to lend the father money. Under the strain the young husband finally broke down and died. On the way back from the funeral, the old gentleman spoke to his daughter-in-law as they sat in the carriage with the fatherless grandson:

"The little fellow will never need to want—both your future and his are well assured.—Yes, it is so—I can tell you now. You see, all that I have said about my trouble was untrue. It was only in order to make sure that you two youngsters—with all your spirits and ambitions—should not live so extravagantly that the cupboard would be left bare for my grandson here and his future"!

The mingled feelings of the poor widow may be imagined—yet several of my French friends have said that the story, while exaggerated, is true, after all, to the underlying French emphasis.

"You see I could not marry—that is, marry well—a woman of family—until I had made my career in business. I had to wait till I was thirty-five. Only then had my business become an established and secure success," was the way a business man put the same problem of gaining both economic and social certainty.

The English-speaking stenographer I finally succeeded in finding in Brussels for a little copying gave another angle on the same thing:

"Before the war I was engaged to a young relative. But the war and the invasion completely ruined my family. My father died in the ruins of our home near the front! So my fiancé has had to marry another girl because his father needs her 'dot'—her money. His son and I are still in love—but I shall never see him again.—No, he could not marry me. He is twenty-five years old but marrying me meant quitting his father, and this he could not do. That would have meant too much risk for his future—and ours. I will probably have to marry a young man of little means whom my mother has picked out." (Business of wiping tears from the wryest of faces!)

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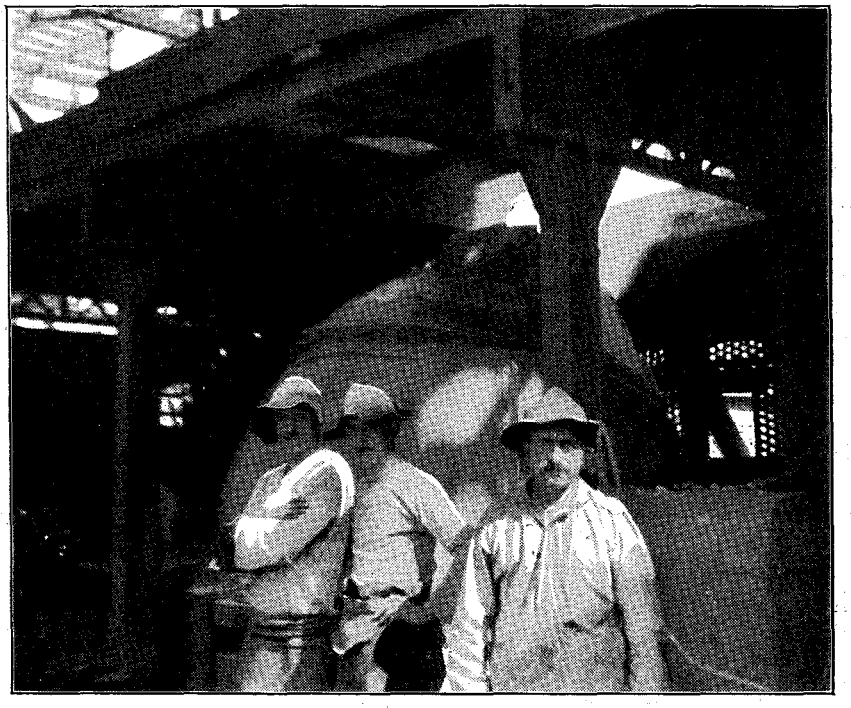
So the institution of marriage, like many others in French life—up to 1918, at least—has had to throw up its hands and surrender before the insistent demands for social and economic security as made upon it by the public opinion of a people long organized on a narrow-margined economy. Under the circumstances wife and husband cannot afford to risk their futures simply for the privilege of being in love with each other. If one of them has social position and the other has money, that is enough. The result is likely to be the "*mariage à quatre.*" That leaves both husband and wife free—with the help of two outside friends and a certain amount of discretion—to maintain a secure and respectable domestic establishment without being too much bored with each other. Under such circumstances the position of the husband is decidedly different from that, say, of a young American business man. As a federal functionary with a lifehold on his highly honorable position and married to a comfortable income, he need expend on his work comparatively little of the energy which the American would put into developing the full possibilities of his business. Where the first is able to find little chance for the satisfactions of overcoming obstacles and solving problems, the other sees the opportunity that challenges his entire physical, mental, and spiritual capacities. The one's future is already made, the other's waits. The one will, therefore, be interested in finding some new and challenging sector in which to obtain the satisfactions of fresh victories. The other will have found it. Something like that appears to me to be the origin of the art seen so generally in French life—the art of philandering. It is a development in the field of morals out of that same national narrowness of material resources and economic opportunities.



Husky steel-makers and their active Bessemer "converter" in a north France steel plant where more than 3,000 shells were delivered by the enemy.

In much the same way I found here in America that among the laborers the narrowness of opportunity for self-expression and achievement on the job caused an increased interest in the possibilities

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for them offered in the field of sex relationships. Among the French working men, naturally, marriages are not arranged upon the basis of economic security. But even there the problem of morals is complicated by the social permissions and approvals which make entirely commonplace a bit of gossip regarding the highest government officials and their mistresses.

All these social concomitants of economic conservatism undoubtedly help to create France's most serious problem—namely, the narrowness of the margin between the births and deaths of her population. In one morning paper I noticed a list of the families which had received a gold medal for the number of children. The list was too long for counting the total exactly. I found, however, that it contained 136 lines, each line averaging sixteen and five-tenths children. A total of 2,234! And that was for only two of France's eighty-odd departments! Recently many groups of employers have united with the government in not only aiding the mother in connection with the birth of children but in adding a family supplement to the wages of familied workers according to the number of children. My mason friend at the boarding-house was naturally quite unhappy that in the building industry the supplement had not yet come to him—and his seven youngsters!

All of these characteristics appear to me to be those of a people well into, if not past, maturity—placed there partly because of the centuries of history in which there has been comparatively little foreign blood put into the French veins and partly because the originally limited natural resources had by war and use been reduced to a state which counselled the conservatism and contentments—the statics—of middle age. Such a diagnosis serves also to explain the French attitude toward certain matters in which we see sex but in which old people everywhere see nothing but physiology. Likewise it explains the surprising width of the gap between the French workers and their employers, the "bourgeoisie," in a democratic country. This, in turn, is largely accountable for those extremist philosophies among otherwise conservative workmen. To carry across the gap the efforts at class betterment must have a maximum of power and "punch" in order to accomplish the same result that can be ob-

These little gleaners in the fields near Lens are typical of the thrifty spirit of France—also of the hopefulness of the new generation now in possession of a wider-margined France.

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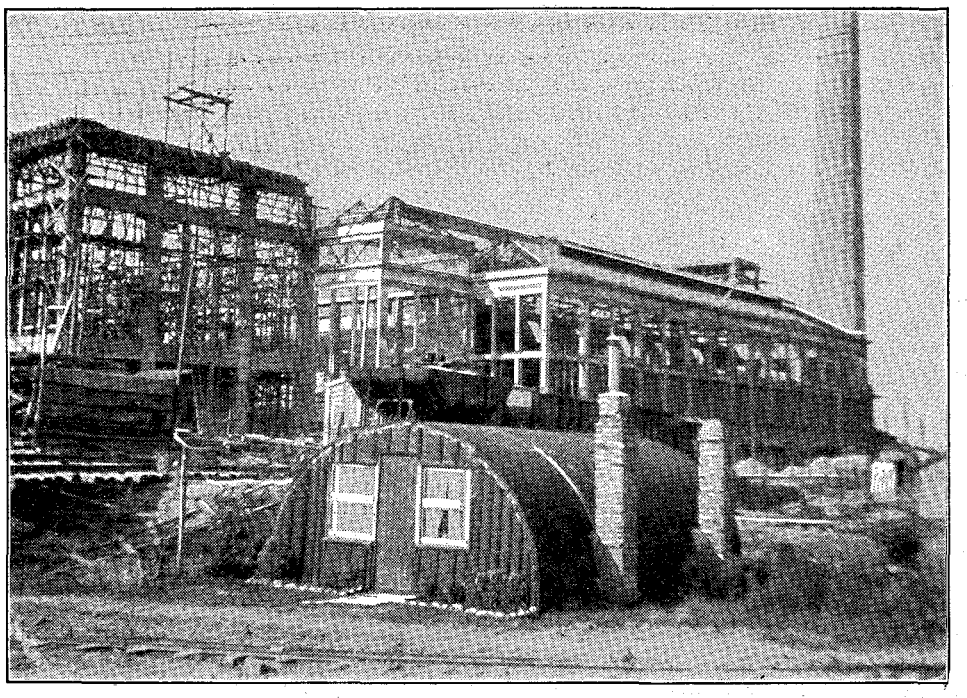

"No one who has seen the combination of demoralized actuality and devoted aspiration pictured at ruined but reviving Lens can be anything but optimistic about France's future."

tained here in America by a much less aggressive programme. Class lines are generally the result rather than the cause of limitation of opportunity. They cannot harden where changes from one level to the other are so frequent that they are shown powerless to restrain the spirit of individual achievement.

But all this applies only to the France that this generation has known—the France of the miner's unceasing and untiring pick-strokes made possible by decades of "habit—habit and custom."

And that France is gone. The war has erased it. In its place is the France that stands upon an entirely different platform of material equipment—the France of hope.

"All during the war we Frenchwomen lived here at Lens as in a prison—always our houses falling in upon us. Once for six days and six nights the bombardment lasted. B-r-r-r—bang! bang!—always like that. With our hands over our ears we hid in our cellars. But we smiled, too. 'When this is finished,' we said, 'they will be here, our husbands, our brothers, our sons!' Finally it stopped. We brushed off the dust and waited. But they did not come! No, they did not come! Then we said to each other: 'Up till now we have always hoped, but now we will never hope again, no, we will never hope again!'—Yet there is my husband, he that plays the bass viol there.—So one should always hope and keep hoping; is it not so?"

A half-dozen thoughtful-looking French citizens gathered together after the day's work of rebuilding Lens, practising with their fiddles in one of the one-story wooden barracks built among the wreckage—these struck me as typical of the spirit of Lens and of all present-day France.

"When our mines here are opened up again we shall make enormous quantities of coke and by-products. In addition, we shall send our by-product gas for lighting and heating Lille and other northern cities. Besides supplying electrical current for the canal here at Lens, we shall also send it, at a pressure of



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120,000 volts, to users of power as far distant as Paris."

The sight of the hopefulness of ruined Lens makes it easy to believe the report of the government that of France's destroyed factories, employing twenty men or more, well over 75 per cent have already been restored.

"Right there, m'sieu', I used to see the dead soldiers lying line upon line—just like those sheaves of wheat there! Since then it has been dangerous to farm, for many shells explode treacherously. Nevertheless, the wheat is beautiful, is it not?"

Meanwhile there appears only a minimum of such grumbling as that of the citizens of one town who wrote the mayor that unless the roofs of the tiny shacks were mended they would have to sleep the whole winter with umbrellas over their beds!

Such a spirit makes it easy to be even more hopeful than the two judgments so frequently encountered:

"We French are mortally wounded—we can never recover!"

"France is badly wounded—we cannot come 'back to normalcy' within fifty years!"

Yes, France will "come back." Her time-tried habit of persistent effort and unceasing capacity for doing much with little—this can be trusted to carry on until by its sheer momentum it satisfies its hope.

But the real question is this: Will France be able to take the greatly enlarged position in the industrial and commercial world which her present post-war supply of raw materials now offers her?

In the whole field of European and, indeed, of world industry the most outstanding fact is this: by returning Alsace-Lorraine, the war has so increased France's supplies of iron ore that she now stands next to the United States as a potential producer of the world's steel. France is now the "Iron Queen of Europe." In addition, she now has the great potash deposits of the same provinces and, last but not least, the coal of the Saar. Will these new riches enable her to become a first-rate instead of a fourth-rate industrial power? Will those long-established, close-margined habits of yesterday stand in her way or help her to fulfil the hopes of to-day and to-morrow?

"Yes, with us habit is strong—and even with our horses," a fellow miner was recounting as we walked back to the boarding-house together. "When we had our last strike here some months ago they took the horses up out of the pits. One of them had for years hauled out its cars to the 'parting' (switch) six times each day—and six times only. The first day and also every day after, Mister Horse—yes, m'sieu', it is quite true as I tell you—refused to make more than six trips with the plough across the field. Another had each day pulled a car fifty metres and then turned around for another. And they could not make him go farther than fifty metres without giving him a chance to turn around!"

Nothing means more to the workers of France than the answer to our question: Can France, for instance, expand her ideas of business so as to build up an international selling organization which will be able successfully to sell this new and sudden volume of twelve or thirteen million tons of steel? On the answer to that question may depend the length of time to be spent in France by the present thousands of laborers from the Algerian and Moroccan colonies and from Poland, Italy, Spain, and elsewhere. It is conceivable that, as many of the French themselves think, the selling of this great output will drift into the hands of the Belgians, Germans, or British who have long been organized for effective world-wide selling. Certainly France is seriously handicapped by her lack of experience in international finance, such as has always proved so helpful to the British salesmen. Within the past few months one of the few French financial enterprises of international proportions—the Industrial Bank of China—has suffered disaster.

It is, of course, probable that production will remain in French hands whether the selling does or not. Her habits of thrift in the use of fuel, for instance, are helping to the spread of her furnaces in this country. The results, nevertheless, of subordination to promotion by outsiders would not fail to be felt in various subtle and indirect ways by the working

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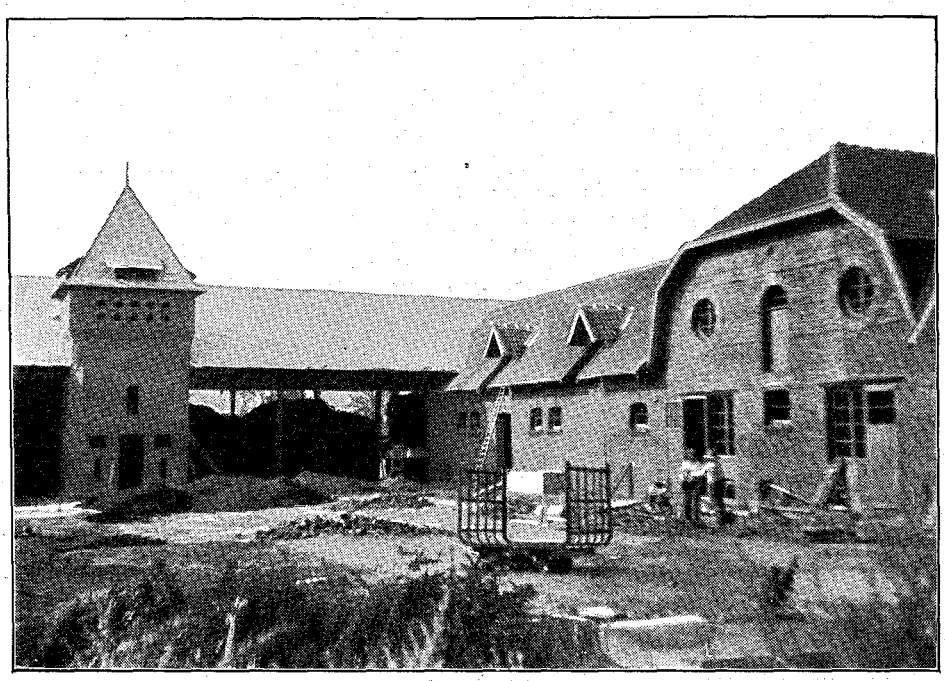
men of France. In both fields success will require a serious and a steady adaptation of the traditional French spirit to one more favorable to operation upon the basis of large scale and of inevitable risk.

"The war and the suddenly increased earning powers of our working women brought—and established firmly in all classes—the movies, silk stockings, and



On all sides the farmers are rebuilding.

perfumery," according to a noted observer. "The peace can hardly provide any difficulties which we cannot master."

By many it was believed that the influx of soldiers from not only America but Canada and Australasia would suffice to turn the French attitude in favor of greater freedom between the sexes. In the manufacturing towns I saw signs of this in the street dancing of the public concerts given by the municipal bands. In general, however, the expected revolution in this connection has hardly happened. Perhaps it is too soon. The pendulum may swing again back from the present conservative reaction. Nevertheless, in France as in other parts of Europe, one finds often upon his lips the question: "If the war did not change these people so very much, what is there in the world that can?"

A real difficulty in the path of commercial expansion is the French newspaper. The most successful of the metropolitan dailies carry only four pages. Of the two pages left free of advertisements, several columns are devoted to some short story. There remains only fifteen or sixteen columns of news regarding France and the entire world.

"That is because the French are not interested in actuality. They care less for the event than for its interpretation. After reading about the happening in five or six lines to-day, they wait until to-morrow when some famous deputy or noted citizen will tell its meaning, especially its meaning to France."

That is one observer's explanation. Here is another:

"We French business men do not yet believe in advertising. You see advertising means risk. When we get business we make sure first to hold onto it before we take risk to get more. Our friends, too, are likely to say: 'What has gone wrong

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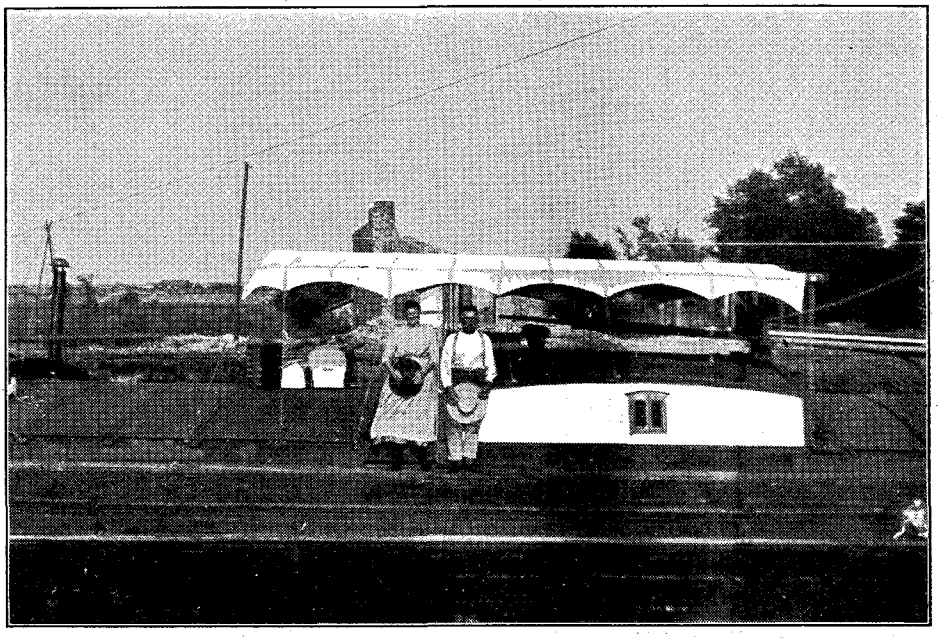

"Besides supplying electrical current for the canal here at Lens, we shall also send it, at a pressure of 120,000 volts, to the users of power as far distant as Paris."—Page 329.

with Henri? Do you notice that he is advertising?' "

Take your choice. In any event, the papers are forced either to a minimum of space or a maximum of subsidy at the hands mainly of the government. When this last happens, it strengthens the circulation figures of the radical papers which the workers can feel are honest even though extreme. In any case, those fifteen columns are sure to increase for France the difficulty of her relations with the outside world. One cause of Britain's success as a salesman and purveyor in the world's markets is undoubtedly to be found in the amazingly varied news and comment carried by her newspapers regarding the commercial and political situation of the entire world.

Ever since the war France has been worried with the fear that the French language might give over some of its prestige as the language of world affairs and diplomacy to English. Along with that is the fear as to the maintenance of France's intellectual and æsthetic prestige among the nations. Her newspapers seem to me largely to have justified those fears; they provide for the eyes of the French citizen the same limitation as that provided by the cotton so generally seen in the French working men's ears. In addition, the thinness of the morning daily is perhaps a cause of the surprising importance given by French citizens, and especially French working men, to the spoken word—with the result that the most successful labor leaders are likely to be not so much the best planners and strategists as the most forceful orators. It remains to be seen whether the newest of French unions, the "Brain Trust," or Federation of Intellectual Workers, including for the most part writers, will thus play into the hands of the talkers rather than the thinkers.

In peoples as in individuals no trait is a mere "happen-stance." Each is part of a consistent whole. But the backbone that yesterday held a consistent France together is gone—now that raw materials are there in plenty. The French people are far from lazy and far from inept in the fullest possible utilization of all its resources. It has demonstrated that it can hang on to a spiritual ideal when any nation of a different training might have given up. No one who has seen the combination of demoralized actuality and devoted aspiration pictured at ruined but reviving Lens can be anything but optimistic about France's ability to meet its



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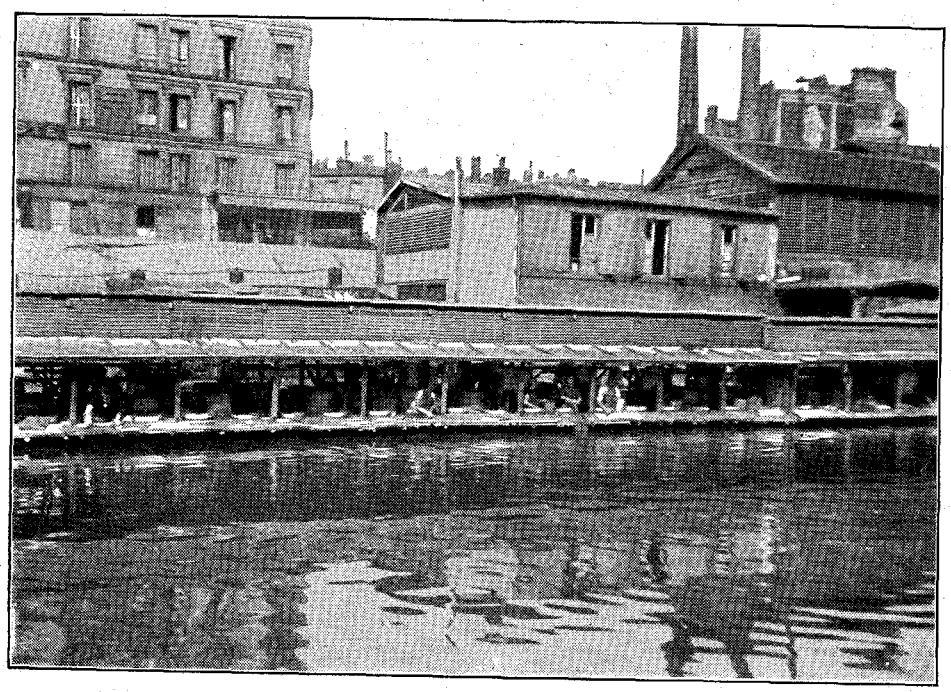
newest possibilities and fulfil them. It is only necessary for her friends—or her enemies—to be patient. She has been sorely wounded and sorely wearied. She has not yet recovered from the shell-shock of her testing at the very centre of the world's worst wrenching. The idealists who went through the war are perhaps spending too much time endeavoring to determine with exactness whether France's wounds are to be called mortal, chronic, or merely temporary. Meanwhile, in the young men born too late to see full service at the front there is appearing the "generation of the victory." Instead of devoting themselves to cinching the honorable and permanent—honorable *because* permanent—position of a federal functionary, they are insisting upon going into business. That is causing trouble in the families, but it will be the families that will give way and not the youths. For it is they who have on their side all the thrust of France's future.

There is a real possibility that these young men will give to the factory office and the banking-room exactly that touch of idealism and spiritual beauty which business so much needs. It is this that we Americans have put into industry and commerce to an extent unequalled by any other nation. We have found that spirit in business because we have had to find it somewhere and we have not been interested to look anywhere else. The French have found it outside of business because they did not care to find anything in business except what was necessary to existence. It would be immensely helpful to the world's peace if the "generation of the victory" in France could avail to combine the practical and the ideal in a new and higher species of business technic. That might go far not only toward solving the labor problem but also toward avoiding the warlike spirit among the nations—a spirit which can be fostered even during naval holidays by the knife-points of cutthroat competition.

In all this, however, one thing is to be remembered. Without this one thing, nothing in post-war France can be understood. Present-day France—like pretty much all Europe—has always to plan her immediate future under a sky in which she sees upon her eastern horizon a cloud the size of a man's hand—a hand which France believes is a clinched fist. About that in our next article.

[The third article by Whiting Williams on "Europe at Work" will appear in the April number.]



Most of the cities of France lucky enough to be near a river have these public washeries.

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This was the winter hogan; . . . built of logs and plastered with mud.—Page 335.

# A Day with a Navaho Shepherd

BY W. R. LEIGH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

HE was not very big to be the guardian spirit of a herd of three hundred and thirty-six goats and sheep, with only the aid of two mongrel dogs and a pinto burro.

In fact, he was only about seven years old (his parents were not sure whether it was seven or eight corn-crops since his advent) and not big for his age.

Neither did he seem in the least as if he might by any chance be capable of such serious work, for in the wild, rugged reaches of the Painted Desert, where his home was, there were difficulties and dangers to be reckoned with.

Doubtless his work accounted for a quaint seriousness in his bearing; seldom betraying the child, he was like a tiny little man, with a businesslike way of attending to duties, and forgetting no part of them.

His nearest approach to play consisted in practising lasso-throwing with a piece of clothes-line; the burro—who was minus all of one ear, and half the other, the same having been amputated as punishment for breaking into the corn-field—was too easy. His mother scolded and threw things, and his ten-year-old sister had no sense of humor. Also the baby was as much out of the question as was his grave and austere father, Hosteen Naeshja (Mr. Owl). Of course the goats and sheep and the dogs were all right, but the brindle cat—who was minus half of each ear and part of his tail from frost-bite—called for real skill.



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The hogan stood in the midst of a sage-covered, treeless waste, dominated by Navaho Mountain, the original home, from which, according to Navaho tradition, the race had sprung. Near by a low sandstone up-cropping constituted the reason for the selection of the site; its undulating surfaces, all seamed and grooved by eons of erosion, held deep pockets, some of which retained rain-water for long periods.

At the edge of this formation a corn-field, enclosed within a rude fence made of cedar and piñon logs and limbs, supplied as well squashes and melons.

Besides the hogan, there was a sun-shed, under which Madam Naeshja had her loom, and made excellent blankets. Also, very near, for better protection against coyotes, was the corral, likewise constructed of piñon and cedar logs and limbs, which had been brought from long distances with great labor.

This was the winter hogan; for although it was early in September, the nights were growing cold and there would soon be frost. The winter hogan was built of logs and plastered with mud; the summer hogan, on the opposite side of the sandstone ridge, was made of loose brush only.

The burro—who was minus all of one ear, and half the other.—Page 334.

He was not very big to be the guardian spirit of a herd of three hundred and thirty-six goats and sheep.—Page 334.

In the chill, gray light of dawn when Hosteen Naeshja emerged from his house followed by his son, Natsilid (Rainbow), they were the only things astir save the darting and diving bats, and a bird away off somewhere who sang a glorious song that was never heard except at dawn.

The father, with a nicked and battered axe, reduced a cedar log with difficulty, and the shivering lad started a fire. Next the mother, carrying green corn in a gunny sack, came from the hogan, followed by her ten-year-old daughter carrying the baby.

The mother thrust ears of corn in the shuck into the coals, and all the family huddled about the fire, for all were lightly clad. Even the baby squeezed in between the rest with commendable enterprise, and dug his toes luxuriously into the heated sand.

Soon the odor of roasting corn began to permeate the air, the dogs uncurled and sat up, the cat crept out from under the wood-pile, and the burro woke up; he directed his soulful eyes toward the source of the fragrance and indulged in a heart-stirring salutation, whereupon the bird, as if despairing in face of such competition, ceased abruptly his warbling.

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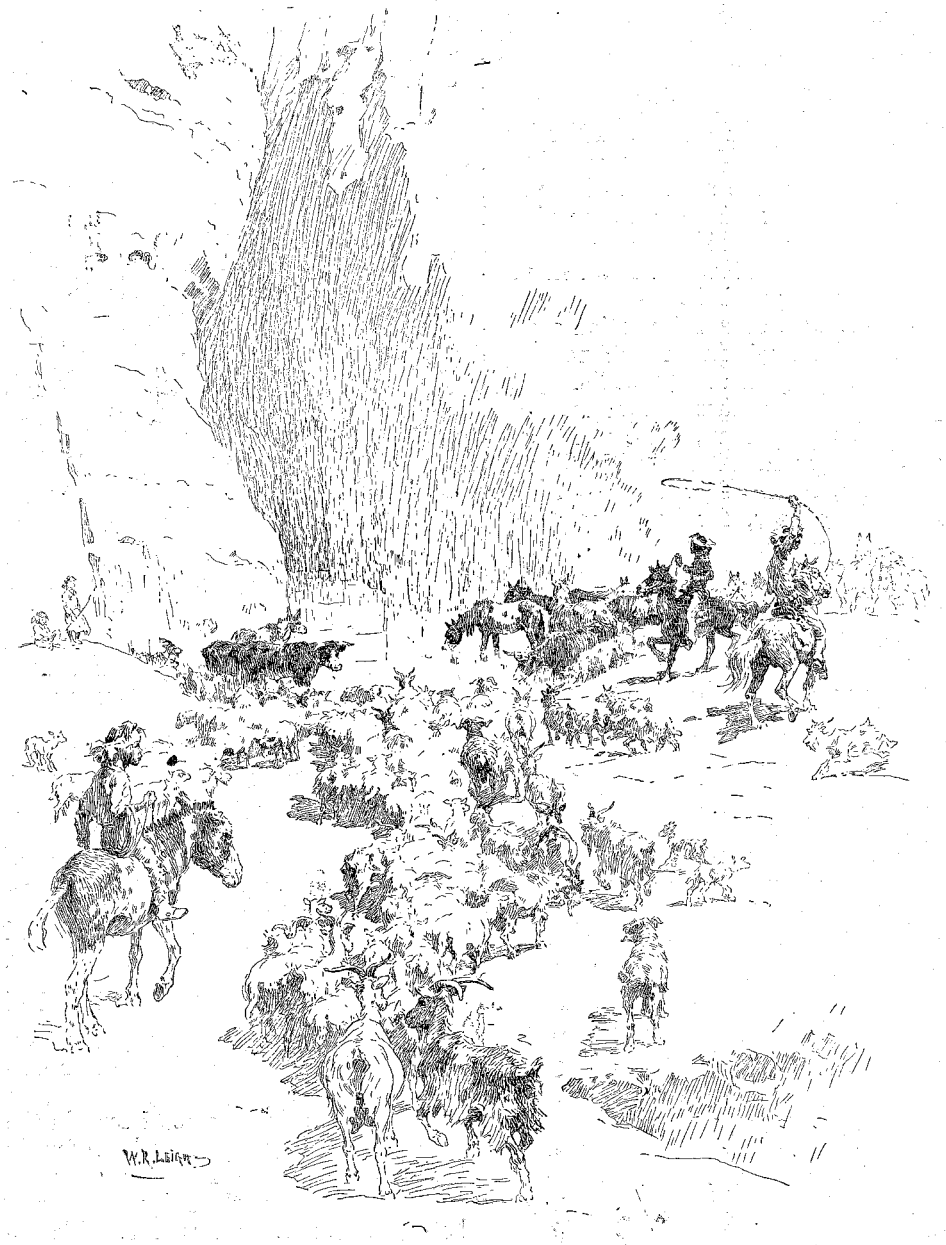


Surrounding the water were many sheep, goats, . . . and cattle.—Page 338.

Meanwhile, in the midst of a wall of delicate lavender on the eastern horizon, a dot of ardent red appeared; above the wall a fan-shaped saffron radiance spread, across which a thin wisp of dazzling gold was hung.

The red dot rapidly developed into a disk of living carmine, which presently climbed up and, peeping suddenly over the lavender wall, shot long rose-gold shafts of horizontal light through the opalescent air, painting the top of each gnarled sage-bush, each aged and weathered rock, each wrinkle in the sand, with a splash of glory.

The humble hogan was clothed with



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magnificence, and the old bent bucket, turned upside down and sitting ridiculously tilted on its top, gleamed like a golden crown. The searching rays lit up the interior of the hut, entering through the door, which was built, as are all hogans, facing the rising sun.

The lambs and kids in the corral walked up the sloping timbers of the fence, until many of them stood poised on the topmost rails, as if the better to view the gleaming orb.

Their mothers and fathers, huddled in a dense mass below, blinked up at them philosophically, and grunted.

Madam Naeshja.

Around the fire the squatting Indians dragged out half-cooked ears of corn, which they proceeded to gnaw, the baby alone excepted. This member, with admirable self-protective instinct, set up a lusty squall, whereupon the sister, at a word from the mother, seized a tomato-can, and the brother his clothes-line, and the two proceeded to the corral.

The grave and austere father, Hosteen Naeshja.

The boy, with a deft fling of his rope amid the scurrying mass of animals, hauled an unruly old nanny out of the thick dust-cloud, and gripped her by the horns. The girl proceeded to milk the beast; but lest the kid be robbed, only a small quantity was taken, and other nannies were captured, until the tin can was full.

The burro came to feast on the discarded cobs and shucks, and then, breakfast over, was conveniently captured.

The pile of brush closing the entrance to the corral being removed, the mixed herd streamed out in a long line, the kids and lambs performing acrobatic leaps into the air and chasing each other in circles.

By the time the carmine disk had risen above the cloud-bank and become a blinding ball of fire the shepherd was mounted on the burro, without bridle or saddle, but with a stick and his rope and a piece of dried goat's-meat in his pocket.

The dogs at his heels, the burro, with a whack on his back as reminder, took his place behind the herd, and in this order the procession headed for the rough country.

An old pinto nanny wearing a bell led; she nibbled as she moved, but moved briskly, and all the three hundred and thirty-five followers nibbled, and stamped to drive off the flies, and kept a cloud of dust in the air which moved with them.

The bell-nanny did not proceed aimlessly; she made for the rocky slopes, where amid the boulders there was good browsing, and toward the canyon, where the water-hole was.

To all appearances the little shepherd had practically only to follow, but in reality there was always danger of a coyote making a try for some straggling lamb, or unwary kid, and so, if he was not on his burro, he was on some vantage-point where he could overlook the herd, ready to start the dogs provided they did not give the alarm first. The dogs chased rabbits and prairie-dogs occasionally, but they knew the chase was futile unless the quarry be surprised a long way from its burrow.

By nine o'clock the air was all aquiver with heat waves, and not a single cloud to be seen in the whole vast dome of blue. Hawks skimmed over the sage-brush in their unending quest for prey; ravens prowled about the edges of rock-crags. Mingled with the ceaseless bleating of the goats and sheep was the chirping of



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prairie-dogs, together with the low hum, made up of the tramping of many small feet, the nibbling of many small mouths, and the rustling of dry, unyielding vegetation.

By ten o'clock the herd was moving more rapidly, as thirst increased and the proximity of the water-hole, magnet-like, drew more insistently with each stride of the panting beasts. Weird rock-forms, like gargoyles and giant mushrooms turned to stone, or fluted like the pipes of an organ, were passed by as things commonplace and familiar.

The sand stretches were growing in extent; they were only sparsely dotted with dead or dying scrub that, grim and naked, looked like the last desperate defenders on the field of a lost battle. Occasional defunct cedars sprawled like whited skeletons in the fiery heat. Lizard and snake trails crisscrossed the powdery sand, together with the tracks of many nocturnal prowlers; the jack-rabbit and cotton-tail, the badger, the skunk, and the trade-rat and kangaroo-mouse all telling their stories to the keen-eyed child.

Presently the bell-nanny disappeared over the top of a yellow dune, and the whole herd, abandoning further attempts to snatch a mouthful here and there, broke into a run. The burro was urged into a trot, and amid a babble of mothers calling to stray progeny and a suffocating cloud of dust, the caravan plunged down the long, steep incline, where drifting sand at this point made descent into a canyon possible. In the bottom, and descending tortuous trails on the opposite side of the ravine, other herds were seen approaching the water-hole. A break-neck descent of hundreds of feet brought our herd to a wilderness of hard clay pinnacles, freakishly colored in bands of maroon, ochre, pink, and dove-blue; some were sharp-pointed, others capped with dizzily balanced boulders.

In and out among the pinnacles, along narrow ledges, and up and down over deep gullies and sharp ridges, the herd bounded and scrambled and slid until, wheeling into a huge cleft in the rock wall of the canyon, they came suddenly to the water. An arroya had been dammed by the Navahos, and a pond of some size was the result. It extended back into a troughlike groove a hundred feet deep, gouged out and worn smooth by countless ages of erosion. Down this trough tumbled the water from above, after each rain, keeping the pond filled during most of the season. Surrounding the water were many sheep, goats, burros, horses, and cattle. Mounted on tough little mustangs, Navahos, with red handkerchiefs about their heads, silver bracelets and earrings, and belts of silver disks, shouted and swung their lariats as they herded their ponies and steers. Boys and girls, each guarding a band of goats and sheep, ran hither and thither, and dogs barked.

The animals, in their eagerness, rushed into the water until they were half submerged.

The water was muddy and warm and full of alkali and salt and countless wigglers, but it was also wet and incomparably desirable. For many yards around the pool every vestige of vegetation had long since been trampled out of existence.

When the burro had drunk his fill the boy drew him into a second winding recess in the rocks that grew narrower until it ended in a shallow grotto, at the foot of a wet-weather waterfall. Here was a seep-spring; the water oozes out, drop by drop, from the sand-rock. A shallow basin had been cut in the rock to receive the precious liquid and preserve it from contamination by the animals.

It was cool in the cove, and around the little pool formed by the overflow from the basin desert plants bloomed. A humming-bird darted down and hung suspended before first one and then another flower. After a few moments the boy mounted, and began separating his flock from the rest of the herd. This was generally an easy task, as the animals know their friends and relations and hang naturally together; but there are exceptional cases, and this was one.

In the herd was a very large and powerful he-goat, against whom another large buck in another herd had a grudge of long standing. They never met, save occasionally at this water-hole, but this was one of the times. Why the grudge none but the two knew, but a well-developed grudge it evidently was, for the strange

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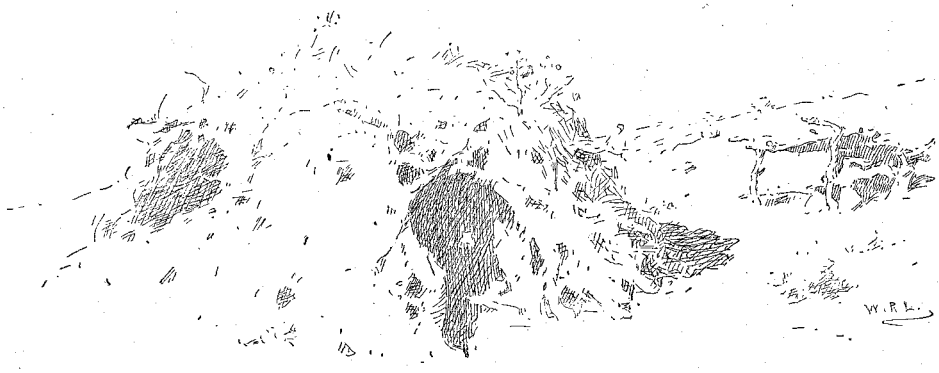

The summer hogan, on the opposite side of the sandstone ridge.—Page 335.

buck made a sudden rush without warning at the shoulder of his enemy, and the latter, apparently unaware of the danger, seemed doomed to defeat. But a fraction of a second before the blow landed he arose on his hind-legs, so that the shoulder that the strange buck was aiming at was not there to be hit when he arrived. Unfortunately for him, however, his own neck, just back of the ear, was there, when the adversary descended with a sharp, snappy blow, like a short-arm punch from a pugilist.

The stranger rolled over and scrambled to his feet again covered with dust and bristling with rage. All the nannies and ewes stood still and stared; the horsemen reined up their mounts to watch.

The stranger, shaking his head, backed off for another assault; his adversary eyed him contemptuously; they had met before. When the other started he leaped forward to meet him. They met with a crash that left one wondering how horns and skulls could possibly stand it. The big buck dropped to his knees for a moment, dazed; the stranger flew back several yards and landed upside down, half stunned, and kicking convulsively in the air.

A great shout of laughter arose from the Navahos. The stranger struggled to his feet in wabbly fashion, and stood jerking his head from side to side as if to ascertain whether it was still there on his shoulders; his enemy could have killed him now, but instead he allowed him to go his way.

By this time the fight infection had spread and the dogs were snarling and snapping at each other, much to the delight of the horsemen, who did all in their power to urge them on. Confusion resulted; frightened and bewildered lambs and kids ran hither and thither, hysterically calling to mammas, who rushed in every direction, wildly calling to offspring; the horsemen, who had paused to

The lambs and kids in the corral walked up the sloping timbers.—Page 337.



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watch the fight, had meanwhile neglected their herds, and these had promptly started off in wrong directions, scattered, or mixed with other herds.

It took much patience and hard work before little Natsilid could extricate his band from the others and get them started up the toilsome sand-slope; when the summit was gained at last shade was the thing longed for most by man and beast. As many of the animals as could find room took refuge under the edges of a cliff full of deep holes and overhanging ledges.

The boy clambered to a vantage-point where he could rest and also see the herd, while the dogs crept under sage clumps.

In the scintillating atmosphere overhead there was the low yet shrill hum of countless insects, whose lightning-like flight and microscopic proportions rendered them quite invisible. Swallows had built shelf-nests of mud against the overarching walls; in a fissure was an accumulation of cactus, yucca, and sage, cut off and dragged thither by rock-rats. The boy munched leisurely at his piece of dried meat, watching the while an inquisitive little horned toad who climbed up his leg and sat on the ragged knee of his old blue overall with a comical expression.

Suddenly there was a stampede; it started with one old ewe and spread in an instant, until the whole three hundred and thirty-six animals, in a mad plunge, fled like a wave receding in a cloud of dusty spray. The dogs were up in a flash; the boy leaped to the ground. What was it? Nothing unusual was in sight; yet there certainly had been some reason for the behavior of the herd. Perhaps the old ewe had been startled by the shadow of a passing eagle; perhaps a cliff-squirrel had frightened her. Or possibly she had caught a glimpse of a bob-cat, or coyote, or—who could tell—a wolf, even a cougar, might have been skulking along the brink of the precipice; it was improbable, yet within the range of possibilities. The animals, after halting, showed no disposition to return; that looked suspicious; it was the part of prudence to quit the place immediately.

The caravan, with its cloud of dust, moved off into the open country and came to an arroya, whose clay walls afforded narrow strips of shade here and there.

By three o'clock the withering heat had sucked so much moisture from the panting beasts that another trip to a water-hole was imperative. But this time the shepherd headed his flock for a different hole; it was a huge expanse of flat rock where there were several deep pockets.

This place was reached after passing through a strip of piñon forest, and necessitated passing by an old deserted hogan; this was a chindi (evil) hogan. A man had died in it long ago, of a dire and mysterious spell put upon him by a secret enemy. The boy had often heard his grandfather relate the story in graphic language, while the family huddled about the fire in the centre of the hogan on stormy winter nights. The unsteady light accentuated and distorted the narrator's gnarly features, and as the huge black shadows of the group swayed back and forth on the rough background of the hogan walls, in response to the wavering of the flames, they seemed to the enkindled imagination of the child like uncouth spirits that bobbed and dodged with grotesque glee as the story progressed. And as the wind moaned and howled without he fancied the sprites and fiends were howling and gnashing their teeth. And the powdery snow, drifting silently in through crannies beside his bed, suggested ghostly fingers reaching—reaching toward him.

In the daytime he dared to pass the chindi hogan, at some distance, with bated breath and nerves aquiver. It looked so ominously still, so terribly dead; where the mud had been weathered off the naked and rotting timbers resembled bleaching ribs and vertebræ of some monstrous beast; the very weeds that choked the gaping and ruinous doorway had something uncanny and sinister about them; nowhere else did weeds grow so rankly.

Even after the hogan had been passed he still cast backward glances, as if half expecting to see some demon emerge through the hole where part of the roof had caved in.

There were no extra pockets or ruts in the rocks, save those the animals drank

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from, so the boy had to drop on his stomach and drink with them; this was one reason why the place was not resorted to more than it was.

The rocks ended at their farther edge as the brink of Piute Canyon; three thousand feet below, on the floor of the great gash, the extensive corn-field of the Piutes stretched along either side of the central stream, and the hogans dotted about appeared no bigger than peas. Here and there little wisps of dust were visible, and tiny brown and white specks that moved; they were herds of cattle and horses.

In the afternoon sunlight, one wall a series of huge broken purple shadows, the other a succession of rose-pink buttresses, split and gashed and carved into a thousand ornate spires and knobs, the canyon wound off into the blue distance like some fabulously stupendous varicolored serpent sprawling across the landscape.

The child looked down upon this scene with awe and apprehension; many were the tales he had heard, when with his father he had visited the trading-store to barter hides and wool for groceries, and they had sat on the ground in the shade of the building, with the assembled loiterers, eating a lunch of crackers and canned tomatoes.

Tales of battles between Piutes and Navahos, of treacherous ambushes and murders done in lone places, of thefts of cattle and horses, and women and children. Stories of how these Piutes frequently killed their own offspring to avoid the trouble of rearing them, of how they stole children from neighbors to make slaves of them. Anecdotes of how these slaves were bought and sold, or killed, as the master saw fit, of how they labored incessantly and starved perpetually.

But lest the kid be robbed, only a small quantity was taken.—Page 337.

And the child knew full well that these were no idle gossip tales, for he had seen the scars of terrible wounds, and the fear and hatred and the deadly earnest in the faces of the narrators, and he had heard his father tell of his own experiences. And so, as soon as the animals had drunk their fill, he started them back through the piñon forest toward the open country. A great owl began hooting as he repassed the chindi hogan, and a sudden terror gripped the heart of the little boy; but no demons came out of the ruin, and no Piute marauders dashed after him through the woods, and in spite of his fears he saw that the burro and the dogs

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and the entire herd proceeded calmly and leisurely along the trail.

The shadows lengthened gradually, and the old bell-nanny led the nibbling hosts slowly but surely ever nearer home; a jack-rabbit loped across their course, and the dogs chased it a little way; a rattlesnake caused a slight stir, until it disappeared in its hole; two Navahos chasing a wild horse dashed through their midst and scattered the herd, but they soon reassembled.

As evening drew near, the bull-bats, high in the zenith, swooped and dived with bellowing sound; Navaho Mountain was bathed in a lavender and gold-dust radiance; the distant buttes, which had been a bleached monotonous white all day, now shimmered with a magical, rose-lilac lustre, like the walls of some poet's palace in dreamland.

Always before sundown the herd had to be within the corral, and this, from long habit, the animals knew quite as well as the shepherd, so that by common consent all wended consistently in and out of the gullies and over the boulder-strewn ridges, nibbling at a brisk but even pace homeward.

With the first glimpse of the hogan the burro pricked up his half ear and voiced his joy in accents doubtless delightful to himself, whereupon Hosteen Naeshja paused in his work of chopping wood with which to cook a goat's-meat stew for supper, and shading his eyes contemplated the returning caravan. And as the animals filed obediently into the corral and the ten-year-old sister aided in closing the entrance, the famished dogs hastened to gather up such scraps as the preparation of the meal had resulted in scattering. The brindle cat snarled and hissed at the intrusion, and the dogs growled and bristled up their backs and the frightened baby squalled, whereupon Madam Naeshja adjusted the difficulty with a well-aimed stick of wood.

Supper was announced ready by lifting the pot off the fire. As the family squatted in a circle once more, as the bats began their quest for insect prey again and beetles hummed by in clumsy flight, the fiery ball descended and touched the western edge of the world, and the full round moon rose in the east, a shield of wondrous salmon-pink in a field of opal and pearl.

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# Burial Bitterness

BY GERARD WALLOP

I LAID you down and did not close your eyes;—
In the long grass I put no mantle o'er you,
Nor hid your death from the unblenching skies.—
They and the lark were all who ever saw you.

At dark we made the careless earth your sheet;
Four stars from the black girdle of the night
Were hung aloof to triumph or defeat,
Your vaulted chamber's guardian taper light.

When you stood out across the midnight seas,
In bitterness I did not shed one tear,
Only I thought God slept with labored ease,
And mumbled in his dreams with troubled fear.

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# The Wind Witch

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.
Author of "Corkran of the Clamstretch"

ILLUSTRATION BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

LITTLE LOVE LANE possesses innumerable countenances, and I think that I have never seen it twice the same. It is a short street, but broad—broad enough to cover most human experience. The Lane touches the Delaware River at Deepwater Point, and is the single way of the tiny fishing village of Vinelopen. In the face of the grim reaches of water before it and the terrible whip of the Delaware tide at its feet, its name, Little Love, seems ironic.

Vinelopen at its greatest never contained more than two hundred persons, but these were diverse. There were Italians (heavy-figured, swart, little men, but veritable kings of fishery); Sicilians (quick of movement, dangerous, vivid); there were Flemings, Greeks, even cockney English, and a few families of more strict American parentage; but fishermen all.

For three months of the year, those of winter, the village stands deserted, but as the mating shad begin to run the river in the spring, Little Love Lane returns to life. The shacks receive their occupants; small fishing yawls and sloops are pulled from the winter racks. Patched yellow sails, once white, are spread to slim masts, and at dawn some cold spring morning a fleet sets down the river to spread its nets in the broad jaws of the Capes. Dusk brings them slowly beating back again. Cargoes of fish, wet, glistening, still struggling, are dumped upon the wharf. The women, stripped to petticoats and blouses, approach the haul and aid the men in clearing the holds of the vessels. The scene that follows is nauseous. Like veritable *mulla-muggars* they scrape and scale, and as the dusk deepens fires are lighted, so that the toiling bodies, silhouetted against the smoke and glare, seem to be taking part in some rite of unclean sacrifice. Raucous laughter and high-pitched cries add to this semblance.

The unloading ends, however. The larger fish are taken in baskets, which slowly drip water, to waiting trucks for the Wilmington and Philadelphia markets. Then from the wharf come the workers, their hands and forearms blackened and odorous, bits of shining fish scale clinging to their clothes and skin. A period of quiet follows, and thereafter the Lane comes into its own. Groups gather before the shacks; old Rudelotto, the village headman, struts down the street. Comes the rollicking note of a melodeon, piercing the gossip of the village crones. There is the shuffle of feet in a fiery dance, love-making in the shadows, an occasional dangerous fight, laughter, singing, sudden passion, peace, but always the Lane seems to follow the river in its moods, a reflection in perplexing life of the surging tides.

Beyond the Lane the land rises. The lean soil, mixed earth and sand, changes to heavy loam, and there ensues a series of great fields, which throughout the spring and summer are emblazoned with flowers. These fields run to a small graveyard of the time of the Revolution, which, in turn, meets the gardens of a country estate.

Carmen d'Asisse lived in the first shack, as you count from the river, in Little Love Lane. She possessed a father and mother and a herd of younger brothers and sisters. These latter defied all counting, and I have always believed that they had been born by battalions. Mother d'Asisse was a slow-moving, heavy-footed dwarf of a woman, dull to soddeness. Carmen, however, was vastly different, and in her the diluted Sicilian strain



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seemed to have purified itself and was running again in hot, fresh blood. She was passionate, languorous, self-willed, at times incredibly audacious. Her temper was a thing to marvel at and remember. She went from slow, indolent smiles to flaming, dangerous rage, and throughout her ran a strange mixture of arrogance and humility, which rendered her, in the alternate, intolerably cruel or perplexingly gentle.

At nineteen she was unmarried, and for a Sicilian girl this requires explanation. To marry Carmen it would have been necessary to subdue her arrogance and yet have won her gentleness. No man had been capable of all of this, but of her suitors, two were favored, one of her kindness, one of her ardor.

The first of these was of the same age as herself, the son of the gardener of the estate that joined the fields of Little Love Lane. He was a quiet boy, a shadow beside her vividness. Highly imaginative, he possessed a natural talent for speech. An untutored poet was hidden within his gangling frame. By station he was slightly above Carmen d'Asisse, and his father, old Andrew, the gardener, regarded his son's affection with raging intolerance and disgust.

Carmen dominated the boy; he followed her in adoration, and this though she was lacking in any quality of exalted spirituality. His thoughts were constantly of her, though he knew that he did not possess the qualities of manliness that could win her. From the first he was hopeless, but he never gave up hope. This was not determination, but a far deeper, less conscious instinct. Carmen pitied him, and treated him more kindly than any other man.

In the late afternoon, before the homebound fishing fleet was sighted, the two would meet upon the high banks above the river, and, lying in the yellow grass, would talk. Rather young Andrew talked and Carmen listened, and herein was irony, for I think that she never fully understood a thing that he said. Moreover, the boy realized this. He talked because it was his sole means of holding her interest, a substitute for the animal magnetism to which he knew she would eventually succumb.

Their talk was never of love, but of the river surging at their feet, of the blue line of the distant Jersey shore, of the infinite variety and strange ports of the vessels that passed before them. Of this multitude of ships Andrew spun stories. Here would come a British tramp, stolid and respectable; next a dingy, rat-holding "square rig," manned by Chinese, recalling coolie smuggling and the opium trade. Now a ghostly fruit steamer would appear; painted white, she seems to be the embodiment of long, dazzling days spent in the swell of the Southern Pacific. Next would come a destroyer, moving down-stream like the drifting wind. Its high bow is like the hood of a cobra. It is gray as the water, villainous as war itself, and as effective as the death it carries. Silently it passes.

But when the yellow sails of the fishing yawls had appeared upon the river, Carmen would bid young Andrew good-by, and the boy would wander slowly home through the fields, blindly yearning, fearing for her because of her passion and impetuosity, wishing that he might draw daring to his spirit and herculean strength to his body, whereby he might attract and hold her. He was stricken beyond relief, but always was he amazed that she would not accept his rival.

This was a young Italian, the son of Rudelotto, the headman, whose shack, the largest in the village, was directly opposite that of the d'Asisses'. Joseph Rudelotto and Carmen had grown up together, and, following the Sicilian custom, had been betrothed at an early age. The families of both many times had attempted to thrust them into marriage. Joe had been intensely willing; Carmen had flatly refused.

"I don' want him," she said. "I don' want no man." There the matter had ended.

In the evening, when the work of the Lane was finished, Joe would go to the d'Asisse shack, and, from under the beaming and hopeful eyes of Mother d'Asisse, would take Carmen for a walk. The two would go down the Lane amid clucking tongues, and through the open fields until they reached the graveyard.

The spot always selected by Joe for the tale of his love was so ridiculous as to

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touch the sublime. It was a high-mounded grave, flanked by a quaint stone, the time-worn surface of which was cut with a cherub's head. This cherub wore a diminutive, fluted, seventeenth-century wig, proving paradise abreast of fashion. Beneath the cherub was the chill and perfect inscription: "Mr. George Henry, Son of Mr. William Henry, Deceased July Fourteenth, 1775"—a formal, heavenly calling-card, which its owner might have carried to heaven in his two hands and have presented at the gate with the words: "Peter, tell the other saints I'm here."

This formal Whig grave was the recipient of outpourings of fisherman's love. Joe's passion was primitive, abysmal, of startling silences and volcanic utterances, of sudden clinchings, generally rebuffed, of strange posturings and great gestures, the heroic futility of which even he realized. One would have expected the very gravestones to have melted before the heat of this onslaught, but to him Carmen always returned the same answer:

"I don' want you now—an' I won't *never*."

Rage and hate would then sweep him. He would alternately plead and threaten, but never could he cause her to fear him. She greeted his most desperate actions with laughter.

After watching the unfavorable progress of this affair for many weeks, Mother d'Asisse, taking counsel of her husband and urged on by old Rudelotto, decided upon extreme measures. She therefore killed two of her best fowls and took them at dusk to the hut of Goodwin's Dotey. She laid them upon the sill, and, having knocked at the door, retreated in terror a little distance into the dusk.

Goodwin's Dotey was a woman who surpassed the imagination. She was without explanation, without circumstance. Her very name was a mystery; what it meant or how it had been fastened upon her, no one could say. Her origin was unknown, and no inhabitant of the Lane could tell for how long she had lived upon the river.

Her appearance was fantastic. She was a tall woman, slight, frail, always infinitely drooping. Her hair was like fine-drawn silver wire, tarnished and filthy, and the face beneath was delicate, but very worn and dirty. The fingers of her hands were like long whisps of grayish bone, seemingly without flesh or skin, and she always carried her left arm across her breast, the hand gripping the shoulder-blade, absurdly as if she held herself together. Her age could not have been guessed, though she seemed weighed down with painful years.

Her speech and enunciation were excellent for short periods, like those of a person gently bred. At other times she spoke with slurred letters and vulgar idioms. Always, however, her speech was foul, and she was the most blasphemous person upon the face of earth. Such torrential sacrilege as she uttered would cause her hearers to look to see her sucked into the earth before their eyes; yet upon her was a smothered gentility that nothing might eradicate.

By the villagers she was believed to be a witch. They hated and immeasurably feared her, for she was thought to be mistress of the river winds and to control the tides. From this she had gained the name of the *Wind Witch*. Her stock in trade, however, was the dispensing of love-lotions, maledictions, that the accursed might wither and die, and various cures for human and animal ills. In these she showed monstrous avarice, extracting from her customers every cent that she might hope to gain. Her hut had once been near the village, but there she had been stoned, and had removed to a greater distance, where she shivered in fear at the approach of a crowd.

Mother d'Asisse waited in trepidation for her oracle to make its pleasure known. At length the door of the hut slowly opened, and Goodwin's Dotey peered forth. For an instant she glanced swiftly about her, and then seeing that mother d'Asisse was alone, stepped forth snarling.

"Hell's sister!" she shrieked, seeing the two chickens. "Didja want me to work fer two rup-eyed sparrers!" She seized the chickens by their limp necks, and, having tenderly felt them, flung them behind her into the hut, where they fell with a soft flop to the floor.

Mother d'Asisse smirked and bobbed politely.

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"My Carmen and Rudelotto's Joe—" she began, but was interrupted.

"Hell and futility!" screamed Goodwin's Dotey. "Of course they'll marry. Leave 'em be. Leave 'em be!" She slammed the door shut, and Mother d'Asisse, distinctly heartened, was left alone in the darkness.

She padded back to the village, and told the news to Carmen, who received it with a scornful grimace. Nevertheless the report went swiftly through the village, where, like all dicta of the Wind Witch, it was received as fact.

"Carmen's goin' t' marry Rudelotto's Joe—Goodwin's Dotey says so!" passed from the lips of one crone to the next, until even Joseph Rudelotto had heard the report. He seemed to doubt its truth, however.

The month passed and still the expectant village waited. Old Rudelotto, who had made himself headman by reason of calm brutality and barbarous temper, his quick pride touched by the continual refusal of his son by Carmen d'Asisse, desired to place himself at the head of a party of fishermen to force Goodwin's Dotey to fulfil her prophecy. He was deterred in this only by his fears for the safety of the fleet.

Joe, under the stares of his neighbors now more than ever gawking and curious, became sullen. His love had been hawked broadcast before, but never had it received such publishing as this. He was very tired. He desired, though unsuccessfully, to forget his hopeless passion, and this he made plain to his father in an unexpected manner.

The Rudelottos had been at supper. The old headman sat at the end of the table, within easy reaching distance of the stove, and conveyed bread with mixed macaroni to his mouth with both hands and a precision that was automatic. In the midst of a prodigious mouthful, he spoke as follows:

"So she will not marry thee, eh!—that Carmen. . . . And thou art a man with two hands and cannot take her! And Goodwin's Dotey!—For why is she a witch, if she will no work! But I show her! I show her!" He made a gesture as if he were stretching a neck. "—Eeeh!"

This last was a squeal of astonishment, for his son had dashed the pot of macaroni upon the floor, and had rushed out into the Lane.

Thereafter Joe's walks with Carmen ceased. He avoided her and was shunned in turn.

This simulated indifference was apparently without effect upon Carmen. This was not true, however, and her mother's rasping comment drove her to volcanic rage. Young Andrew was first to note the gradual change in her. Little by little she became moody, distrait, seemingly a prey to her own conflicting emotions. She would sit for hours upon the river bank, and gaze with level, unwinking eyes at the distant line of shore. At such times young Andrew was afraid to speak.

She began to subject the boy to strange tyrannies of temper, which gradually grew worse. Yet he felt that this rage was not meant for him, but for Rudelotto, upon whom she was unable to vent it. Miserable before, he was now unspeakably so.

He saw that when the sails of the fishing fleet appeared far down the river, she would watch their approach with breathless interest. Therefore, one day, he spoke that which was plain to his eyes.

"You love Joe Rudelotto," he said gently. "I can see that."

"I don'!" began Carmen passionately, springing to her feet. "—I hate him! Hate him!—Oh!" She stopped with a gasp, and, seizing Andrew in an embrace that might have crushed a man, she kissed him. Then she ran down the bank.

The boy went blindly through the dusk toward his home, and was met at the gate by his father.

"You ain't comin' in this house again," said the old Scotchman bitterly. "Day on day you've been layin' up with that huzzy on th' high bank. Don't y' come back here 'til yer cleansed!"

Young Andrew returned to the village and asked Joseph Rudelotto for work. The Italian, naturally kind-hearted, granted it, and thus Andrew went to work upon the river and on the sloop of the Rudelottos, the largest of the fleet.

The long roll of the ground-swell, the smell of oil, the gasping fish, sickened

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him. He burned his hands until the blood ran from his palms the first time he attempted to set a stake rope. It seemed as though he might do nothing correctly. Yet, as he persisted in the arduous work, Joseph Rudelotto aided him, protected him from the headman's wrath, and in time began to regard him with affection. This the boy returned.

The fishing year had been an unusually prosperous one, and Little Love Lane came into unaccustomed luxuries. Chief among these was a vast quantity of fiery Bacardi rum—for the fisherman, when possible, is an exquisite in his vices—smuggled into the village from Jamaica returning vessels by old Rudelotto, in anticipation of the spring equinox, now nearly at hand.

The equinox marked an event of great importance to the village. The first run of shad usually occurs about the last of March, and this is a thrilling thing to watch. From a high point upon the shore, if the day be clear, one sees the gray water, furrowed with myriads of tiny indentations, as if small knives were cutting the smooth surface. The area, thus marked, is startlingly definite, and moves with invincible rapidity up the stream. If a steamer intercepts it, it parts, but joins again upon the further side. Steadily, irresistibly it moves on. Its speed is greater than a man can run. Behind this first area come others and still others, stretching farther back than the eye can reach. Each area comprises many thousands of shad bound for the up-stream spawning grounds.

Throughout the spring and early summer the runs continue. School upon school of shad pass up the river, and from these the fishermen reap harvest, but as the weather begins to grow hot the runs decrease in size and number. Whole days will pass without a school being sighted; the season is nearly done.

At about the time of the solstice, however, as if the invading legions which have already passed into shallow water were calling desperately for reinforcements, comes a final run, which surpasses in size any of the others. This run is often so large as to seem to draw every fish from the deep. The leaping stragglers press upon the backs of those which have gone before. The water is close-packed with glimmering, white bodies.

By the invariable custom of Little Love Lane the night before the dawn upon which the men of the village depart to net their portion of this final school is given over to a great dance. Many days are spent in preparing for this event. It is the climactic point of the labors of Little Love Lane. For it mothers bedeck their daughters with great care, hoping that at this time they will get themselves husbands, and for this purpose many young girls come to visit relatives in the village.

Thus came Vachelo Campinini some days before the solstice to the shack of old Rudelotto, whose niece she was.

Vachelo was a tiny girl of infinite capabilities for trouble-making; nor could the ablest psychologist have told whether this was intentional or not. At times one thought her animated by a small demon of perversity and inconsistency. She was as light as thistledown, and as easily blown about by her own mental gusts. She seemed to dance before men's eyes, always intangible, always elusive, always delicately flirtatious.

In her treatment of Joseph Rudelotto, whom she ardently desired, she proved her consummate skill. At the very first, as was necessary, she delicately tempered her methods to his mood. Whereas Carmen had compelled, she led. She showed herself tender-hearted, confiding, subtly consoling. She made plain in some soft feminine manner, as intangible as air, and without a word that might have driven him to her rival's defense, that she considered Carmen because of her hard-heartedness and lack of discrimination, as something less than a woman. In this she touched his vanity, which sorely needed awakening, and brought it to her aid.

As a coy fish answers to the fly that is held just beyond the reach of his leap, so responded Rudelotto; at first, with a lazy, almost scornful indifference; at the last, with a whole-hearted, rushing voracity. Great was the honor of the little fisherman, for she took care to parade her catch before the entire village, and in particular before Mother d'Asisse.

The latter, when she spoke of this to

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Carmen, lapsed into tearful and whining incoherency. The scene that followed drove the d'Asisse family into the street. So fearful was Carmen's rage that veritable madness seemed to have taken possession of her.

At dusk that evening, when at last she emerged from the shack, there was flung at her out of the darkness the barbed taunt: "Carmen's goin' t' marry Rudelotto's Joe—Goodwin's Dotey says so!"

Carmen had sprung forward to tear her tormentor to pieces, but the woman had vanished, and from this time on the girl was never able to appear upon the Lane without a sibilant, half-concealed ripple of laughter at her heels.

The day of the solstice dawned with a faint, blue haze hanging low over the water of the Delaware, a certain presagement of very hot weather. Gradually this fog was pulled against the shore by the outgoing tide, where it was dispersed by the morning sun in rolling billows like steam. One would have said that the river was on fire and was burning to its banks.

As the day advanced the earth seemed to be held in the mouth of a caldron. Radiations of heat danced over the crests of the fields. The dust lay very hot and still upon the roads. The sun, that evening, set in a copper sky, unstreaked by any cloud, and the river seemed molten gold beneath the slanting rays.

A little after dusk there arrived at the Lane a messenger with the news that the expected run of shad had been sighted within the Capes.

That which followed was inflexible procedure, hallowed by custom. Old Rudelotto, like a bronzed and bearded triton, appeared before his shack with a large horn. This he blew again and again. The bellowing notes echoed through the village. There followed the sound of running feet as the people gathered.

To them old Rudelotto made a speech which, without the change of a word, he had used for years.

"Th' shad, he come! We pray, amen! I bring da rum!"

As ants about a sugar lump, so swarmed the villagers about the casks. The first drink, as of right, went to the old headman.

"Uuumm!" shouted the old fisherman as the fiery liquid regurgitated down his bull-like throat. "Good drink! By damn!"

A great fire was lighted, which flamed straight up toward the torrid sky. The flickering light threw the shacks into high relief against the dark background of field, tinging them with red, seeming to glide and linger over the angles of roof and beam.

The drinking went forward swiftly. The first cask was finished, and another and still another was broached. The merriment of the crowd increased. Men and women jostled each other in the lines before the casks, and passed comment upon those who were so fortunate as to precede them.

"Oh, mother, an offer!" shouted a burly fisherman to an ancient beldame, who, lingering at the bung-hole, drank far more than her share. "An offer to thy marvellous mouth. Thou shalt drink the rising tide, and so keep the water level!"

"Shh, children," said the old woman, rolling her head upon her shoulders, as the last fiery drops bit upon her palate. "This is not drinking. Come to me at midnight, and you shall see me drain nine casks at a sip!"

It was very late when a cask was broached at the wharf's edge and the dancing began.

There was no breath of wind. So calm was the river that the tracery of piling beneath the wharf seemed embedded in some solid substance of dense opaques. Only the soft hiss of the outgoing tide, as it swept along the timbers, showed that the water was in motion. Upon the outer edge of the wharf pressed the bows of the fishing-boats, their slim masts jutting up like the spears of an invading army.

Against this background the villagers arranged themselves. A sort of chorus was formed, which stamped feet in time to the music, clapped hands, shouted, adjured the dancers to wilder exertions.

In the centre of the open space formed between these ranks were the musicians, three fiddlers. The leader performed his duties of direction by prodigious contortions of his face and body, since he could not lift his hands from his instrument.

About the musicians moved the danc-

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ers. The music was slow at first, alluring, languorous, softly caressing; yet through it ran a note of fire, a scarlet skein, drawn by the wailing of the violins. To it the dancers turned, touched hands, and turned again. The steps were taken with a slow, poised grace, a ripple of movement that went forward and back, pausing for a balanced instant here and there, but ever gliding softly on. It was an ancient folk-dance, handed down through generations of fisher people.

The light of the distant fire shone upon the moving figures, making crimson the dresses of the women, changing silk of yellow, scarlet, green, or blue to the color of flame. The gleam of fire turned cheeks to the blush, caused the crude jewels of a hair ornament to glitter for an instant like a falling star, touched the delicate curves of breast and waist with transitory shadow.

In the centre of the dancers, upon the arm of Joseph Rudelotto, was Vachelo. Dressed in red silk, a tiny dress that stopped at her knees, she was like a puff of scarlet down. Slowly, tantalizingly, she danced before her partner, turning with small stampings of the crimson heels of her tiny slippers. Rudelotto, fascinated, was unable to lift his eyes from her face.

His apparent devotion did not pass unnoticed. Comments were freely made to the old headman.

"The little Vachelo holds him hand and heart!" cried one ancient crone, smirking at the headman. "'Twill be a handsome pair."

Old Rudelotto grunted drunkenly.

"And what of Carmen?" went on the woman sententiously. "Has the tide ebbed, and a new tide set in?"

The headman looked through the crowd, but was unable to find the girl.

"She hides da head," he said, glowering. "She is 'shamed an' hides."

As the hours passed, the fiery rum worked more and more upon the brains of the villagers. Men danced with men, jigging like bears. An old woman performed a whirling fandango, spinning like a top until she fell exhausted. The spectators, a tide which nothing might check or stay, careened through the figure of the dance, throwing all into a welter of confusion. Faster and faster grew the movement, engulfing individuals in a dashing pool of bodies, throwing out a crest of whirling arms like spray, and through which the dresses of the women flashed in iridescent froth.

Very suddenly, at that end of the wharf nearest the shore, all movement ceased. Little by little this strange stillness passed throughout the crowd. The music ceased; silence ensued.

Then the crowd, eager to inspect this diversion, pressed toward the dock's end. There followed the pointing of fingers, the clucking of tongues, and a little laughter.

Down the wharf came old Rudelotto, and he dragged behind him, with her two wrists locked in the tight embrace of his great hands, Carmen d'Asisse.

The old headman's face was flushed. Across his cheek was a jagged scratch, which still dripped blood. He reeled as he dragged the struggling girl behind him.

Straight through the crowd he came, the onlookers giving way before him. In the centre of the wharf, before Joseph Ruselotto and Vachelo, he stopped and released the girl.

Carmen shivered slightly, as if from cold; but this passed, and thereafter she held herself erect, motionless, though even the men shrank from the blazing fury of her eyes. Only once during the ensuing scene did she speak, and then in a voice so low, so tense, as to seem the mere shadow of sound.

"A knife!" she begged. "Throw me a knife!"

Old Rudelotto made a gesture of drunken rage.

"Da music!" he shouted, and one of the fiddlers struck up a trembling tune. "Both arrre here. He shall make choice, *now!*" And he pushed Carmen forward, so that she stumbled, almost falling at his son's feet.

For an instant Joseph Rudelotto hesitated. Then, as if to bring the bitter scene to a close, he took the hand of Vachelo and led her through the first balanced measures of the dance.

Carmen turned and left the wharf. Her eyes were hidden by a scarf which she had drawn about her, and none could see her face. As she passed into darkness beyond the smoking fires a figure ran

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after her, and this was thought by some to be young Andrew. It was observed, however, that him she stopped and bade go back.

This was an hour before the dawn, and at the first faint streakings of light in the east the fleet sailed. Those who reported upon the actions of Joseph Rudelotto say that throughout this hour he was like a man stupefied.

The day that followed has been long remembered in the annals of the Lane. After the falling of the dawn breeze, which carried the fleet far down the river, the stifling calm, which had been upon land and water throughout the night and previous day, returned with redoubled heat. The exhausted fisherwives dragged themselves past the blackened embers of last night's fires to their shacks upon the Lane, and thereafter slept as if they would never wake again. Throughout the morning Vinelopen lay as if dead.

With the afternoon came change. The sky, which during the morning had been a liquid blue, seemingly so hot that it must melt, gradually darkened. Little by little and over a period of hours, as if some strange ingredient were being stirred into heaven's crucible, it became an envenomed copper-color. As time passed this deepened, until at last the whole rim of the sky seemed enclosed in a heavy bowl of dull brass, which pressed ever tighter upon village and river.

Now came a slight wind, which seemed blown from the mouth of a heated pit. It came, and passed, and came again, sullen, fitful, of evil transiency.

Of that morning Carmen d'Asisse can tell little. She remembers, though dimly, the first rays of the rising sun, and that from the high bank above the river she watched the passing of the fishing fleet. Thereafter, crazed, she wandered through the fields above the Lane. She could not see, and the sounds that came to her ears seemed faint and far-away. It was as if she moved through a world so blind, so dumb, that nothing might penetrate it.

At times there returned to her a measure of consciousness. Intolerable pangs of rage and shame then tormented her, and from the dull pounding of blood in her ears words formed themselves which, though she attempted to thrust them out with her fingers, she needs must hear. The first of these was old Rudelotto's call upon the dock, his deep, rolling shout for music. Immeasurable rage swept her at this memory. The second phrase, reiterated until it seemed that it must wear away her brain, was the village cry: "Carmen's goin' t' marry Rudelotto's Joe. . . . Carmen's goin' t' marry Rudelotto's Joe!" and this she felt was written upon her in blazing letters, the epitome of her shamed love.

Yet, as her strained nerves refused to respond further to the stimulus of emotion, out of her pain emerged a fury so intense, so poignant, as to render her breathless and aching, the fury of revenge. And now a certain cold calmness came upon her, and, her thoughts at rest, she lay down and slept.

She awoke at dusk and found herself upon the river bank. Above her was a strange cuprous sky, through which the sinking sun shot like a jet of blood. Unnoting, straight up the beach she ran to where the river whimpered into a little cove. At her feet in soft, recurrent turmoil moved tidal débris as the water swept over it. Logs, there were, like bloated saurians, rotting driftwood, and here and there a spar beckoning gently with the current.

Beyond lay the tiny hut of Goodwin's Dotey, and from its small chimney went up a twisting spiral of smoke.

Carmen went swiftly to the door and knocked. For a time there was silence, then the soft rustle of garments upon the floor. The door slowly opened, and Goodwin's Dotey peered forth.

"Whatja want?" she asked.

"Mother," said the girl suddenly, "I want wind—awful wind!"

"Fer what?" inquired the old woman harshly, her bright eyes fastening upon the girl.

Carmen did not answer. The old woman laughed.

"I know!" she cried triumphantly. "I've heard. Yer lover's on th' fleet. . . . I know him. I know you! . . . Come in!"

The interior of the hut was like an oven, its air so fetid that scarcely could it be breathed. On the hearth slumbered a fire that cast a path of light across the earthen floor. Upon this fire driftwood was now thrown, causing it to blaze high.

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"It's done!" cried the old woman. "It's done!"—Page 352.

Quickly the girl looked about her. She saw a wooden table in the room's centre and upon it an agate bowl, seeming to contain herbs, and a jar of water.

The old woman began to speak in a pleading whine.

"Now, deary, yer goin' t' pay me, ain't you? . . . I can't make yer a big wind fer nothin'. 'Tain't right. . . . I never sold a love-philter or even a wart cure fer less than ten dollars. . . . A big wind's bound t' cost. . . . Look at th' work that goes in it. . . . Gimme twenty dollars an' I'll make y' a wind that'll pull th' water over on th' land! . . . Fer twenty dollars! . . ."



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"Get on with yer spellin'!" cried the girl wildly. "Get on with it! I'll give yer everything I've got! . . . I ain't goin' t' wait. . . . Begin it, or——"

The old woman moved swiftly to the table, seized the bowl, and, throwing the herbs from it, filled it with water from the pitcher. Then from the drawer of the table she drew a knife.

With this she slowly scratched a crude circle upon the earthen floor, and into the centre of this she drove the knife. Beside it she placed the bowl of water. Taking the girl by the sleeve, she began to pull her gently forward.

"Get into the ring," she whispered. "Get into the ring."

Guided by the pressure, the girl obeyed.

"To your knees," whispered the old woman.

With a forefinger like a long gray bone she began to stir the water in the bowl. Gradually the liquid fell to motion, frothing and foaming against the agate sides, a wild, tumultuous little sea.

"Water to water," chanted the old woman. "River water to river water—as it is, so let it be!"

The fire was dying fast. Its tongues of flame had subsided to small flickerings.

"Now blood to blood, and blood to water!" chanted the old woman. Her voice had the timbre of a small cracked bell.

She seized the knife from the floor and grasped the girl's forefinger. Holding it tightly, with a movement of incredible swiftness, she slit the skin at its tip, and jerking down the knife, lay bare a portion of the flesh, as one might peel a fruit. The girl screamed in agony and fell forward, half fainting. The blood spurted in small, quick jets, forming light-colored bubbles in the dust.

The old woman drew the girl's arm, now limp, toward the bowl and permitted the blood to stream into the water. Thin scarlet lines, like the delicate tendrils of some strange vine, began to flower in the liquid. These thickened; then, like bursting veins, seemed to cast their contents throughout the water, turning it to pale crimson.

"It's done!" cried the old woman. "It's done!"

With both her hands she lifted the bowl high above her head, and, with a swift movement, cast its contents upon the fire, which was instantly blotted out, leaving darkness, and as she did so a gust of wind, the forerunner of the breaking storm, lifted itself like a solid thing and swept hissing down the chimney, swirling the ashes out upon the floor. Through the outside darkness a blue spear of lightning shivered and passed. The ensuing clap of thunder seemed to engulf the hovel, hurling the old woman to the floor. Carmen, screaming, rushed from the hut.

Up the beach she ran, shrieking, sobbing, praying to heaven for the safety of Joseph Rudelotto, whom she had wished to destroy. The storm fought her like a maddened animal with talons of wind and rain. Upon the high bank, disclosed by the lightning, which pointed the blackness like a jabbing finger, she saw gathered the village women in small groups that milled about like cattle. Up the bank struggled the girl, clutching at bush or rock that might keep her from being swept from its face, and at the top looked out over the river.

Her vision was circumscribed by mist, gray in the darkness, dashed by the wind against the shore, but far out upon the stream, in a welter of foam and spume, she perceived the broken ranks of the fishing fleet. Rudelotto's sloop was at the head of the line, in a white aura of dashing spray, and far behind it lay the rest of the vessels. So dim was the spectacle, so washed by rain and mist, that it seemed to vanish before her eyes.

There followed a lull. It was as if the storm paused to take breath. The lightning for a time ceased; the rain died away. There was no sound except the beat of the surf upon the shore.

A column of flame towered into the sky, seeming to touch the very rim of heaven. It wriggled upon itself, mounting ever higher, so quickly as to surpass the imagination. It was stark, clear white, the white of leprous silver. It seemed a solid thing, hardened fire. For seconds it hung above the girl, stunning her with its lambent ferocity. It spread out into the open sky, a molten rose-color. Two fiery lips drooped down and sucked it up. It hissed with gigantic sibilancy and was gone. The ensuing thunder-clap shook the earth.

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"Th' sloop's hit!" shrieked one of the fisherwomen. "Th' sloop's hit!"

Upon the middle of the river, smothered in the wrack of the storm, a red fire glowed and faded out. It reappeared larger, a blossom of destruction. Again it died down, this time to a pink smouldering.

Carmen flung out her arms to the women in a wild appeal for help.

"Come!" she cried. "To th' wharf. We go save them! Run! Run!"

The women's wailing rose above the noise of the storm, but none moved toward the river. Upon the nearest, a huge creature, the girl rushed and began to pull her toward the bank's edge. The woman whimpered and covered her face with her hands. Carmen struck her a stinging blow.

"Fool!" cried the girl. "Come! Come!"

The woman, cowed, permitted herself to be pulled down the bank to the shore below.

The red glow heightened, spreading outward and upward. The wind seemed not to touch it. It sat upon the water, a fiery growth, enhancing itself by drawing on its own inward vitals of flame.

Back upon the beach was a fisherman's dory. To it Carmen ran and endeavored to break it from the sands. The woman, now working as desperately as herself, aided her, and together they launched it. Grimly they fought their way to the burning sloop. The blaze, heightening, seemed to arch over them, making the sky run molten, hideously incarnadined.

Closer and closer they drew to the hulk, the rising tide pulling it swiftly up the river. The fire sprang from the timbers, caulked with hemp and pitch, long soaked in drip of fish-oil, and this tracery of flame was incredibly delicate. It was like some finely flowering plant that blossomed into dripping red fruit. The clusters joined one another, leaping to the fabric of rigging, gathering fire as they went, rushing back upon themselves, ever rushing up, piling at last into hot, bellowing flame that seemed to sear the clouds.

From the untouched lee side of the sloop was suddenly flung a large box, then nets, baled and hung with cork. None of the crew were visible, but as the flame sucked down there appeared at the rail old Rudelotto, unmoved and untouched by the searing torrent behind him. He held toward Carmen a small, white kitten. She saw the tiny creature's legs move up and down, clutching at the rail. Its pink mouth was distended in a soundless mewing. Rudelotto seized it by the hind legs, and swinging it around his head like a strand of rope flung it at her. A tiny splash marked the spot where it had plunged into the water, and a second later it reappeared, swimming strongly, its tail erect like a small mast in the waves.

Old Rudelotto disappeared. A white tongue of flame shot out, hissing as it bit upon the water. A gradual settling movement took the sloop.

Upon the rail at the stern shot up a man, his arms waving wildly. For an instant he balanced and then flung himself into the river. Others of the crew followed him, springing out from the sloop like strange jumping-jacks. Swimming strongly, they clambered into the dory, which lurched and slewed under their sudden weight.

Seven men Carmen counted, but as yet there was no sign of young Andrew or the Rudelottos. Frenzy took possession of the girl.

"Joe!" she screamed. "I'm here. Jump. Jump! Quick!"

Again and again she called, but there was no answer.

Then from out of the torrential flame walked old Rudelotto as calmly as Abednego emerging from the blazing furnace. He was draped in oilskins and the great bulk of his body beneath these indicated that he had put on all available clothing, for the old headman had a horror of water ever touching his skin. Upon the palm of his right hand, as a waiter might hold a tray, he balanced a large cage containing a green parakeet, the sloop's mascot, which screeched and screamed in rage. As if he expected the water to uphold him, the old headman walked into the river and instantly sank from view, only the tip of the parakeet cage remaining above the surface. Thereafter he reappeared, moving toward the boat. His motion was not that of a swimmer, but rather of a man walking with great vehemence and rapid-



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ity. His followers drew him into the dory, where he shook himself like a dog.

"She go-a bang in a jiff!" he bellowed genially. "Plum bang to-a hell. . . . Ballast take 'er down. . . . Good-a-bye! Goddamn!"

Carmen drew herself across the thwarts to him.

"Where's Joe?" she screamed. "Where's Joe!"

The old headman cast a quick glance over the men in the boat; then sprang to his feet, the parakeet cage clattering to the thwarts.

"Jo-e-e-ey!" he bellowed toward the blazing hulk. "Jo-e-e-ey!"

The pillar of flame mushroomed suddenly at its top. A streak of bright yellow appeared upon its wavering spine. The sloop fell to pieces before Carmen's eyes. Its deck swirled meltingly down, like lines erased from paper. A deep indentation, into which she looked down as into a pit, appeared on the face of the water. There was a great roar and two high white geysers as the bulkheads exploded far beneath the surface, and this noise seemed to precede the strange, deep, sucking sound of the river as it drew the sloop into its depths.

Carmen, moaning, clung to the side of the dory as it slewed over the crest of a giant wave.

There followed a great cupping sound, like the opening and closing of a huge mouth, seeming to come from the bed of the river.

"Lookit! Lookit! Lookit!" screamed the fisherwoman suddenly.

Following her pointing finger through the darkness, Carmen was able to make out the outlines of some object upon the water. A faint struggling seemed upon it.

"Joe! Joe!" she cried, and dived over the edge of the dory.

Débris was beginning to sweep up from the river bottom. In dark, broad bubbles, like bulky sea monsters, objects lifted themselves through the surface and fell back with strange sounds. A baled net, hung with cork, a keg, and finally a hatch, shot up, spinning.

Carmen swam swiftly. As she reached the thing she sought and clutched it, the watchers beheld her unencumbered right hand swing up in a gesture of surprise. At that instant, gliding swiftly up through the water, arose the sloop's mainmast, like a great silver spear. Seemingly it impaled her, lifting her and the object of her search clear of the water, and the headman perceived that this was young Andrew, who clutched in his arms the unconscious body of Joseph Rudelotto. There was no sound other than the hiss of the spar as it cut the water.

The old headman, roaring like an angry sea-lion, flung the fishermen from the dory into the river.

"Quick-a they sink!" he bellowed, and, seizing an oar, began to drive the boat forward with great strokes.

Carmen, dazed by the blow of the spar, struggled wildly as the first of the rescuing fishermen attempted to relieve her of her burden. They were forced to break the grip of her hands so that they might lift Joe into the boat. Young Andrew was next removed from the water, and last of all the girl herself.

The journey to the shore was immeasurable in length, though old Rudelotto, his son clutched tightly in his arms, drove his men to their utmost. Young Andrew was silent, and Carmen seemed unaware of his very presence. The burly fisherwoman, now exhausted, lay upon the bottom of the boat and moaned faintly.

As they neared the shore, where the women of the village had gathered, Joseph Rudelotto, slowly reviving, called for Carmen.

"I want you now," he said. "An' I don' never want anybody else."

And old Rudelotto, hearing this, urged the boatmen to greater efforts.

Joseph Rudelotto and Carmen were married upon Sunday, for every good Sicilian girl desires this to be her wedding-day. The festivities were most unusual—so I am assured by the village crones—and lasted for over twelve hours. At six o'clock in the evening old Rudelotto, who had drunk beyond even his Gargantuan capacity, was carried in state to his dwelling. However, before this untoward accident occurred he had expressed himself as well pleased with the match.

Several years after the events above recorded I called upon Joseph Rudelotto and his wife and asked for the whereabouts of young Andrew.

Carmen had almost forgotten him.

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# The Problem of the Superfluous Woman

BY CAROLINE E. MacGILL

THE problem of the superfluous woman is twofold; in a sense also it is two-edged. It must be solved for society, and it must be solved for the individual; if it is not solved for the individual it becomes dangerous for her and she becomes dangerous to society. The problem has a picturesque sound; it makes and has made good material for the lively journalist, for the glib writer upon any and all subjects. Like the popular music shows, the name rouses anticipations of something "snappy."

Yet statisticians tell us that it is as old as humanity. It is true that for every one hundred births of girl infants there are one hundred and five boys born, but of those belonging to both sexes remaining alive at the end of the first year, there are one hundred girls alive to ninety-five boys. Moreover, the ratio of survival increases slightly in favor of the girls throughout life. Therefore at all age-periods there is a more or less decided excess of females over males.

Primitive man found this out for himself, without the aid of mortality tables or adding-machines. He met the problem in his own naïve fashion, according to taste, by drowning the extra babies, selling them into slavery, or letting them grow and practising polygamy.

Adequately to discuss any problem, its terminology must be definitely established. What do "they" mean by the "superfluous woman"? From what point of view is she "superfluous"? It is in a sense odd that the word and the point of view which it represents should have persisted so far into the twentieth century. For it assumes that the only use upon this planet for the human female is the reproduction of her kind. There is no such discussion of the male who for any of a hundred more or less private reasons remains unwed. He is not grieved over and worried about because he is a "superfluous man." Yet many of him are just as really a menace to the social order—and very many more of him just as really a benefit, even a necessity.

The war, and its resultant disturbance of the normal sex equilibrium, is arousing many in this country and abroad, perhaps especially in England, if one may judge by the papers, to much thought and pity over the condition of the woman who is racially superfluous; in other words, the woman whose destined husband lies "somewhere in France." Isaac Watts, were he still alive, would be tempted to remind them of his famous line about Satan and idle hands—or minds. Doubtless there is a problem of the superfluous woman, but it lies in the domain of social psychology, not in the world of things as they are.

The fact is that there are many more humans born into the world than ever can have the opportunity to perpetuate their kind, or who ought to. That is a general biological fact. It is not confined to mankind. It is true of practically every species. Many produce millions more than are needed every year. Such seems to be the way of nature, to produce lavishly, and to extinguish individuals with nearly equal rapidity.

If all men and women were able to reproduce themselves to the highest capacity, particularly to-day when the checks upon population are so weak, there would not long be standing-room only, even. It would seem therefore the merest commonplace to say that it is for the good of society that many—both men and women—will never mate. Here we come against several ancient opinions, set deep into the inherited stock of the race. One is that all men and all women



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"ought" to marry. Probably this is derived from some paleologic period, for it goes counter to experience, and in many instances to all religious belief. The superexaltation of matrimony is Jewish, or Chinese, or Greek, or Mohammedan, but Christianity, nominally at least the religious basis of Europe and America, does not teach it. Both Gospels and Pauline epistles hold the unwedded estate in high honor. In the last four hundred years Western Christianity has adopted this *ought,* to a considerable extent, grafting it perhaps from the influence of Greek ideas during the Renaissance.

It is a large task to prove that many men and many women ought rather *not* to marry, either for their own good or that of the race. It can be but suggested. The commonest instances lie within the experience of all. There are countless men and women who should never have married, either for their own happiness, or for that of their partners, or that of their children, or of society. And, conversely, we waste a lot of unnecessary and unwanted pity upon many "lone" women or bachelors of our acquaintance, because they are unwed. Of course there may be many instances where a given man or woman would be in every way happier, but the chances are against it. This side of the problem, the emotional, seems to be particularly disturbing to sundry good people in England.

That consideration is peculiarly the product of our overdeveloped, psychoanalytical age. Previously men and women were taught to discipline their emotions, not display them. The heroine who pined away into an early grave because her lover was lost in the wars was confined to ballads and other fiction, or to a very small class in the community. The daughters of the people, in country or city, whose lovers happened to fall in battle either got themselves new ones with great placidity, or busied themselves in some useful occupation. They shut their emotional experiences—if they had any—decorously up within their own breasts. It is quite likely that they had just as many as the women of the present. Whether one tells the secrets of her heart depends mostly on the receptivity of the bystanders. When it is not good form the percentage of those who do falls very low. Tattling, even upon oneself, may be eradicated from the loosest-hinged tongue by a sufficiently robust public opinion. Just at present public opinion is by no means robust, and the temptation to pose in the limelight proportionately increased. Probably, though I am not prepared to admit it as a matter of dogma, we all do have certain emotional needs. But that these needs can or must be expressed in only one way is a terrible slur upon the inventiveness of nature.

As a fact, very few outside the extreme Freudian school and their more devoted followers will either claim or admit any such thing. Again the common experience of mankind furnishes the best proof to the contrary. There are an almost infinite number of ways in which men and women may reach their highest capabilities, quite exclusive of any emotion relating to sex. Indeed, the highest reaches in any art or profession are generally completely exclusive of sex emotion. Formerly this was held by the commonalty to be true only of men, utterly ignoring a mass of evidence to the contrary. The derided "sexless women" of an earlier day are now seen merely to have been and to be women whose life-forces seek expression in other fields. In the past they have often been wives and mothers, however ill fitted for their jobs. But it was the only one honorably open to them, and we none of us like starvation. It will be a long day in advance, not only for the race but for society, when we recognize that "normalcy" is not confined to a single type of man or woman.

The non-reproducing man, the man for whom sex is by nature or choice a thing apart, has always been accepted as a necessary and desirable part of civilization. Yet every non-reproducing man increases by one the number of non-reproducing women! In primitive societies the warrior and priestly castes are likely to be largely non-reproducing, often wholly so. Undoubtedly the fundamental reason is social. The man upon whose survival a family depends cannot take the risks incident to professional duties. He is a poor warrior who must be always thinking of his own safety, even if there is abundant justification for his self-protec-

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tion. And Saint Paul put the exclusive demands of religion succinctly in the first epistle to the Corinthians, when he said: "He that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife." "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord."

In the days of its great missionary activity, the Christian church discovered the practical truth and wisdom of Paul's words. The unmarried man was greatly superior to the married man as a missionary, because of his freedom to go at once wherever he was needed. The risk of death was frequent, martyrs were many, and the church could not employ men whose deaths left helpless families to be supported. Hence, the incorporation of celibacy into her discipline. This limitation of the freedom of the individual made one of the great appeals of the Reformation, but, curiously enough, the very churches which then repudiated it are beginning to revive it owing to economic necessities.

By the close of the middle ages life in Europe had lost much of its missionary character, the stimulus and the likelihood of martyrdom were gone, and greater economic comfort made pioneer discipline irksome. But to-day, in those regions where conditions still partake of the frontier, whether economic or ecclesiastical, the demand is great for unmarried men. In our own West, church after church advertises for an unmarried pastor, frankly admitting that they cannot offer a support to a family man, and appealing to the primitive missionary spirit to put the needs of the Gospel above personal comfort and happiness. Missionary boards for foreign lands receive the same call. One denomination is seriously considering the matter of binding all men and women sent to foreign fields to give at least five years of service in the unwedded state, because it costs too much to pay the travelling expenses of a missionary, plus a year's training in the field, and then either lose the recruit by marriage, or have to provide him with additional salary for the care of a family.

In the scientific fields the larger part of the pioneer work can only be done by unmarried men. Often this is by choice of the worker, perhaps yet more often because the opportunities are not offered to men handicapped with private ties. The outposts of science must be manned with soldiers able to give time and strength freely and continuously, with no danger of interruption, even if necessary, to the sacrifice of life itself.

The same thing is true of the industrial world. Some companies have gone so far as to compel young men entering their service to sign contracts to remain unmarried so long as they are on the company's pay-roll. In other concerns it is tacitly known that marriage means dismissal; in others that only unmarried men have a chance for any of the big things in the work. A man who refrains from marriage often knows that he will be pushed along over the heads of his fellows who have been so imprudent as to encumber themselves.

There are reasons for all these policies on the part of employers, however one may regard them from the social point of view. It is true that an unmarried man makes an infinitely better worker for a good many classes of work. He is willing to give more of his time to the company, in proportion to his wage. He is willing to move around more readily, and at shorter notice; he can be sent on a dangerous contract to South America or the Arctic Circle, with no chance of a tearful widow appearing later to harrow up the feelings of the president and the board of directors, or put in a more practical claim for a pension or other compensation. In other words, to paraphrase Saint Paul, the unmarried man thinks more of the affairs of the company, how he may please them. Yet each of these industrial celibates adds one more to the number of matrimonially superfluous women.

There has always been, and always will be, a place and a need for the extra-matrimonial man. Though there have always been yet more extra-matrimonial women, their need and place has not always been so clearly recognized and awarded. The Christian church, whose advent made such a fundamental change in the position of women, and gave to it a lustre and dignity scarcely possessed before even in the best days of the Roman woman of the patricians, gave to the ex-

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tra-matrimonial woman a place of service, dignity, and power in the earliest days. For fifteen hundred years the "superfluous woman" found a place where she had at once a home and sphere in the numerous religious houses which existed for the women of all classes. Those who entered them were by no means the discarded, the lovelorn; in most cases they were the more independent, the women of keener brain, capable of intellectual and industrial achievement. The lady of high birth and station ruled convent or monastery, which often gave her as much power as her prince-brother. She had as much or more education than he; in fact, was often the peer of the greatest scholars of her time. Under her, in various industrial capacities, were hundreds of women of lesser social station, finding in the convent such freedom and congenial occupation for hand and mind as they never could have possessed in the world outside. To quote Mrs. Emily James Putnam's book "The Lady": "The decay of the aristocratic monastery was doubtless a step in advance in the history of men, but it was a calamity for the lady, who was reduced to the old dilemma of the home or outlawry. Luther had a thoroughly Mohammedan notion of a woman's status—only as a wife and mother had she a right to exist. Her education became a matter of no importance and virtually ceased."

Three hundred and fifty years of sacrifice are a long time. The right to an education, to the possession of a mind of her own, was won by women at first largely by the specious plea that it would not damage them as wives and mothers. It has been used ever since, to bulwark every diffident effort to obtain for the extra-matrimonial woman a place in the sun besides outlawry or domestic slavery.

Things have been slowly improving in the last fifty years. But as a matter of fact, the war has brought no new condition. It is largely the acute self-consciousness of our time that must mull over the extra-matrimonial woman as if she were a brand-new phenomenon. She isn't. Xenophon, when he came back with his Ten Thousand Greeks, found a large number of "superfluous women" in his household, who could neither be sold nor left to starve. He was too poor to pay for their keep in elegant idleness, and besides realized that idle hands were neither happy nor good; so he solved his problem by setting up what was virtually the first textile factory.

What would happen to-day if the army of women in industry, business, social service, teaching, etc., etc., were suddenly removed? Their places could not be filled. It is no case of a competition between sex and sex, it is a common-sense condition which confronts us. Every Jack has not his Jill, any more than every Jill has her Jack. Very many neither want nor need marriage. Nor does society need that every human being should marry and reproduce. The earth could not sustain the offspring. Moreover, the business of the world, in every department, certainly does need the mobile labor of the unmarried. The difficult, the pioneer, the highly specialized, intensive work of the world, that which requires unremitting attention, strain, freedom of mind and body, must ever be done by them. To inject into the situation a fear for the effect upon sex morality due to the presence of a large body of unmarried women is, first, to be ignorant of the fact that there has ever been such a body, of spotless reputation, and is, second, unsound psychologically, because ignorant of the fact that sex emotion is not always present in high degree nor by any means impossible to control.

It is a curious fact, which many women know but seldom express, because of public sentimentality to the contrary, that neither sex emotion nor desire for motherhood inspires sundry of their sisters' marital willingness. It is merely the unfortunate development of what Mrs. Putnam calls the Mohammedan ideal of womanhood, so that they do not dare confess that they neither want marriage nor offspring, lest the world ostracize them. As a consequence, inevitable in the case, there are hundreds of unhappy husbands, saddled with wives who did not really want them at all, and thousands of children borne by women fitted neither by nature nor grace to rear them. And in both cases women dwarfed, twisted, rebellious, and thoroughly disgusted with life, because they have put themselves,

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not, indeed, of their own free will, into a false position. That is one good that may be done by the Freudians. They have been showing up the fact that countless cases of wifely invalidism are merely the result of marriage for which the woman was temperamentally unfit. Invalidism was but the effort of the subconscious to evade the disagreeable facts of existence. Or perhaps the man was the temperamentally unfit. It makes no special difference. The results are the same—disaster, good human material spoiled by bad usage.

What is the answer, then, to the questions gravely and seriously propounded by the thoughtful if rather overanxious folk, here and abroad, who fear the increasing excess of unmarried women is a menace to the social order? Merely a few incontrovertible facts. There always has been such an excess. It has not worked to the harm of society in the past. It is much less likely to work harm to society in the future, because, first, women have now large and greatly increasing opportunity to fulfil their best possibilities outside of marriage, and, second, the world needs their labor, and will more and more as civilization develops. It surely cannot be counted a harm to marriage if the number of unhappy marriages is decreased. The greatest number of marital shipwrecks which land in the divorce courts show that the cause is lack of mentality and reasonableness, not a surplus.

Surely any one has a right to refuse marriage and parenthood if he does not want them. And equally surely there are many cases where the greatest good to society demands such refusal. Special talent, special service, the highest of benefits to mankind, often make social welfare the debtor of individual continence. The truth is confined to neither sex. As in countless other affairs, the more securely and openly we recognize the fact, and the less we seek any abnormality in it, the more surely we shall find that whatever adjustments are needed will come. There seems to be a certain health in human relations that flourishes best, like growing children, under a wholesome neglect. Too scrupulous care and restraint introduce a hothouse element of self-consciousness, fatal to that hardihood and self-discipline which make for personal and civic righteousness.

# Why Do We Laugh?

BY WILLIAM McDOUGALL
Author of "Is America Safe for Democracy?"

LAUGHTER of man presents a problem with which philosophers have wrestled in all ages with little success. Man is the only animal that laughs. And, if laughter may properly be called an instinctive reaction, the instinct of laughter is the only one peculiar to the human species.*

Almost all of the many writers who have discussed laughter have regarded it as an expression of pleasure; and most of the so-called theories of laughter have been endeavors to explain the source of the pleasure which is supposed to be the cause of the laughter. Thomas Hobbes, for example, saw this source in the feeling of "sudden glory," which he supposed all men to experience on seeing another man cast down. Many others have vainly pursued this false scent in other directions. That it is false becomes clear at once, if we ask ourselves the simple question—Are we pleased by the things we laugh at? Is the ridiculous, the ludi-

* Mr. Max Eastman, in his recently published "Sense of Humor" (Scribners), states a theory of laughter which comes near to agreement with the view presented in this article. I venture to think that, though Mr. Eastman's book is an important contribution and makes a distinct advance on previous theories, the present article carries the biological explanation to a deeper plane.

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crous, the absurd essentially pleasing? Obviously not—the things and situations that provoke our laughter are not pleasing in themselves, but rather the contrary; they are things that would annoy us, if we did not laugh.

Herbert Spencer's theory was that laughter is merely an overflow of surplus nervous energy. There is an element of truth in this view, which I shall indicate presently. But it is not an adequate theory. Laughter involves a very complex and nicely co-ordinated system of movements, which complex co-ordination is provided for in the innate organization of the nervous system. We all laugh in much the same way, without instruction. Such a complex organization can have been evolved in the species only if it performs some service, secures some biological advantage. A mere overflow of nervous energy can be, and is, effected through any of the other motor mechanisms; as we see in the restless fidgeting of the child under restraint. Nature therefore had no need to devise and construct a highly complex nervous mechanism especially for this service.

The celebrated theory of Professor Bergson merely tells us that laughter serves the ends of social discipline, because we naturally laugh at whatever in behavior is stiff, clumsy, or machine-like. This no doubt is true and involves an advance on the "pleasure theory" of laughter. But it also is very partial and inadequate as a theory of laughter. We can hardly believe that this complex co-ordinated reaction was evolved by Nature to perform primarily this social service. And that is the first and fundamental question to be answered by the true theory—namely, What biological service does laughter perform? What advantage does it bring? What is its survival value?

We find the key to the true theory, if we ask—What does laughter do for us? What are its effects or consequences? Well, obviously we enjoy laughter; it does us good to have a good laugh. The fact is notorious. And when we feel depressed and moody, we welcome and seek the situations, objects, or persons that will make us laugh. Laughter prevents (for the moment at least) gloomy thinking and melancholy brooding, no matter how it is induced. How does it achieve this beneficial effect? In two ways—one purely physiological, the other more psychological. Physiologically its immediate effect is to stimulate the respiration and the circulation, to raise the blood-pressure, and to send a fuller stream of blood to the head and brain; as we see in the ruddy face of the hearty laugher. Psychologically it works by breaking up every train of thinking and every sustained activity, bodily or mental. Here presumably Spencer's theory finds a partial and inverted application. The nervous channels of laughter drain off energy from all others; but they do not serve merely as channels through which surplus energy may be got rid of as a waste product; rather, they were created or evolved in order that, by draining off energy, they might prevent its application in other directions. Laughter is essentially relaxation from all effort, a relaxation whose mechanical effects bring speedy recuperation of energy, and which enables us to start afresh on life's tasks briskly and undismayed, unharassed by the past. This being so, it is obvious why we seek the objects and situations that make us laugh; we seek the ludicrous, the grotesque, the absurd, the ridiculous, not because they are in themselves pleasing, but because they make us laugh; and laughter does us good, makes us feel better and brighter, frees us from depression, prevents our thinking of depressing things.

The perfectly happy man in a perfect world does not laugh; for he has no need of laughter. But he may smile. One of the errors of nearly all writers on laughter has been to identify the smile with the laugh, or to regard it as a partial and incipient laughter. The smile is the natural expression of the satisfaction that attends the success of any striving. The victor smiles the smile of triumph; but he does not laugh. The mother smiles as she soothes and cherishes her healthy infant. We smile as we discover a long-sought secret or the solution of a problem with which we have wrestled. We smile as we contemplate any well-completed task in which we have been absorbed; the mere anticipation of success makes us smile.

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Note one extreme and significant contrast between the smile and the laugh—the smile is beautiful, the laugh is ugly. Why then does laughter so often die away in smiles? A fact which is no doubt at the root of their false identification. The answer is that laughter, freely indulged, gives rise, like all other successful activities, to satisfaction, which expresses itself in a smile. The smile into which laughter so often subsides is the smile of the satisfaction brought by laughter; and it is only when the smile is blended with the subdued laugh that laughter is redeemed from ugliness and may even be beautiful.

If, then, laughter produces these beneficial effects, how shall we define the ludicrous? What is it that is common to all ludicrous objects and situations, beyond the fact that the contemplation of them makes us laugh? Certainly it is not that they are in themselves pleasing. Consider the types of the ludicrous. The man sitting down on his own hat, or pursuing it down the street before the breeze; the clown who falls with a resounding thud, lets fall a pile of crockery, or whacks another with loud blows and slaps,—these are basic examples of the ludicrous. Rather less crude are all the instances in which men fail in some stroke of skill; as the golfer who cuts up the turf and drives his ball but a yard or two; or the man who lands in the ditch, instead of clearing it. More refined are the instances of the ludicrous provided by those who "make fools of themselves" through lack of tact or social adroitness, by the man who "can't open his mouth without putting his foot in it," by the man who boasts or lies, without seeing that his hearers understand him. Another great class of things ludicrous are awkward, defective, or bizarre modes of attire, of address, of speech, of gait, of eating. We laugh at all these things; and our laughter serves, as M. Bergson says, the ends of social discipline; but do we always or usually laugh in order to discipline the fool? How about the clown on the stage? Do we desire to discipline him? Can we suppose that Nature has given us this strange ugly reaction for this purpose? And are these ludicrous objects pleasing to us? Are stupidity, clumsiness, tactlessness pleasing? Surely not. Hobbes would have it that they are secondarily pleasing to us, when displayed by others, because they make us feel our own superiority. A far-fetched explanation, indeed! Are we not sometimes filled with admiration for the clever clown, even while he provokes us to roar after roar of laughter by his grotesque antics and mishaps? If we look at the ludicrous situation or action more directly and simply, we see that the ludicrous is essentially personal, human or quasi-human. An arrangement of inert objects may be ludicrous, but only in so far as it suggests some human relation or the human action which produced or might have produced it. The behavior of animals is sometimes ludicrous; as when a dog plays wildly with children, or with other dogs; but then it is only in so far as we sympathize with the dogs, and appreciate their sudden evasions, their feints, their failures, their tumbles, their surprises and disappointments, as we should those of romping children.

There are, then, two features essential to the ludicrous. First, it always involves some maladjustment, something inappropriate, which, if we contemplated it without laughter (as do some persons who seem incapable of laughter), would displease us, as every lack of harmony and order in nature displeases us. Secondly, in every case, the ludicrous situation or action is one which, if we ourselves suffered it or performed it, would be mildly distressing to us; and it is one which as a matter of fact is mildly distressing to the person who suffers or performs it, except in the case of the clown who acts the part and finds satisfaction in the success of his efforts to provoke laughter. Now, if we had no capacity for laughter, in virtue of the primitive sympathetic tendency we should, on contemplating these disharmonies of action, share in some degree the distress, the embarrassment, the disappointment or the humiliation, in short the pain and depression, which accompany all failure of action. That is to say, a human being, deprived of the capacity for laughter, but otherwise normally constituted and leading a normally social life, would suffer very frequently from sympathetic pain and depression. For the pain of every little embarrassment, disappointment, failure, and mishap of all those

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about him would be sympathetically shared by him. We are saved from this multitude of small sympathetic pains and depressions by laughter, which, as we have seen, breaks up our train of mental activity and prevents our dwelling upon the distressing situation, and which also provides an antidote to the depressing influence in the form of physiological stimulation that raises the blood-pressure and promotes the circulation of the blood. This, then, is the biological function of laughter, one of the most delicate and beautiful of all Nature's adjustments. In order that Man should reap the full benefits of life in the social group, it was necessary that his primitive sympathetic tendencies should be strong and delicately adjusted. For without this, there could be little mutual understanding, and only imperfect co-operation and mutual aid in the more serious difficulties and embarrassments of life. But, in endowing Man with delicately responsive sympathetic tendencies, Nature rendered him liable to suffer a thousand pains and depressions upon a thousand occasions of mishap to his fellows, occasions so trivial as to call for no effort of support or assistance. Here was a dilemma—whether to leave Man so little sympathetic that he would be incapable of effective social life; or to render him effectively sympathetic and leave him subject to the perpetually renewed pains of sympathy, which, if not counteracted, would seriously depress his vitality and perhaps destroy the species. Nature, confronted with this problem, solved it by the invention of laughter. She endowed Man with the instinct to laugh on contemplation of these minor mishaps of his fellow men; and so made them occasions of actual benefit to the beholder; all those things which, apart from laughter, would have been mildly displeasing and depressing, became objects and occasions of stimulating beneficial laughter.

This I suggest is the true theory of laughter;* it assigns its biological function, its *raison d'être*, and explains why we laugh and are pleased at that which is essentially displeasing; and it is capable of taking account of all the many varieties and occasions of laughter. Let us look at some of the more special forms of laughter and some facts which at first sight may seem difficult to reconcile with the theory.

There is a form of laughter which conforms to Herbert Spencer's theory; that is to say, it is a mere overflow of surplus nervous energy; for the motor mechanism of laughter, having been created, serves on occasions, as any motor mechanism may, as a mere channel of overflow. Such is the nervous laugh which is merely a form of fidgeting. Closely allied to this is the laughter of "high spirits," when our nervous energy is so abundant that it seems to spill over in a variety of movements, and laughter occurs without assignable cause or occasion, just as we may shout or leap or run. This is the most elementary form of play.

There is laughter at our own mishaps. This is the essential basis of all humor. It presupposes the development of the capacity to stand aside and contemplate oneself and one's minor mishaps in the same way that we contemplate those of our fellows. Humor is essentially laughter at ourselves, one's own individual self, or oneself as included in humanity at large or some group or class; it is laughter "at our own expense," as we say; we turn our own minor misfortunes into benefits by laughing at them. Not every laugher achieves this level of detachment; and, by a subtle complication, lack of this power becomes itself ludicrous to the onlooker.

There is a strange type of laughter which has puzzled and shocked many who have experienced or witnessed it; namely, the laughter sometimes provoked by the recital of a catalogue of human disasters. This occurs when disasters are recited which are great and horrible, but which affect persons so remote from us in time and place, so unfamiliar, that their great mishaps affect us only in the same mild degree as the minor mishaps of those nearer to us.

Why do we laugh when we are tickled? This is a crucial question for any theory of laughter. Note first that, though we can tickle ourselves, or can be tickled by a stray hair, or by a fly, such tickling is merely disagreeable and does not provoke

* I first proposed this new theory of laughter in a letter to "Nature," vol. 67, 1903.

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laughter. The tickling that provokes laughter is the playful tickling by another person. This shows the essentially psychological, rather than merely physiological, nature of the process. I suggest that laughter on being tickled is the crudest and earliest form of humor; it is laughter at oneself; oneself appears ludicrous, because the trivial attack of the other person produces so much discomfort and disorder of movement. Normally both the tickler and the tickled laugh; and the occasion is the same for both; both laugh at the discomposure of the tickled one; and in so doing they intensify and prolong their laughter. For laughter is no exception to the law of primitive sympathy; but rather illustrates it most clearly and familiarly; the infectiousness of laughter is notorious and as irresistible as the infection of fear itself. That is to say, the expressions of laughter are themselves keys which unlock laughter. This fact, perhaps, justifies the ranking of laughter with the instinctive reactions, and the classing of the disposition to laughter as an instinct. If we class it with the instincts, we must recognize that it differs from all other instincts in that its impulse seeks no end beyond itself, but secures its satisfaction by means of bodily processes which effect nothing in the outer world.

What kind of persons are the great and ready laughers? If Hobbes's theory of "sudden glory" were true, they should be the proud and disdainful, the scornful and the envious. But, fortunately, the harsh and hideous laughter of such persons is comparatively rare; and we hate to be laughed at by them. The great laugher is the person of delicately responsive sympathetic reactions; and his laughter quickly gives place to pity and comforting support, if our misfortune waxes more severe. Such persons are in little danger of giving offense by their laughter; for we detect their ready sympathy and easily laugh with them; they teach us to be humorous.

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# The Ship o' Dreams

BY ISABEL J. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

SHE was very young, hardly more than a child, when she first became acquainted with the world. It was the fashionable world from Annette's workrooms. She ran errands and matched samples. And she was very proud when Annette told her she was old enough to feed the bird. That was always a promotion. Anybody that fed the bird could run in and out of the fitting-rooms and see the young debs and the sub-debs (otherwise the "flappers") with their mothers or their maids—and sometimes both—select their hats and gowns. They were wonderful—these young women of high society. She tried to imitate their ways and when she was alone would say, "Thank you very much," with that cool lift in the voice; and "I'm sorry," that was like a slap in the face. And she picked up "I'm crazy about it" and "wonderful" and "adorable" and "My Gawd!" And she practised walking across the floor just the way they did, one foot over the other—their skirts were so narrow they couldn't walk any other way. At first she'd get all mixed up with her feet; but after a bit she learned how to walk like a lady with careful pointed steps just as if she were going to start off dancing.

She watched everything they did—how they got up and sat down—how they ate and drank; for if the fitting was long they would have a cup of tea or an ice

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while they stood on the fitting platform with one arm resting in the swinging cushioned ring and a silk kimono madame always had on hand over their smooth white shoulders. Julie, that was the name of the girl who fed the bird, couldn't get over the beauty and grace of these wonderful creatures. And one day Annette had her to put on a model gown for a sub-deb and walk up and down before everybody. And after that they always let her act as manikin for the "flappers," as these beautiful young things liked to call themselves. When another year went by they let her take her place in the regular fashion parade. She liked the display and the excitement of it. She liked walking with mincing steps to heavenly music along the "runner" of green velvet carpet hemmed in on both sides from the crowd with plants and flowers; and soon learned to be as calm and self-unconscious as if she were a wax figure in a show-window. Once when she was showing a fluffy little garden-party frock and hat she forgot the eager eyes looking on and stooped to pluck a rose, glancing shyly up when a sudden burst of applause broke forth on all sides. After that Annette always made a feature of a girl in garden-party costume plucking a rose.

It was an understood thing that the manikin should have the gowns she wore on parade, and often had made to her measure, for a mere nominal sum; moreover, she was given outright her shoes and gloves. So when Julie came in for her garden-party dress she remarked that she had all but the garden-party; and it was the same with her riding-coat and breeches—she had all but the horse. She might as well have been a lay figure for all there was to it. When she took off her costume she was like Cinderella when the clock struck twelve.

But it was while she was showing her riding-habit, and lightly flicking her polished top-boot with her crop, that she caught Mrs. Paget's eye.

"That girl has personality," said the lady. "I'll bet she could play with the children."

Now it was Mrs. Paget's opinion that anybody could teach children, but not everybody could play with them. She had taken "blind man's buff" and "puss-in-the-corner" and "ring-around-a-rosey" as liabilities incurred by motherhood and had not shirked her duty; but when they put her on roller-skates and she had fallen and sprained her ankle she said she was "through"—she must find another playmate for the children. She made it plain to Julie that she didn't have to know a thing but how to play, for although the girl was undoubtedly clever she would probably balk at anything that smacked of books.

It was shortly after this that Julie and her four small charges, with Mrs. Paget bringing up the rear, looking as if the party ahead was no affair of hers, boarded the Santa Fé train from New York. Their ultimate destination was somewhere along the northern Pacific coast, but for sentimental reasons Mrs. Paget was making a wide detour to take in San Pedro. It was May and the little semi-tropical seaport would probably have already taken torrid weather in its stride; but she had a vague dream of a happy childhood on the wild coast and wanted her little brood to see the rocky heights from which their grandfather, of revered memory, had painted his pictures. And Julie always laughed off everything! That girl! And so well able to take care of herself! She recalled with a grin the discomfiture of the young man who had tried to scrape acquaintanceship with Julie at the station by asking if he might not carry her bag; and her cool reply: "I suppose you are all right—but where's your red cap?" The instinct of self-preservation was probably more highly developed in girls of her class—pretty, smartly attired, and earning thereby a clean honest living—than those dependent on less brilliant and ephemeral characteristics. She was like some rare gayly plumaged bird which, conscious that its color betrays it, keeps itself screened from view, Julie's screen being an impenetrably cool aloof and sophisticated manner that could hardly be taken unawares. Yes, Julie could be trusted to take care of herself.

It so happened that they found San Pedro a good deal cooler than New York—so drenched with fog, in fact, that wood-fires were lighted in open fireplaces. Julie must be bored to death. She had

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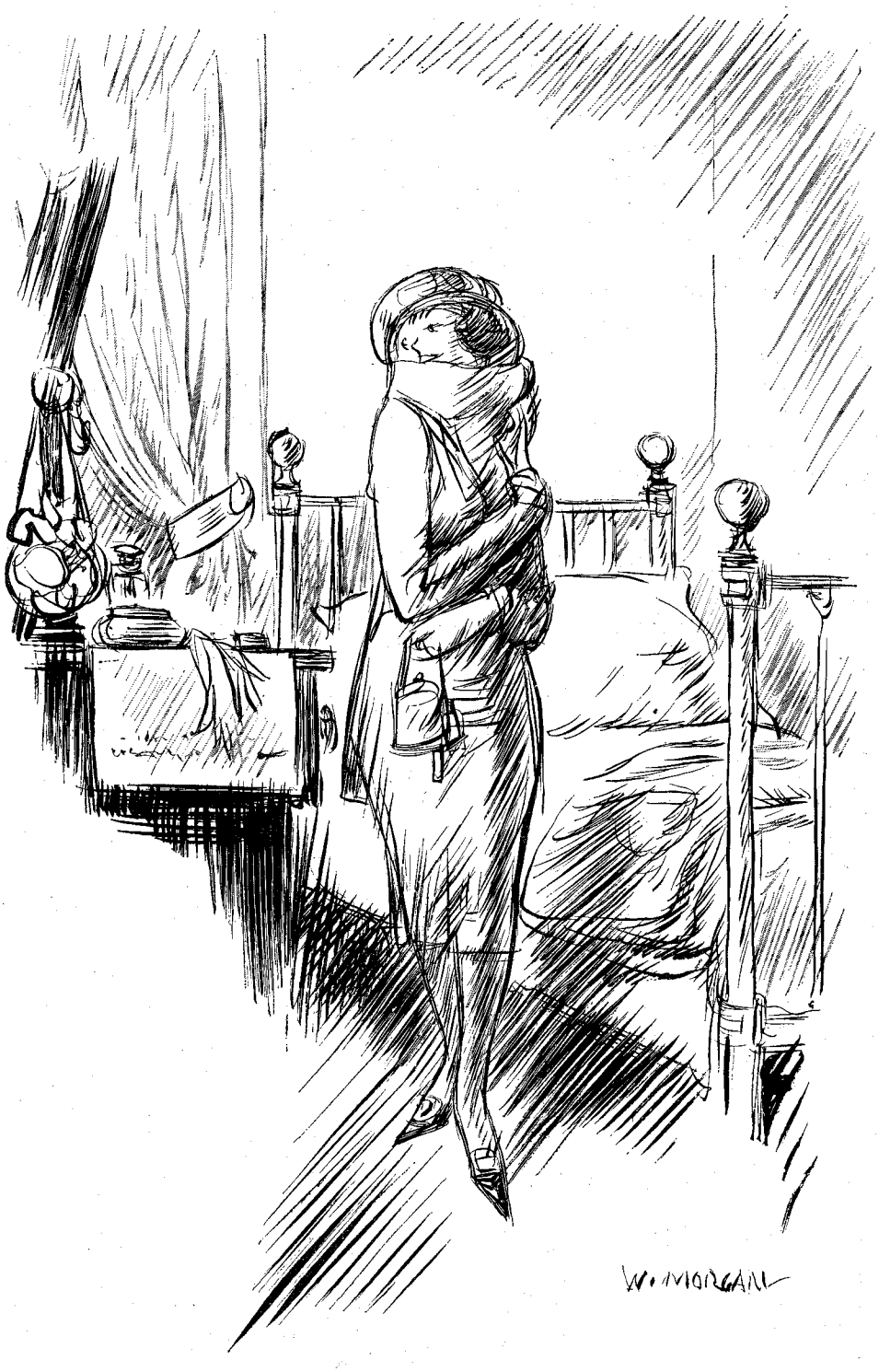


At first she'd get all mixed up with her feet.—Page 363.



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kept the children amused and interested from coast to coast; and even at night there had been no let-up, for the youngsters had insisted upon taking turns in sharing her berth. So Mrs. Paget told her to go 'long; she didn't want to see her face again till dinner-time. It was cool enough for Julie to put on her spats and she looked up from her buttoning to say:

"Whenever I put on my spats something is sure to happen. They'll take me anywhere."

"I guess it isn't only the spats, my dear," and then not to be too obvious she asked what was madame's price to her customers for Julie's costume.

"Two hundred and fifty for the suit, Mrs. Paget, and twenty-five for the hat—it's very simple, you see."

"Well, go 'long, child. Don't let the spats run away with you."

Julie was turned loose on what seemed to her a very far-away portion of the globe. And she liked it all—the funny little brown town with its narrow streets; the fruit-stalls crowding one off the sidewalk; and its chollas and its Japanese fishermen. And when she looked out to sea she wondered what was behind that curtain of mist. She stopped at the little old Italian church of St. Anthony of Padua as she went by to claim the three wishes to which one is entitled on a first visit. But as she knelt in her smart tailored suit and cloth spats in the cool nave heavy with the scent of flowers and freshly extinguished beeswax candles she couldn't think of another thing she wanted. She was just about to give over in a spirit of largess her three wishes to a kneeling figure in a shabby mantilla when the curtain of mist lifted and she saw through an open door a strip of gray sea and a battleship on parade lying at anchor offshore. To go aboard that ship with its ring of smoke as big as a motor-truck tire hanging over it like a halo—who wouldn't wish it! And she wished her wish three times, and if she had had as many more she would have hazarded them all in a breath on the one chance. She went down the steep street to the water-front. They were emptying a boat-load of tuna and yellow-tails at the wharf. A cargo of soy-beans was being unloaded from four holds at once, the small yellow beans scattering about as some bag burst as it was swung on shore. On a spit of land were the huddled huts of a Japanese fishing village. And outside, sitting as firmly as a house-and-lot, was her dream-ship, a Japanese cruiser with all its Oriental flags flying. A host of craft, from trim power-launches to fishing-smacks and row-boats, were careening about in true holiday spirit. On the small dock was a crowd of Japanese—men, women, and children. They were carrying flowers and little gifts done up neatly in white paper and marked with the black characters you associate with your laundry. Ferry-boats and launches were running between shore and ship; and the visitors on dock were patiently waiting their turn. The ship's tender sped across the water and a Japanese officer stepped snappily on shore. He looked around inquiringly and spying Julie, trim and trig, standing a bit above the throng, he made straight for the cloth spats. He bowed and said something in what he evidently mistook for very plain English. But as Julie only smiled and made no move he said more briefly: "You come, pliz."

The crowd parted and Julie found herself being ceremoniously helped into the power-boat flying the ship's colors. Young Dinwiddie was on the deck of the cruiser pointing his camera toward shore. The last time he had climbed aboard a battleship it was with hammock bag and baggage swung over his back. He was a "gob" then; now he was a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper, and his pack a good-sized camera. The tender drew alongside; four bluejackets stood at rigid attention and Julie, sandwiched between two midshipmen, came up the ship's ladder. Dinwiddie snapped her just as she stepped aboard in her distinctive costume (spats hadn't got to the coast yet). He had been sent down to write up the visiting battleship. He began to whistle softly. Unless he was greatly mistaken he could get a first-page masterpiece out of the lady with the spats. He saw her conducted to the admiral—brown-skinned and wonderfully effective in his gold braid and impressive insignia. He saw him bowing low before his guest and waving an apologetic hand toward the quarter-deck where the loose

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"We are the only white persons on board. Please don't leave the ship without me."—Page 368.

end of a flapping canvas showed a flower-bedecked table and the remains of a banquet. It was easy to understand—she was some person of importance who had evidently come on board too late for the feast, and the tawny little man was a thousand times sorry. Dinwiddie snapped Julie just as the admiral was kowtowing before her for the third time. She was put in charge of a young midshipman—one of the graduating class of the Imperial Naval School, a fine upstanding lad of about twenty. The admiral was justly proud of his ship—the distinguished visitor must be shown all over the *Tokiwa*. The young midshipman's English was not all that it should be, but from the antiaircraft guns mounted on the turrets to the smooth bores of the twelve and fourteen inch guns most things explained themselves. Julie frowned at the fourteen and eighteen inch torpedoes lying below like sinister beasts of prey. How beautiful she looked in that dark frame of war! That is the way Dinwiddie had it down, for he had abandoned his camera for his note-book. He was seeing a war-ship from the angle of a young society woman—not a bad caption for his "story."

There was a crowd six deep amidships—officers, midshipmen, and bluejackets—all so intent upon what was going on within the cleared space that they did not see Julie approach with her guide. He wished to make room for her but she drew back. He was persistent and she allowed him to help her up on an empty box where by craning her neck she could see over the heads of the spectators. With an exclamation of dismay she stepped down much more briskly than she had climbed up, and with a restrained air went on. Dinwiddie almost fought his way through the ring of men to see what had sent the blood to the girl's face. They were wrestling. A muscular half-naked Jap was giving lessons in jiu-jitsu to a group of young marines who with bronze arms and hairy chests sat cross-legged in a smiling circle awaiting each his turn to be landed on the padded mat. Dinwiddie shouldered his way out a little more roughly than was necessary. He had seen the red in his fair countrywoman's face, and it made his own burn. He was almost touching elbows with Julie when she and her guide went below decks. Under grimy rafters in a dimly lighted space



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surrounded by a clutter of boxes and bales the common sailors were drinking tea with their friends and eating rice out of little bowls with chop-sticks. They were very quiet, very grave. It was a last good-by for many of them—they would not be coming that way again. Julie shivered although it was warm enough below. She had been told that the ship was sailing to-morrow. She looked up and met the high determined look of her self-appointed champion. Looking away again she said in a low controlled voice: "We are the only white persons on board. Please don't leave the ship without me."

He shook his head emphatically and graphically signalled that that was the last thing she need fear. He looked all the more serious because he knew they were as safe as if the ship flew twenty American flags. But it gave him an honest-to-goodness excuse for hanging round, and whenever their eyes met he allowed her to see that he did not underrate the gravity of the situation, and that she could depend upon him to the last ditch. But all the while he was working on his story. He felt he was getting something—just what, he was not sure. It had the charm of fresh creative work. The field offered him everything and nothing. But whatever the result, story or no story, he would have had at least this moment of intense preoccupation and the joy of possible achievement.

There was another party in the midshipmen's mess—a cleaner and more prosperous crowd and a gayer. They were exchanging gifts in which neat little packages done up in white paper, like those Julie had seen on shore, figured prominently. And the seamen were giving bunches of artificial flowers for the fresh bouquets the women and children had brought on board. Some of the younger women were Americanized to the extent of chiffon waists and white kid gloves and shoes. But you liked those in native costume better and they seemed to smile more ingenuously. Foreign nuts and sweetmeats were heaped up on dishes on long narrow tables covered with red cloth, and tea was being poured from a large shining brass teakettle also very foreign and fetching.

Up to now the communication between Julie and her guide had been, on his part, mostly "Yis," and "You come," and on her part, "I understand," and "all right." But now he said, "You wait, pliz," and placed a chair for her at an empty table. Was she to have tea? Dinwiddie could have told her that a guest of the admiral didn't have tea in the midshipmen's mess. The young Jap seated himself at the other end of the table and began to write laboriously. At last he was done and with a look of satisfaction placed his neatly written sheet before Julie. Dinwiddie was apparently studying a chart against the wall, but he was more interested in watching the young midshipman. While Julie was looking at her letter, or whatever it was, with a puzzled air the Jap stood behind her chair. Suddenly he opened his arms wide, his face suffused with tenderness, and then turned away with a gesture of despair. Dinwiddie didn't blame him—same old story—the desire of the moth for the star. He himself was humbly aware that hardly less a gulf divided him from the girl, this finished product of race and rank, than that which yawned between her and the sailor lad. To have considered himself on the same footing with her would be about as presumptuous as to think himself on a level with a royal princess. But what was the nature of the Jap's communication? Julie was asking herself the same question. It all seemed plain enough—apparently good English in a careful, unaccustomed hand. She made out certain strange words such as "tonnage," "length over-all," "draft," and phrases equally obscure. Was it a warning of danger couched in some code of which she was supposed to have the key?

She folded up the paper as if to put it into her little dangling silver-meshed purse, and dropped the purse as she brushed past Dinwiddie. He hastened to return the trinket and found in his hand a crumpled bit of writing. He chuckled as he read. It was merely a description of the cruiser. And then he stuffed the paper into his pocket with another chuckle. His first-page masterpiece was an assured thing! Here were details he had been seeking ever since he had come on board—details which, although no secret, he had had no means of verifying; all set down as plain as print—tonnage, length over-all, breadth, draft,

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arms (of such and such a caliber), searchlights, torpedoes, crew (bluejackets, warrant officers, officers, midshipmen) all enumerated and vouched for and signed "Midshipman, Y. Arita."

And Dinwiddie understood. Julie's midshipman had probably written his heart out in the only English he knew as something for her to take away as a souvenir of her visit. The lad might have thought that possibly the fair visitor would send him a card, a letter, a little token of remembrance that would follow his ship. It was a little voyage on the boundless sea of romance. Julie stole another look. And Dinwiddie couldn't have looked worse if a bomb-plot had been uncovered.

They were on the main deck again. Dinwiddie hunted up his camera and shouldered his pack to be ready at a moment's notice to leave the ship. But in the interval the girl had disappeared. Arita was standing outside the admiral's ward, a martial figure ready to fight at the drop of the hat. "Honorable lady drink tea with Admiral Toshitaki Iwamura," he vouchsafed to inform the newspaper man in his clipped English. She came out presently and the admiral himself conducted her to the ship's ladder. Dinwiddie was leaning on the rail. Every thing was ended for him! If the tender had been the last life-boat leaving a sinking ship and he was left behind he could hardly have felt more a lost man. He hadn't even a life-line. In a certain latitude and longitude, on such and such a day, he had irretrievably lost his heart and a good story—for what was a story without an ending? He hadn't thought of the possibility of her leaving before him. Her henchmen would be waiting for her on shore. By the time he could hail one of the careening motor-boats she would have landed and be lost to him forever. Julie looked up and saw the grim tanned face gazing down upon her.

"Aren't you coming, too?" she called out cheerfully. Was he coming! Climbing down the ladder he dropped with his heavy pack in the stern of the narrow craft, and as the girl shook off the spray of a sudden wave that came aboard with him she admonished him with a little laugh not to rock the boat! But her affability was one of the privileges of rank, and he did not presume upon her graciousness. She dropped behind her protective screen again and was once more cool, aloof, sophisticated. There was no sound but the pulsing motor and the rush of the sea turning red under a slow, deliberate sunset. They found the dock deserted when they came on shore. All the little brown people had disappeared. Not only were there no henchmen—there were no hackmen. The only vehicle at the quiet landing was Dinwiddie's car in which he had run down from Los Angeles that morning.

"You are very kind," said Julie in a sort of perfunctory way. "I must confess I was a bit nervous in that stuffy place below decks. I didn't know at what moment our friendly relations with Japan might be broken off and both of us made prisoners of war."

She laughed again and Dinwiddie came near laughing back. He caught himself in time and bowed low. The admiral had hardly done better.

"I thought I should find my car here," she said, looking up and down the street anxiously. She could have sworn that she had seen a Point Fermin trolley-car at the dock a moment ago. Nor was she mistaken; but the car ran only on the half hours and had just whisked round the corner out of sight. Dinwiddie offered his car—it wasn't much of a car, but it generally got you where you started for. Julie was quite used to having people go out of their way for her and it was again with her casual "You are very kind" that she got in beside him. They climbed the hilly streets but it was not until they were leaving the little brown town behind that she seemed to remember the paper she had so cleverly passed to him.

"By the way, what did the sailor-boy say?" she asked.

"On a guess I should say he was trying to remind you that you were very close to gunpowder. So he expressed it in terms of his ship—the only English he had."

"Tonnage, length over all, draught," she said reflectively.

"Torpedoes, guns, officers, and men," he rejoined in a sort of recitative.



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"And caliber—I wonder what he meant by that?"

He shrugged his shoulders—it might mean anything.

She was thinking hard and then as if the solution of her problem had come in a flash she exclaimed, "It was the spats!"

And because of her sudden aloofness he did not dare to ask what she meant by her cryptic expression. All the while, with the unfolding incidents of this amazing drive, his "story" ran along side by side in his mind. He saw his "first-page" blazoned on sky and cliff and sea—it was like a gigantic poster. He began modestly:

"I am a newspaper man; I am writing up the visiting battleship for the Los Angeles *Times*. It is in fact my first assignment since I came back from across" (to have said from overseas would have been too patent an appeal to her sympathies). "And I am naturally anxious to make good. I have a list of the admiral's luncheon-party, but I am a poor hand at matching names and faces. And it is sort of puzzling work, for some didn't come at all. Would it be asking too much if you would glance over my list and see if I have your name?"

Julie almost laughed outright. She was used to the attention her good looks and her good clothes excited, but to be taken for the real thing was an overwhelmingly new experience. She gave herself a little shake mentally and then slipped into the new rôle as easily as into one of Annette's new model gowns. He had brought his car to a stop under a ragged, ungainly eucalyptus-tree, and she ran over the list with a kindly air like one wishing to be nice to a struggling young man. They were from everywhere; San Francisco, New York, and even one or two from the other side. She paused perceptibly at the name of Lady Beatrice Arundell, London. Since she might have her choice why be satisfied with anything short of the best? But titled nobility meant antecedents, and she knew what they counted for from her experience in Annette's workrooms. In a sudden funk she waved aside Dinwiddie and his admiral's luncheon-party.

"I beg your pardon," he said, genuinely ashamed of himself. "I'm afraid you've found me out. I don't deny that I'd like to know your name awfully or that I have resorted to a rather underhand way of getting it. Please forgive me. I wouldn't for the world try to discover who you are, if you would rather I did not know. If you want me to know I am sure you would tell me."

He looked at her frankly and she saw the man from overseas under the coat of tan, and in the deep-set eyes and in the tense muscles of the lean, weather-beaten face. And she saw grisly battle-fields and barren hillsides with the scattered crosses of those that had not "come back from across." She was sorry she had been so quick to abandon the idea of being among the admiral's guests. Suddenly she beamed on him.

"Perhaps you can make more out of it that you don't find me among your names."

"You mean you are not free to disclose your identity!"

She nodded. "What if I should tell you that I am a secret agent in the service of the British Government?"

The car swerved dangerously and Julie had hard work to save herself from being thrown into the driver's arms. He slowed down, feeling a little light-headed by a sense of his good fortune. From that moment she renounced all idea of safe mediocrity. Her story became an end in itself—it was no longer an incidental phase—it was the answer to why she was there flying through enchanted scenes. She shared the joy of the creative artist.

"I wasn't invited to the admiral's luncheon," she said slowly, giving him time to take it in. "The admiral himself did not know I was coming. He wasn't notified beforehand. It was just by good luck I got on board. By a lucky chance they must have mistaken me for somebody else. Perhaps," with a disconcerting smile, "they thought I was the Lady Beatrice Arundell, London."

"Provided, of course, that Lady Beatrice herself was not present."

"Naturally," she agreed lightly. Leaning her fresh young face toward him she ran on:

"You know a lot of important things are entrusted to very young women. A young woman is the most innocent-looking thing on earth—" She looked at him with wide eyes so that he could see for

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"What if I should tell you that I am a secret agent in the service of the British Government?"—Page 370.

himself. "Why, it was in the papers just lately—you probably saw it too—how one young girl outwitted another young girl, and brought the dark schemes of a nation to nothing. They were both in the secret service, one rooting for America, the other for Russia. The Russian spy-girl was arrested and her credentials were turned over to the American girl, who made believe she was the Russian. It sounds mixed up, but it isn't. You can see for yourself how it would turn out. Now I am not Olga Krestinsky—that was her name—nor am I, by the same token, the girl that put it all over Olga. But I just want to make my point: two young girls were chosen to act as go-betweens for two great powers."



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She was a little breathless, and then, winking hard at the westering sun, she went on:

"Now, a young woman might apparently be on a pleasure-trip, but really be out for the purpose of carrying information that couldn't be trusted to code. Because you know there are experts that can read any sort of code as plainly as if it were print. If the admiral had been warned beforehand he was to be interviewed he might have sailed away in his little old boat by night. I just had to board his ship like a pirate. The Japs are sly, you know."

"Good work!" he said appreciatively. "I wish we had you on our staff. You were no-end clever to have got your interview with the admiral."

"Just a piece of good luck! I wish you could see his cabin. It is like a Japanese curio-shop on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Dwarfed trees and embroidered silk kimonos and chairs carved into dragons, and perfectly awful-looking false-faces all over the place!"

She was instinctively seeking a dramatic climax. Dinwiddie himself gave her her opportunity.

"If we should hear that Nippon toasts the United States," he prompted, "we may take it for granted that your mission was successful—am I right?"

She gave him a pointed look as if she fathomed the depths of his duplicity, and was not to be caught so easily.

"He gave me the best cup of tea I ever had in my life!" she said lightly, and then feeling that she had "registered," and could afford to be generous, she ran on discursively.

"I've never been able to see why the President of the United States should look askance—that's slant-eyed, isn't it?—at the Emperor of Japan. It's different with the Emperor—he can't help it!"

Dinwiddie could have cheerfully run his companion over the "bank," and perished with her. She was making game of him—exploiting his credulity for her own amusement—having a lot of fun with him. But she was a bit too fast. "He who laughs laughs, laughs, laughs," he quoted confusedly. She had inadvertently made herself available copy, and the snap-shots he had of her would do the rest.

And then he looked at her. She was young enough for anything. Whatever her game she was just the youngest thing he had ever seen! It was not within the scope of his experience that a secret agent went about discovering the fact to any chance acquaintance. She'd laugh herself out of one blunder only to laugh herself into another; but deuce take it! never giving herself away. She ought to be jolly well paid off for it. And yet he had to admit that the very mystery with which she had wrapped herself but gave the moment its peculiar significance, more, its transcendent quality. She was like the San Pedro "hills" against the sky, retreating behind their sunset veils, chiffon on chiffon, mauve, and gray, rose, and emerald-green; thin and changing but impenetrable. He had a sudden sense of vision, and with it the uncertainty of whether he could hold it, understand it. Could it be translated only in terms of a newspaper article? He had forgiven her utterly. Once more he saw his first-page blazoned on sky and cliff and sea. But on the other hand was the high adventure of romance. The thing worth taking seriously after all was the thrilling joy of the moment. "Story" and romance went along side by side in his mind, when suddenly it came to him that he couldn't have both and play fairly. Which should it be?

He turned off the road and made the steep descent to the town below.

"I'm taking you a bit out of your way," he explained. "But I have to get to the office before it is too late."

He left her waiting outside. She saw him disappear within a telephone-booth. She had made one returned soldier happy, poor thing! He came out grinning and taking the wheel again, said:

"That's off my mind! I got the night editor all right, and told him I'd be back before we went to press—I was still working on the Japanese cruiser. I didn't tell him that all I happened to have were a few society names and 'Y. Arita, midshipman's' account of his ship. But I'll make something out of it on my way back to 'Los' to-night. It's not much but I've often had less to work on."

She looked puzzled and a bit hurt and he hastened to say:

"I couldn't make use of your informa-

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tion. Not that I shouldn't like to tell how a brave young girl of gentle breeding delivered the goods. How she boarded a foreign vessel quite unattended in spite of heavy artillery all about her that could have opened fire at any moment. Guns with long smooth bores all over and under her; some to be fired ahead, some dead astern, and turret-rifles to be fired on either broadside; and wicked-looking torpedoes lying below. I'd like to say for that gallant deed she was to be given the D. S. M. But you see I can't. If I did you would miss out on your story. You've got to tell it first."

She looked at him remorsefully.

"Moreover," he went on, "they'd be on your tracks before the type was cold."

She was thinking hard. After a while she said:

"I'm ever so sorry! It is too bad you haven't anything after all. I wonder if I could tell you the same thing only in another way. It wouldn't be dangerous to anybody—a sort of a half-one-per-cent story."

"If you only would!" He would be glad to listen to anything—it didn't much matter what. It wasn't what she said—it was the way she looked as they went along the yellow and pink road in the high, pure air with its strange reserves of haunting undertones, beetling cliffs on one side, and on the other, far below, the purple sea banded with its bronze-red kelp-beds. She too was overflowing with life; thrilling with a sense of the wildness of the scene, the sharp plunges and the steep climbs of the narrow road, at times hardly more than a trail. And because she was more at home with facts and couldn't attempt another long flight of the imagination she told him her own story, which after all was the most dramatic thing that could possibly happen—a wild exaggeration of the most improbable dream.

It was about a girl who "modelled," and how she used to wonder about the beautiful creatures that put on their costumes in Annette's "studio" to appear on a stage she never saw. She felt as if she were condemned to live always behind the scenes, never to have a seat in front. She got tired of all the talk of putting in and taking out stitches; of wearing clothes for people who never saw you in them but just themselves—how they'd look in the gown and not you at all. At last she got so sick of it that she wouldn't go to a girl-and-music show because they all looked like debs and flappers.

"One day when Julie—everybody called her 'Julie'—it isn't smart not to know the models by their first names—was showing a costume one of madame's customers said: 'Julie, I'll bet you're sick of your job. How would you like to play around for a while?'

"And she gave her a lot of children for playmates, who just lived in rompers and were a thousand years from fine clothes. And she put on her magic spats—Cinderella had nothing on her with her little old glass slippers—and a wonderful thing happened. She was taken for a lady, not a manikin, but a real lady! The skies cleared for her and the sea lifted out of a fog and let her pass over to a ship that had a halo as if it were holy. And persons of high rank kowtowed to her, and bluejackets and midshipmen made a lane for her to pass through. And the ship was dressed up as for a party with all its flags flying. And I—I mean she—had tea with the admiral! It is a wonderful thing to be a lady! I don't blame them for being so proud about it."

Quite suddenly they came out on a high plateau where there were houses and gardens that looked on the ocean and the wide sky.

"Please stop here," said Julie as if waking from a dream. Two great oleanders, red-and-white from top to toe, stood at the entrance of a garden; and a border of huge purple Canterbury bells swinging on both sides of a gravelled walk led up to a white-pillared piazza. Four children followed by four funny wagging little puppies rushed up to the car.

"Oh, Julie, look at our puppies! They go with the place, and we have one apiece! Won't you ask him to give them a ride? They've never had a ride in all their lives. You'll just love them, Julie. Please, Julie!"

"Shall we—have you the time?" asked Julie.

"All the time in the world. I'm at your service, Lady Beatrice."

"But you don't understand——"

"But I do. I guess I know a real lady when I see her."

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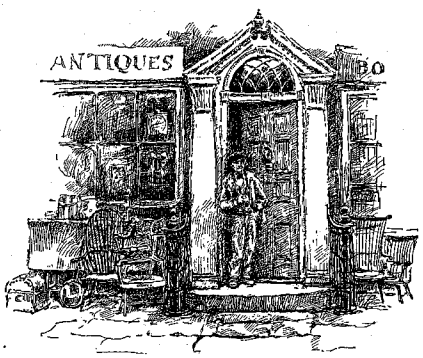
# The ANTIQUE SHOP

by
ARTHUR JOHNSON
with drawings by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THROUGH an old doorway that was lovely yet,
We wandered in, and yielded to the spell
Of odds and ends—ruins of who could tell
What dear ambitions! Heirlooms by the set,
Clocks ticking bravely still lest we forget
The honored houses where they used to dwell,—
All proudly fair though huddled there to sell;
Age circling round them like an amulet.

We bought a tiny picture "For the frame,"
She said, "chaste as a halo, and as frail" . . .
But later: "Oh," she cried, "that child!" Who, pale,
Upon a little sofa red as flame,
Beseechingly, through the dust-woven veil,
Stared forth at us who did not know his name.



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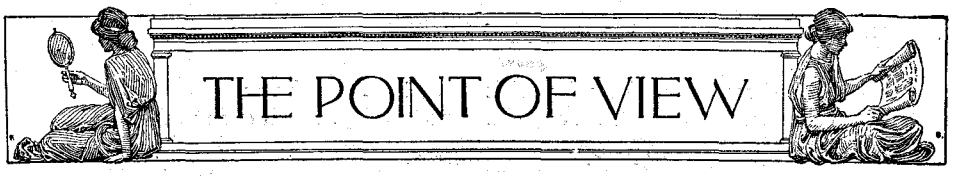


FROM earliest childhood shadows had power to thrill you. The shadow of a bird upon the dunes; purple shadows of canyons in a bare mountainside; shadows of wind-stirred wheat—these were the stuff of which your young dreams and delights were made.

Shadows

One June morning remains etched on your memory chiefly because of a shadow that crept over the wet brown sand. There was light on the sea that morning, light on the rugged dunes, silver light on the wings of the wheeling gulls; and the wind blew across the Pacific from islands that your fancy crowned with light. It was a morning in which to run and shout, and dare the curling foam to catch the wet bare feet. But you had found a more fascinating game—the game of keeping within the soft round shadow that was slipping down the shore.

"What makes the shadow?" you asked your elders; and they answered in the tone of those who have traced every effect back to its cause and know that there are no gods in ambush: "It is because a cloud has come before the sun."

The explanation only deepened the mystery for you. Your heart beat with the excitement of sharing for the time that elemental movement. You had heard people talk about objects casting shadows. What the cloud had cast down, who knew but it might choose to claim again? At any moment it might enfold you, gather you into its soft embrace and draw you up into that heart-lifting sea of blue which you vaguely understood held also the secret of your origins.

This early delight in shadows, held through the years, was perhaps intensified by life in a desert country where the essence of the landscape's charm lies in the shadows that slip over shining mesa and bare hills, their form changing with the growing and fading of light. What rivers and forests are to the people of less austere regions, shadows become to those who live in the arid lands; and they can express the moods of the passing day as subtly as any river.

When blindness began to threaten, it took on the mocking form of an old love, for it was at first merely a disturbing shadow. The horror lay in the fact that it was a shadow unclaimed by any object in earth or sky, and was obedient to no law of light. As this new shadow deepened, light became the thing the senses craved. Night was scarcely tolerable, and morning a thing to be longed for yet dreaded, for there was the fear that the eyes might no longer be able to see it breaking. You basked painfully in the sun, since for a time it vanquished the advancing and retreating of the shadow.

Before the darkness became quite final the hospital brought brief oblivion, and after oblivion a concentration of pain that allowed no other thought to obtrude. Weakness followed on pain, and thought dallied with the uncertainty of sight as if it were not, after all, the prime object of the suffering endured.

And then one morning the freed eyes opened careless on a beam of light that had slipped through the closed blinds and lay upon the opposite wall. Light! The senses swam in that patch of light, played about it, clung to it, fearful lest in a moment the formless shadow might swallow it up. But the finger of light remained, and you fell asleep again to that whisper of ancient wisdom: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

The ghost of the old fear was not quite laid, for me it still remained as trees walking, and the world of small and intimate things was closed. Only light was wholly comforting, and the mind clung healthily to that.

Then one night, after a sleep so deep that all remembrance of disaster was sponged from the mind, you waked to find soft moonlight flooding the room. But it was something more than moonlight that made the heart throb with childish ecstasy. A shadow lay clear upon the white window-curtain—the shadow of drooping, arrow-shaped leaves, traceries such as the moonlight often drew on the white walls of your sleeping-porch at home. You knew them for the shadows of eucalyptus boughs, and though returning vision could not yet reach



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the tree that had cast them there, its spirit lay like a delicate promise upon the curtain.

"Truly the light is sweet," says old wisdom; but there is a thing that is sweeter still; and with the recovered delight in shadow the last vestige of your fear is laid.

No False Motions, No Delays

AWAY back in our "little red schoolhouse days," our schoolhouse, by the way, being an economical and most uninteresting gray, we small folk, both boys and girls, used to play a curious, almost prehistoric form of baseball. In no detail could it claim relationship, except perhaps that of a distant ancestor, with the game of the modern league. The ball was soft rubber, the bat a paddle-shaped affair whittled from a shingle, and the bases three stately elms that had grown, after their own beautiful, indifferent fashion, with no notion of forming a diamond.

Our game was immensely popular and that shady corner, where baby feet had worn smooth paths from one great tree to another, was the very top of our social world. To be in the game was wonderful; even to be allowed to look on was to be near happiness. But we took ourselves terribly seriously. If the proud possessor of the ball, I doubt if we ever called him the pitcher, attempted any extra cleverness, pretending to throw the ball, and then turning swiftly to see if any little fingers had left the protecting bark of the goal-tree, some childish treble would break out in our favorite singsong, "No false motions, no delays," and the game would speed up at once.

The crowding suburbs of a huge town have overtaken the school of those far-away days, the elm-trees are gone, and a towering brick structure houses the seemingly numberless youngsters of the present district. They, poor little tots, take their recesses in relays and exercise in a paved court, but they doubtless have games of tremendous importance, social and otherwise, and catchwords and singsongs of their own with which they call one another to order. No amount of argument, no knowing quotations from the latest educational system, can ever convince me that the wonderful Child World, with all its self-centred thoughts and laws unto itself, has ever changed essentially.

How they ring in one's mind and sing in one's ears, these catchwords from childhood days! When the enthusiasm for new work or new play, which even middle age cannot dim, burdens my left hand with some fascinating material while my right hand is still struggling with the duties of the day, that stern childish "No false motions, no delays," comes down through the years, and for the moment both hands fall free and my finger-tips seem to feel the friendly rough bark of the goal-trees.

Were we unconsciously laying foundations for future life-work? Were we studying efficiency before we could even spell the word? Who knows? It is only within comparatively recent years that the word itself has loomed large in our every-day vocabulary, decking itself out in capital letters, much given to underlining and quotation-marks, evidently considering itself a most important personage among words. "Of making many books" on the subject, "there is no end," and the libraries that have so wisely become a part of every big business are full of them. Even the outsider, set beyond that particular pale by age and by unscientific training and pursuits, finds them fascinating reading. For myself, however, I must confess that this modern study of efficiency, as it deals with false motions and delays, is but too apt to reduce my imaginative and too sympathetic brain to a state of simmering mush.

That work-people can be found willing and able to go through the usual motions of their daily task with tiny electric lights on their finger-tips so that a faithful camera can record every detail of motion is a marvel to me. To my incurably flippant mind the resultant photographs resemble nothing in the world so much as the erratic flight of the fireflies in our home meadows. And yet these records, under the devoted study of the efficiency experts and the loyal co-operation of the work-people themselves, have wiped out many a false motion, prevented many a delay. All honor to them!

It is my own fault that they fill my middle-aged mind with dismay, and make me look upon my own fingers, hitherto considered willing and obedient servants, in the light of tricksy, irresponsible children. Although it may be impossible to train these same tricksy children to true scientific efficiency at this late date, the thought of those electric-lit finger-tips clings in one's mind. What a mad maze of dots and lines would be the result if some faithful camera

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could follow such a set of illuminated fingers throughout one morning of a busy housemother's life. The railway map of the eastern end of these United States would be as nothing to it. Even more bewildering would be the record of electric-lit feet. Imagine the horror of our prohibition faddists! Never could they be made to believe that this was honest toil, recorded in the cause of science.

A science, too, that is moulding the lives of even us oldsters, whether we will or no, teaching us many a home truth in the conservation of energy. Let any one whose motions and thoughts have been pruned down to a modern kitchenette be thrown servantless—as may easily happen in these latter days—into the huge sunlit spaces of an old farmhouse kitchen, where the domestic extravagance in the matter of space that marked our grandfather's day considered it necessary to have a secondary room, of many shelves, as a pantry, and a vast shed as the only fitting shelter for wood and kindling and half a dozen other things that were absolutely necessary every other minute. Here indeed is food for thought.

First comes immense respect for our grandmothers, and in my own mind the loving memories of certain free-stepping, straight-thinking, four-square, towering women that I have been lucky enough to know in just such surroundings. But, alas, there was too often an accompanying picture of weary, temperamentally tired housemothers, whose neighbors rather cruelly dubbed them "slab-sided and slack-twisted" without realizing that these bitter, old-time adjectives often simply recorded the effect of endless journeyings from sink to stove, to pantry, and back from pantry to stove to sink.

Looking back to this dreary round as seen through the tired eyes of one of these women, it seems unbearable. Will our grandchildren look back upon our daily round with the same pitying sympathy because all our daily tasks are not done by electricity, our lives and our households controlled wholly by a switchboard? Again, who knows? It is possible that we, who for the very sake of carrying on had to be endowed with a fair share of self-conceit, have reached the stage where it is safe for evolution and progress to confess that we are of no unusual importance after all, just a link in the chain, a bridge by the way.

Personally, I have wandered so far from "Where the brook and river meet" that my present condition seems frankly to be that of a castaway on a narrow spit of sand in the midst of swirling waters. There is humor in the situation, and no loneliness, for the rising generation is obviously amphibious. The swirling waters are full of them, bobbing about serenely, "on their lawful occasions." May the gods bless them and keep them! I can never, I fear, become amphibious, but my sand-spit promises to last quite a time yet, and I am full of admiration for the young things all about me that are making such a busy, merry affair of this electrically efficient world of ours.

On Keeping One's Figure

THEY used to say that a woman is as old as she looks, and, I suppose, as young as she looks. Her hair may be gray, and it may be difficult for her to thread a needle without glasses; but if her mouth is still mobile and does not withdraw itself into a frog look when she knits, if she has no double chin, and her waist has not settled into her hips in that wide, deep way, we know that she is still young. Perhaps there are as definite age signals in men, but I think not, despite the significance of the expression of a man's hat. John Burroughs said no one that enjoys apples is old. I remember one most charming idyll of youth when, not many years ago, the young brother of a friend of mine and John Burroughs himself sat on the sofa, discussing a certain peculiarity of a bird the boy had observed. The long white beard and the knotted hands were utterly negligible as one watched the fire of enthusiasm and youth in those keen, humorous eyes. John Burroughs had kept his figure.

Never in the world has there been so great a need of young-old men and women as to-day. It takes the young to understand the young, and the young to-day are almost tragically in need of being understood. One is stirred to apology at the outset for bringing up the question. It is such an old story, this problem of the younger generation—old as the hills in reality, and painfully worn just now. However, it is not altogether threadbare. No problem is, while it remains a problem. Therefore, I dare enter into the controversy. The point that the young are always making, although they do not always make it audibly, is that the older generation are such bunglers, so

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disappointing. Perhaps one reason for this is that the Victorian era preserved so many old people. Timidity and Victorian goodness were disastrous to chins. Think of the picture of Queen Victoria at forty-three! In Elizabethan days men died young; to-day those that do not die young are trying to keep young, but in Victoria's day, and the years that followed, they seem to have become mature the minute they ceased to be children. One reason for the reaction of the young to-day is in part just this hatred of the Victorians. They do not like the mess of a world that has been left them, and they mistrust and misunderstand the old as they see them. Queen Elizabeth could barely be restrained from riding every day when she was past sixty; she kept her figure. Victoria did not keep hers.

But the attempt to keep young may go astray. The danger is an old one. Youth is not a matter of short skirts and large hats and cigarettes for grandmothers. That trick is specious; one sees through it at once. Youth means a thing so very different. It means, for one thing, adaptability; the young-old must not indulge in habits, except, of course, coffee in the morning. They may never show surprise. To be shocked is hopeless. There is nothing so ingratiating to the young as complete "savoir faire" on the part of the elders. This is an axiom that every good teacher knows. The young-old never have many possessions, for the anxious care of accumulated material is sure to affect the chin. One may cherish a few books, perhaps, and the trophies of one's travels, but none too many. The quality that youth demands above all else, however, is sympathy. The young may be Bolshevists; if so, they are no happier than are real Bolshevists anywhere. They may demand a large share in the government of the home, as Mr. Perry of Harvard says they are going to do more and more; they may demand it at school, priding themselves, as one boy wrote, that "not even the headmaster can change the laws or the punishments made by the students in our school"; yet they realize—none better—that they are rudderless. Never, I believe, have the young been more eager than they are now to accept the guidance of those that seem to them wise. They want, not to exert authority over their parents and teachers, nor yet to live quite according to their desires; what they want is co-operation.

The co-operation of the older with the young is, I am inclined to think, more difficult than is the co-operation of the employer and the laborers. The older generation is inhibited by three ideas: outraged authority, a dislike of the young as they seem to-day, and fear. They are uncomfortable in the presence of youth. As a result they withdraw into themselves and do not try to understand; they say they cannot. They give to their children freedom that they should not, because they lack courage to do anything else. They fail to realize that this war between young and old is not new, although in every age it looks different. Ernest Lavisse has said of history:

"One loses correct appreciation of the present, if one sees the past as beautiful by system; one's system makes the present ugly. One belittles one's own time and oneself. This may become a cause of discouragement, even of despair. . . . Those who know that humanity has never been beautiful do not reproach her for being ugly at present." It is absurdly ignorant as well as sentimental to believe that once *we* were good little boys and girls!

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that the young recognize with amazing swiftness wisdom and sympathy in the older generation, wherever it is to be found. To-day, however, the young make no pretense of respect for the sages, respect being a quality more or less out of date. Therefore the older generation must prove their worthiness. No self-indulgence for them now, no quarter, no excuses for weakness and selfishness. The young see through disguises; in their hands cant breaks into dust. If, however, the old can bear the test, they may be of inestimable service in a topsyturvy world.

It is a fine tonic—this idea of standing in well with those who expect the best of us. It means fighting on to the end—not settling down into our chins. It means making comrades of the young, meeting them man to man, exchanging with them what of wisdom the years have brought us in exchange for their clear view of life, a view altogether without compromise. It is a great adventure, with entrancing companions to whom everything is possible. The young are eager for our companionship; but we must be like the "funny man" of Kenneth Grahame's story; there is no place now for the Olympians.

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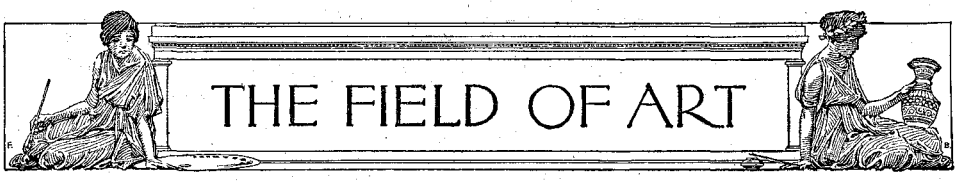


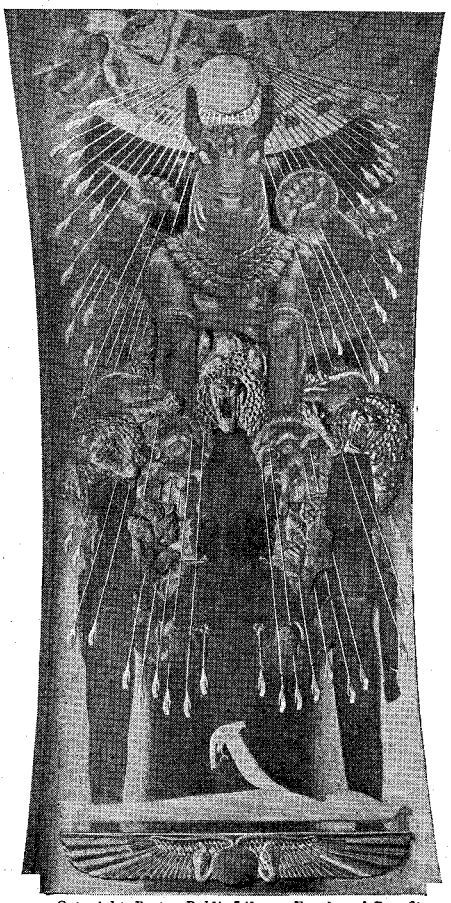

# Sargent's New Mural Decorations

BY PRESERVED SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ORIGINALS

THERE is a note of universality in the mind and work of John Singer Sargent. Calling himself American, born in Florence, educated in Germany and Italy, trained to his trade in Paris, living in England, widely travelled, he is as cosmopolitan as the "international mind." His art is catholic and eclectic, learning from all schools, and in bondage to none. A master of many styles, he adds new domains to his empire every year. That his power in portraiture has not declined is witnessed by the charcoal sketches of President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Doctor William Sturgis Bigelow, of Mrs. F. S. Bigelow, and some others, all of the last two years, now on exhibition in Boston and Cambridge. New splendors of water-color and of oil pour forth rapidly from his studio; notably the landscape "Lake O'Hara," and the war picture "The Road," with its uncanny glint of blue helmet and gray uniform against a sub-lustrous sky of cobalt and pearl, while long lines of men march through the mystic night.

But the crown and glory of Sargent's work is the mural decoration with which he has enriched two noble buildings in his father's town—the Boston Library and the Museum of Fine Arts. The religious pictures in the library are widely known, for they have been long a-making, though only completed within the last four years. At one end of the gallery is set forth the story of the Old Testament, in a rich symbolism now and then recalling Watts, though far surpassing him. There we have the Chosen People crying unto Jehovah, clad in the red wings of his cherubim, while the savage Babylonian and the subtle Egyptian beat down the Israelite. On either hand are Astarte and Moloch, "lust hard by hate," and beneath the main picture is the row of prophets. At the other end of the gallery is made visible the doctrine of the New Testament: the Trinity revealed, the Crucified from whose pierced hands drips the eucharistic blood caught in goblets by Adam and Eve. There, too, may be read the story of Man's fall through Woman, and of Man's redemption through Woman's Seed; the Annunciation, the Virgin of the Seven



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Moloch.



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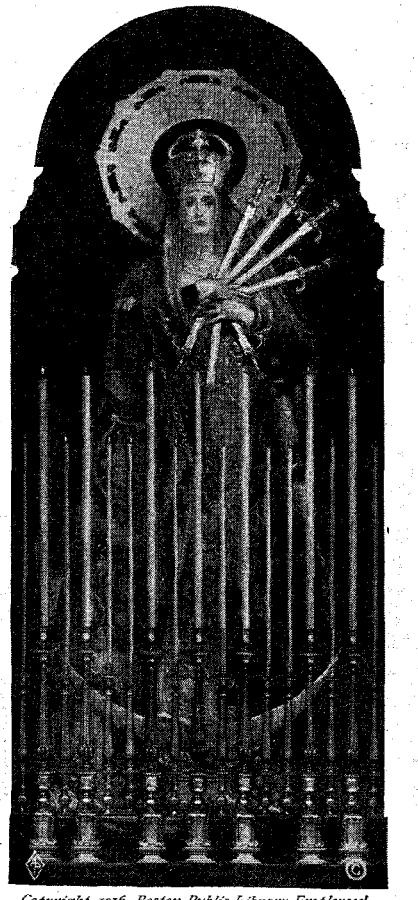
Swords, the Apostles. On the wall of the gallery are the two great paintings of the Church—a pure nun with Christ between her knees—and of the Synagogue, clinging desperately to the tables of the law. Above, the lunettes represent scenes of the Last Judgment, of Hell and of Paradise. As in most great works of art, every idea had been worked out before; the originality lies in the grandeur of the conception and in the abounding richness of details. Probably the Catholic tone of the whole is due more to artistic reasons than to anything else; for, as Winckelmann pointed out long ago, Protestantism is the religion of merchants and Catholicism the religion of artists. But it would almost seem as if Boston's great mural decorations vividly represented the present reaction against Puritanism, those in the library a Catholic reaction, those in the Art Museum a Hellenistic or pagan reaction.



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The Virgin of the Seven Swords.

It was a fortunate day, the 2d of November, 1916, when Mr. Sargent noted in his diary that he had agreed with the trustees of the Boston Art Museum to paint four panels for the rotunda. This original plan was soon changed to a comprehensive scheme which was carried out with the tireless hand of genius, though in three broken periods, the whole being completed on October 20, 1921, when it was unveiled to the public. Though he at first designed to paint four panels for the lunettes in the dome, the artist soon saw that considerations of light and of the angle of vision would render this impossible, and accordingly worked out a more suitable plan for the decoration of the dome itself. The problem was to make the best of a dome of rather unusual proportions, for the rotunda is not circular but oval. The vertical curve of the dome is a long ellipse, and the illumination comes from a skylight at the top. In order to study the problem at ease Sargent had a model of the rotunda made exactly one-eighth the diameter and height of the original, and lighted like it, from above. This model is now on exhibition at the Museum, and can be seen with nearly the same decorations, on a minute scale, as those contained in the large rotunda. After solving the problems of space and of lighting in this manner, Sargent constructed a grandiose design comprising four large canvases, four small canvases, and twelve bas-reliefs, not to mention minor details, such as the placing of vases and a piece of sculpture in the arches under the dome. Every single part of the whole large design was executed by his own hand. As preliminary studies he made no less than two hundred charcoal drawings, mainly from the nude, of which he has generously given fifty to the Museum, where they are now on exhibition for the benefit of future students. Things of beauty they all are, worthy of prolonged attention—for Sargent is a consummate draftsman—did not the paintings and reliefs in their final form claim our more pressing attention.

No description of detail can do justice to the supreme beauty of the whole. One can see that the artist has learned the secret of mural decoration from all the great masters who have ever practised it; from Ghirlandajo at Florence, and Michelangelo at Rome, to the latest works of Puvis de Cha-

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vannes, and of LaFarge, and of Gaston La Touche at the Hotel de Ville, in Paris. And yet, learned as he is, old as are his themes, he has had the genius to make out of his opportunities something new and living, an inspiration and a delight to the present and probably to a long future.

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The Sphinx and the Chimæra.

All the canvases are in the same key, of blue and gold, giving the effect to the spectator from below of looking up into the sky, a heaven shot through with sunbeams and peopled with radiant images of gods and goddesses, and other immortal creatures of the imagination. The unity of tone and the similarity of the subjects, all drawn from classic myth, constitute the bond that makes all the pictures one. For they tell no connected story; they have no message save that of the glory of art and the compulsion of beauty. Interpret each and every detail subtly as we may, our first impression is likely to be our final one—that it is good to live in a world of ideas where such beauty is possible, where men can dream such dreams and create such speaking symbols of their aspiration. Next to beauty, joy is the dominant idea. The world has escaped from the horror of the great war, and peace comes again, and with peace her natural handmaidens, the pleasant things of the spirit.

As one ascends the stairway into the rotunda the canvas that first meets one's eye is a large oval representing the three arts, Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, protected by Minerva from the ravages of time. How perfectly the pencil has represented the ethos of each art—the massive repose of architecture, the manly strength of sculpture, the voluptuous softness of

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painting! Not only is such a trio a fitting blazon for America, where the three arts are now in full bloom, but it also well represents the triple accomplishment of Sargent in this rotunda, where he has combined into a single whole all three arts, as they always must be combined in order to produce the highest effect.

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Cupid and Psyche.

Turning slightly to the right we next see a small canvas representing Astronomy—Urania, the Heavenly Muse, sitting in subdued evening light, with rapt vision fixed on the heavens, while behind her in golden band are unfolded the signs of the zodiac. Beneath the small canvas are two bas-reliefs, one representing Amphion, the great musician, and the other the three Graces.

The centre of the large canvas on the right hand is occupied by Apollo, with Orpheus and Pan on one side, and Classic and Romantic Art on the other. Pan, with his ram's horns, is Nature, huge and animal and wild. Orpheus is represented as a naked boy, singing with all his might to the charmed beasts. On the other side two women, one draped, the other naked, embody the Classic and Romantic spirits. The form of the girl, like that of Orpheus, is a faultless nude, perfect in all things, even in the flesh tints, which, according to Kenyon Cox and other great critics, usually suffer in this master's work, from the lack of underpainting.

The small canvas next to this represents Prometheus attacked by the eagle, and the two bas-reliefs under it, Achilles and the Centaur, and Venus and Cupid.

The large canvas over the door will probably puzzle many an eager gazer. Labelled "The Sphinx and the Chimæra," it shows the head of a conventional sphinx, smiling and enigmatical, over whom hovers a

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Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, protected by Minerva from the ravages of time.

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Ganymede.

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Astronomy.



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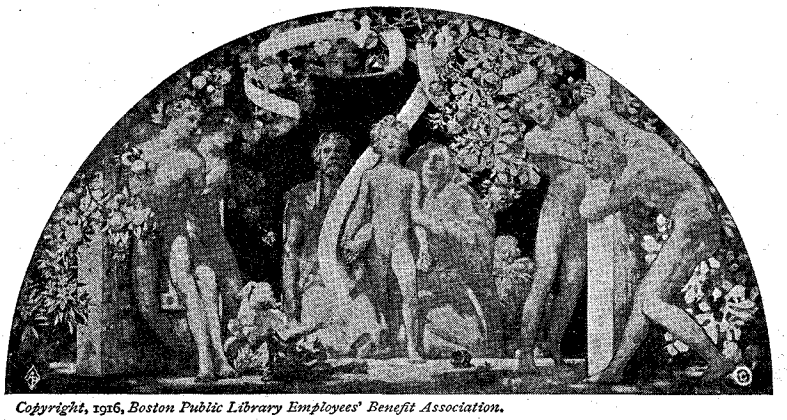
woman with arms for wings. This is not the triple monster, formed of lion, goat, and snake, commonly called a chimæra, but the word is used in the French sense of "illusion," not necessarily a malignant thing, but rather a harmless and beneficent creature of fancy. "If you deprive man of his chimæras," says Fontenelle, "what would be left him?" Sargent here depicts illusion as play of fancy absolutely unrestrained. Note that the being has no hands to hold and to work with, but only wings with which to fly, and wings of "sky-tinctured grain and colors dipt in heaven," of downy gold and rainbow hue! Mark the broken chains on her legs, and the unstable, questioning swoop of her posture, and the wildness of her hair, and learn that without imaginations that soar to heaven neither man nor art is anything.

The exquisite balance and equipoise of the whole design is illustrated in the relations of the two small canvases on either side of the great winged Chimæra. One, as already stated, represents Prometheus conquered and tortured by an eagle; the other is Ganymede borne aloft by an eagle. So it is that man is now devoured and now snatched to Olympus by his aspirations! And note the painter's realism, how naturally the eagle (true American variety!) is poised; how frightened are the eyes of the boy! When Rubens or Correggio painted the rape of Ganymede, they subordinated realism to the meaning of the myth; Sargent has painted bird and boy exactly as they might look in such circumstances, and yet he has brought out a loftier lesson than is to be learned from his predecessors. Beneath the Ganymede are two bas-reliefs, a Fame blowing her trumpet, and a Cupid and Psyche. In this again is carried out the idea of the winged creatures of man's mind, the Soul drooping to earth and Love stooping down to raise her.

The last of the large canvases shows Apollo and the Nine Muses circling him in mystic dance. There is music in the movement—music such as there is in so many of these decorations: a fine rhythm and tripping metre that remind us that Sargent is almost as much a musician and player as a painter. Here we have the Apollo of the poets, "with harpstring and hair of gold, a bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold"; and, to bring out fully the meaning of the large canvas, next to it is a small one of Music herself, playing in ecstasy upon her instrument, while below her Satyr and Mænad, and three dancing girls, carry on the symbolism of perfect art.

For, whether the artist intend it or not, all art is symbolic: "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss"; it has an inner meaning, but that meaning can only be expressed by itself: "Das Unzulängliche, Hier wird's Ereigniss." For if art means life, life means art.



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The Golden Age.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

# The Question of Economic Recovery

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

SOMETIMES, in seeking for signs of a coming change for better or worse in finance and industry, people of experience draw their conclusions from the stock market, which in the long run reflects the ideas of the financial community as to future business profits; sometimes from the rise or fall of commodity prices, which may indicate the condition of consumers; sometimes from the course of values for investment bonds, which measures the state of credit and the supply of investment capital; sometimes from the foreign-exchange market, which passes judgment on the economic trend in other countries. Most of these indices of the financial drift of things had negative testimony to offer in the early weeks of 1922.

**The Economic Weather Signs**

The stock market advanced and declined alternately, though its general drift was to a higher level. Prices of commodities did not recover, yet as a whole there was no change from the comparative steadiness which has now been maintained during seven or eight successive months. Investment bonds halted at the prices reached at the end of 1921, but the investor's presence was indicated by the fact that the business actually done in such securities during January was the largest ever transacted in that "re-investment month." Taken as a whole, the attitude of these markets pointed to increased confidence in the existing financial position, but to no distinct conviction as to a future movement of recovery.

Foreign exchange, on the other hand, gave some notable indications of changing judgment regarding the international position. Sterling had halted after its sudden rise, almost to $4.25, in December, but compared with the price of $3.53 six months before and with the low mark of $3.18 in 1920. But with the action of Congress in February, for putting in orderly shape the indebtedness of European governments to our Treasury, the rate rose rapidly to $4.33, a price not touched since it was passed on the downward sweep of all foreign exchange values in the middle of 1919.

THE hesitant action of the majority of financial markets manifestly reflected a perplexing economic and political situation. When the world of finance and industry is feeling its way along the path which it believes will lead it out of a morass in which it has lost itself, it is quite as frequently beset with the disappointment which comes from false turns and premature expectations as is a bewildered traveller. Every now and then the prospect seems to open, the footing to become firm, the rest of the journey to be easy. But the hope repeatedly turns out to be illusion. The path grows difficult again; unexpected obstacles block the way; the place of safety which seemed to be almost reached is now seen to be far distant. There is nothing to do but retrace some of the steps already taken and look for another way out.

**Trying to Find the Way Out**

Something like this has marked the course of events in the last few months. The quickening of business activity in early autumn brought wide-spread confidence that the continuous revival which everybody was hoping for had at length begun. The real achievements of the Washington conference stimulated belief that at last the key to the international deadlock had been discovered, and that the series of baffling problems in the way of the world's economic recuperation would be solved in rapid succession. Then came the reaction. The expanding



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trade of August and September turned out to have represented little more than replenishing of empty shelves and warehouses. As soon as enough more goods had been accumulated to provide for such absolute necessities of consumers as could be foreseen in the next two or three months, buying slackened again, production was again curtailed, general business sank back into its midsummer inertia.

**The Setback of December and January**

BY the general testimony of merchants and manufacturers December, which in ordinary times would have been a month of culminating industrial activity, was the month of most unsatisfactory results in business since the general fall of prices came to an end, six months ago, and January was little better. Amount of general business transacted, it is true, was substantially above that of July, when the prolonged industrial depression reached its climax. The country's production of steel in December, for instance, was greater by 20 per cent than in the midsummer month.

But the July figure had been almost incredibly small; that month's output, even of the iron foundries, was actually the smallest since the great reaction from an over-exploited trade culminated in 1903, nearly nineteen years ago. December's production of steel was less by nearly 13 per cent than in November; with all its immense increase in mill capacity, the United States Steel Corporation not only earned nearly a quarter of a million less than in July and 40 per cent less than in October, but its profits were less than in any month since February of 1915, when the paralyzing influence of the "war panic" had not yet been shaken off.

In the first week of the new year actual tonnage of freight delivered for transportation to the country's railways was 14 per cent below that of the corresponding week in 1921, and 27 per cent below 1920. Our export trade declined to the smallest monthly valuation since the first year of the war, and the surplus of exports over imports in December, $59,000,000, not only compared with $454,000,000 in the same month of the previous year and with a high record of $635,000,000 in June, 1919, but was actually less than in any month since September, 1914, when the presence of German war-ships on the ocean had caused hurried cancellation of orders for shipment of goods to Europe. The "export surplus" in the last month of 1921 was indeed less by $37,000,000 than in December, 1912.

**Decline in Agricultural Prices**

AT the same time the price of agricultural staples resumed the decline which seemed to be definitely interrupted in the autumn. Early in September, wheat had sold at $1.35 per bushel on the Chicago market; it was down to $1.03 in the early days of January. The price of cotton had advanced, on the reports of bad conditions to the crop and an unprecedented reduction of acreage, from 16 cents a pound at the end of August to 21½ at the end of September, just before the government published its forecast of a yield of 6,500,000 bales, against 13,000,000 the year before. But the spinning trade was incredulous; buyers of textile goods resisted the effort of merchants to put up prices for cotton manufactures. Early in December the government itself had to confess, on the basis of more careful investigation, that its October estimate of yield was too low by 1,800,000 bales, and before the end of January, cotton was again selling below 16½ cents a pound. We shall have occasion to notice the effect of these agricultural markets on the political situation.

For, as a matter of fact, the reaction from the hopes of a few months before, which was now visible in the economic field, was equally apparent in politics. The early and remarkable achievements at the Washington Arms Conference had not realized the hopes of an immediate sequel in which all obstacles to restored political and economic equilibrium would be smoothed away. France in particular stood out against the full armament-reduction programme of the conference. Her delegates would give little assurance of maintaining smaller land forces; in the Anglo-French conference at Cannes they opposed the English proposals for a prolonged moratorium on German reparations payments. When the plan for a larger international economic conference came into view, the French premier who

(Financial Situation, continued on page 51)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 386)

had so far conducted the negotiations was forced to resign, giving way to a successor who was pledged by his own declarations not to subordinate to any general programme of European rehabilitation either continuance of the German payments to the full limit of immediate capacity, or tangible assurance of future military protection on the Eastern frontier of France.

TO the plan of immediate readjustment in European armaments and European finance, these incidents were disconcerting. All things considered, it is not easy to see what else was reasonably to have been expected; but the episode, coming in the face of last autumn's impulsive hopes, brought a good deal of bitterness into the situation. In the markets and among the political correspondents, the more flighty imaginations began to picture a serious diplomatic clash between France and England; possibly between France and the United States. For a time, even the steadfast friends of France overlooked so very essential a consideration as the fact that while 12,000,-

**France and Disarmament**

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)


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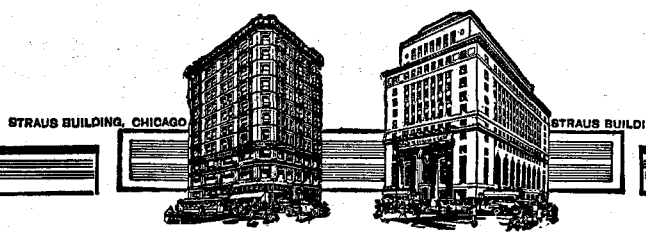


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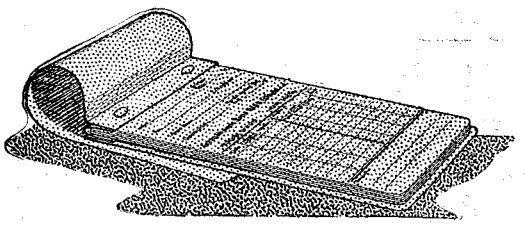

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

000,000 francs of the public funds had been spent by her government in 1921 to repair the regions maliciously devastated by Germany not much more than one-tenth of that sum had been received on German reparations account, and the other fact that the alternative asked at Versailles to a French standing army on the border—a treaty guarantee of assistance in case of need by England and the United States—had in the end not been confirmed by either of those governments. It was a case in which at least some light on the French people's attitude might perhaps have been obtained through trying to imagine ourselves in the present position of France, with the same experience behind us. But the world outside of France was slow to take this view of the matter—even America, which in 1919 and 1920 seemed unable to understand why the French people should have resented in silent bitterness what certainly seemed to them to be deliberate desertion by the United States of the whole work of concerted rehabilitation outlined at Versailles.

The attitude of France was not the only unexpected turn in the political situation. Obstacles of a curious sort arose in the way of the economic conference called to meet at Genoa. Under the influence of motives ranging from impulse to cold commercial calculation, the programme for the Genoa conference had come to contemplate the inclusion of delegates, not only from Germany but from Russia. The tentative invitation to the Soviet aroused immediate controversy, as it was bound to do. France, for instance, seemed to take the position that it could meet Lenin and his confederates only in case of their formal recognition of the old Russian state debt to the thrifty middle-class investors of France.

**Russia in the Genoa Conference**

IT is not in the least improbable that an American administration would have acted similarly, supposing its own citizens to have been holding, up to the thousands of millions, Russian government obligations which the Soviet had triumphantly repudiated on the sole ground that it did not propose to recognize such paraphernalia of capitalism. But the attitude was nevertheless illogical, for the simple reason that no pledge or promise of the sort by the Soviet could have the slightest value, as regards either ability or willingness to keep it. The position of some other states toward the present Russian government's participation in

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)



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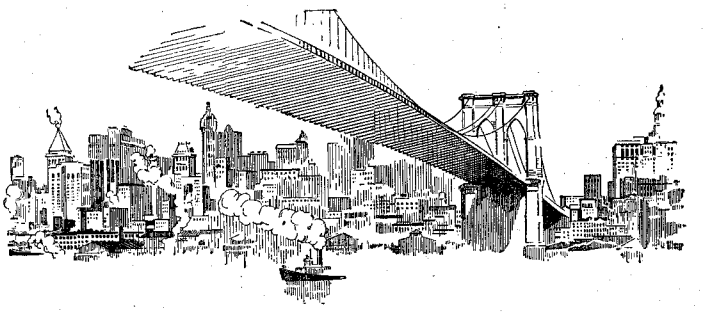

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 53)

such a conference had different grounds from this; they were grounds which were certain to influence American as well as European feeling on the question.

Recognition, as commissioners with equal powers, of delegates from a tottering political régime which was held in power by foreign mercenaries, which represented a wholly insignificant minority of the Russian people, which refused to submit its system and its personnel to the Russian electorate and which had declared irrevocable and unscrupulous warfare on all existing governmental institutions outside of Russia, seemed of itself an extraordinary proposal. It was not less so from the plain intimation that the purpose of the Russian government, which was on record as officially repudiating the binding force of financial contracts, was to ask for a loan from other nations, the proceeds of which should be used under the auspices of the Soviet for the industries which the Soviet's own fantastic practices had ruined. At the very beginning of the talk of Russian representation at Genoa, an element of the grotesque was injected into the question by the Soviet itself, whose so-called finance ministry at once announced that its delegates at Genoa would present a bill of claims for "compensation due Russia as a result of armed intervention undertaken or fostered by the foreign powers." Not many people found reason to doubt that the actual carrying-out of this interesting programme would adjourn any conference in a burst of world-wide laughter.

**Attitude of Congress**

AT Washington it could not be said that events were moving in an altogether reassuring way. The Congressional majority had failed to redeem any of its platform promises in relation to the taxes, the public revenue, or the public expenditure; it had been frightened away from its own committee's mediæval protective-tariff programme by the angry protest of the protected industries themselves. But its members were thinking with very natural misgivings of the Congressional elections next November, and most of them seized eagerly on the "soldiers' bonus" proposal, whose immediate effect on a considerable body of public sentiment they could at least understand.

The secretary of the treasury finally stated to the chairman of the House Committee that the government is already spending $450,000,000 annually for the relief of disabled soldiers, that the cost of the bonus plan had been esti-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

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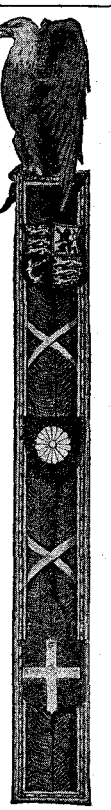




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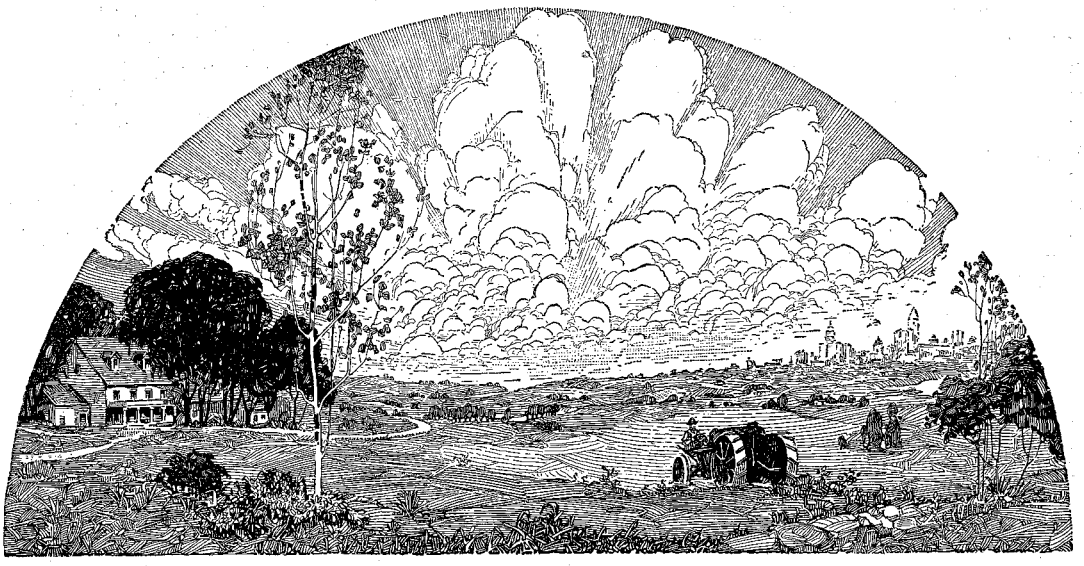

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

mated by the government actuaries at something between $1,500,000,000 and $5,200,000,000, and that this prodigious requisition would be laid on a government whose expenditures, which had not reduced the war taxation and which was already confronted with a fiscal problem of exceptional complexity in the refunding operations necessitated by the approaching maturity of $3,500,000,000 out of the $18,600,000,000 war debt. This reasoning appeared to make no impression whatever. Questioned by the newspaper correspondents as to their view of the secretary's objections, the statesmen in charge of the "bonus bill" replied that they had not had time to read them. Prodded again, they intimated that the money could surely be found somehow; it was the Treasury's business to discover how, not theirs.

AT the same time, the political fact was developing that Congress was on most questions under the plain domination of a "farmers' bloc"; meaning that public questions would be settled by a controlling legislative action in the light of their bearing primarily on the interests of the agricultural constituency. The first demand was for a "practical farmer" to be added to the Federal Reserve Board; evidently on the assumption that this Board had hitherto discriminated against the farmers in its policy on loans. To this demand there were opposed three essential arguments.

**The "Agricultural Bloc"**

A Reserve Bank's loans are passed on, not by the central board at Washington but by the board of directors of each separate bank, one-third of whom are required by the Federal Reserve Law to be "actively engaged in their district in commerce, agriculture, or some other industrial pursuit;" therefore nothing would be accomplished in any case by such an experiment.

The Reserve system's rediscounts of purely agricultural loans, instead of having been cut down at the time when the fall of prices was under way in what one Senator described as "murderous discrimination" against the farmers, had actually been increased from $59,905,000 in January, 1920, to $202,520,000 in July of the same year and to $246,940,000 in December; therefore the main allegation on which was based the proposed change in the board was untrue. Finally, since the general contraction of credit facilities had affected the merchant, the manufacturer, and the exporter

(Financial Situation, continued on page 59)


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as well as the farmer, it was reasonable to ask why the logic of an extra Reserve Board member for agriculture would not be logically supplemented by a dry-goods member, an iron-manufacturing member, or a member from the South American export trade? But the legislation for a farmer on the Reserve Board, though with some shamefaced modification, passed the Senate.

What offsetting considerations, then, if any, could be placed against these irritating and perplexing developments of the season in the political and economic field, both at home and abroad? There need be no hesitation in answering that there were numerous reassuring offsets. Of these not the least was the plain evidence, presented by the very test of the so-called "breach" between the French and English governments, that there was not the slightest shaking of the good international relations. When one considers that the sequel to similar differences of opinion, after the Congress of Vienna a century ago, was the making of provisional secret treaties for possible military attack on certain obdurate allies, the nature of the present situation will be seen more clearly.

**Offsetting Considerations**

AT the very moment when discussion of the proposed Genoa conference seemed to have reached a deadlock, the treaty whereby naval armaments were to be reduced, the political situation in the Far East defined, and the past war's submarine atrocities and military use of poison gas positively proscribed by civilized governments, was signed by the five great powers at Washington. The resultant rise of the foreign exchanges was evidence of financial judgment of this event. In our own home politics, another highly reassuring consideration came gradually into sight. The farmers' advocates in Congress, although reinforced by the presence at Washington of a national agricultural conference, displayed a kind of caution and conservatism which was entirely unexpected, except by those who had learned that the farmer in politics in this time of agricultural hardship is a very different personage from the similar figure in the days of the "granger movement," the "Farmers' Alliance," and the "People's Party," which dominated the political situation after other older periods of falling prices.

Not only did the conference decisively vote down such extravagant and radical suggestions as were placed before it, but on concrete ques-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)



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tions of legislation its demands were almost without exception fairly debatable. Except for the necessarily futile plan of one "farmer member" on the Federal Reserve Board, the conference voted down emphatically resolutions calling for change in the Reserve system's machinery. It made no demand whatever for more currency. Numerous useful recommendations were adopted regarding the problems of the agricultural industry and the improvement of the method of financing it. The government was urged to "use our commanding position as a creditor country to aid in the industrial rehabilitation of Europe." If the conference struck out somewhat blindly in demanding that retail prices for things that the farmer buys ought to be forced down, because "no revival of American business is possible until the 'farmer's dollar' is restored to its normal purchasing power when expressed in the prices paid for the commodities which the farmer must purchase," at any rate this demand was directed at a recognized obstacle to returning equilibrium in any trade.

In short, the prediction of a new and menacing force in American politics was completely unfulfilled. Indeed, at the very height of the agricultural distress the most dangerous of all political movements of discontented farmers, the "Townley plan" for capturing the political and banking machinery and applying it according to the whim of the farm community, broke down completely in the states where it seemed to have intrenched itself in power. Its own supporters deserted the undertaking; it was possible to say that the chaotic collapse of this experiment in agricultural socialism provided a lesson which the farmers took to heart as thoroughly as American labor recognized the meaning of the Russian communist experiment.

**The Reaction in Trade**

THE relapse of trade and industry into fresh reaction, after the brief and incomplete revival of autumn, was another matter. That was, however, a perfectly familiar incident in the earliest stages of revival from a great industrial depression. Whatever may be said of the special influences of the economic confusion in a great part of Europe, of the disordered foreign exchange market, it is a fact well known to all readers of economic history that precisely such "secondary reactions" are invariable occurrences when prostrated trade, finance, and industry are struggling to their feet after a financial crisis.

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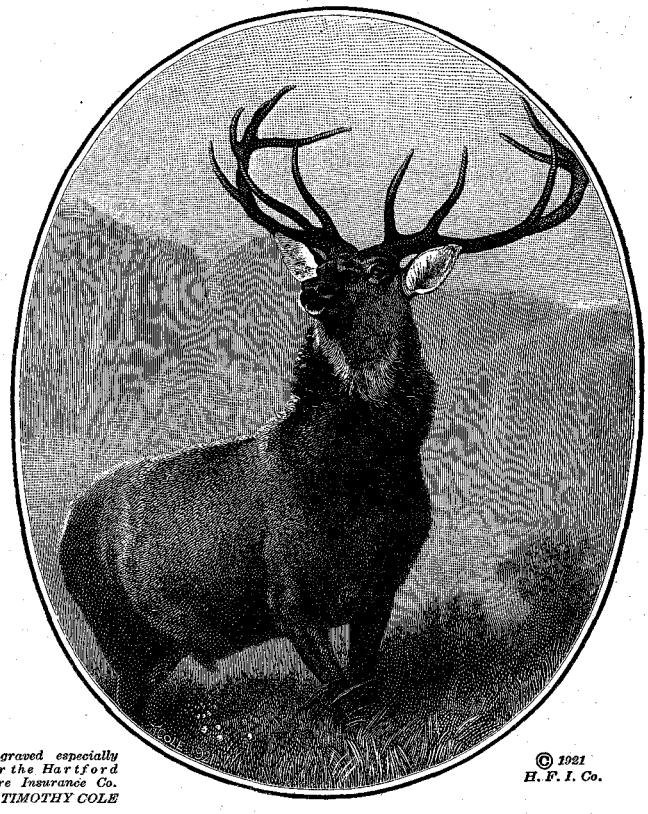

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The almost forgotten "Sunshine movement" which flourished when the wheels of industry were beginning to move again in the spring of 1908—accompanied as it was by the assurances of the "Prosperity conventions" of the day that nothing was necessary but to forget the past and begin to buy goods again—ended in gloom, despondency, and trade stagnation during January and February of the ensuing winter. Nevertheless, the prolonged revival in the spring of 1909 was on the cards. The year after the panic of 1893 was marked by an exactly similar sequence of events; the setback after the hopeful preliminary start which followed 1873 was again the same. In each of those former instances it amounted to a general halt of finance and industry to take the economic reckoning again, after the first timid experiment in a forward movement of finance and industry. In each it was marked by political disturbances vastly exceeding in bitterness, in angry resentment, and in alarming propaganda, anything that has yet occurred on the present occasion; a fact which is not likely to be disputed by any one who lived through 1894 and 1877, or who has traced the incidents of those years in financial history.

THE present conditions of trade have lately called forth a discussion somewhat different in kind from that which had previously prevailed. Since 1918, and especially during the first half of 1921, little was considered in discussing causes and effects except the war and the economic forces which accompanied or followed it. But since the downward reaction showed signs of having culminated last summer, discussion has shifted to the long-familiar question of the "cycle" of prosperity and adversity. During recent months, theoretical economists and practical business men have both engaged in the effort to apply to present phenomena the classic principles of alternating economic expansion and contraction—an inviting field of conjecture because, if its teachings from experience give warning of coming adversity at the moment of enthusiastic prosperity, they should also serve as reminders of returning prosperity in the hour of adversity.

**Question of an "Economic Cycle"**

That the Great War, with its direct and profound influence on commerce, taxation, currencies, on agriculture and manufacture, production and consumption, could hardly have left the "twenty-year cycle" to pursue its course exactly in line with the rule and precedent of an ordinary period, nobody denied. Yet the longer sweep of economic history has been pretty consistently marked by recurrent war—not so destructive as the last huge conflict, but nevertheless of sufficient scope to affect financial and economic conditions—and still its record traces the successive cycles of prosperity, approximately, in the traditional stretch of time. One of those periods included both our own Civil War and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

THERE is little reasonable doubt that in past experience these cycles of prosperity have run their course in successive periods of approximately twenty years, and there is little question that such alternations of prosperity and adversity result from the interplay of human nature and the modern credit system. Economists have wrangled over the reason for the uniformity in the stretch of time occupied by the swing from prosperity to adversity and back again. Their ingenious speculations have been carried to such extremes that one economic thinker of high repute, Professor Stanley Jevons, ascribed the whole periodical alternation to recurrence of "sun spots" at a similar interval; this astronomical phenomenon being assumed to exert its influence, not only on the crops but on the temperament and spirits of the inhabitants of our globe and therefore on finance and industry. Ordinary people, who consider the "twenty-year cycle" in the light of every-day experience and common sense, will possibly need no better explanation than the fact that twenty years make up, so to speak, a business generation; that such a period will suffice to bring into control of both lending and borrowing enterprises men who had not learned their lesson in the preceding period of reaction and collapse from over-exploitation of credit and who, therefore, on the recovery of finance and credit from the last great breakdown, will be ready to take the rash chances which their fathers, taught by bitter personal experience, would possibly have avoided.

**The Twenty-Year Interval**

Undoubtedly the panic of 1907 was the last great financial crisis of the pre-war period. If, then, one could have reckoned on the cycle passing thereafter at the usual intervals through its traditional successive stages, it might reasonably have been predicted by the business community of 1907 that economic recovery would begin in earnest somewhere around 1912, that a severe intermediate reaction would occur not far from 1917, that an era of speculative excitement and exploitation

(Financial Situation, continued on page 64)



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(Financial Situation, continued from page 63)

would follow it, leading in due course to another formidable crisis somewhere in the neighborhood of 1927.

**Economic History since 1907**

AT first glance the chronology does not seem to fit at all. No sustained business boom set in during 1912, and although 1917 was the year in which the United States entered the war, it cannot be described as a year of financial and industrial reaction. But past experience also shows—notably in the shortening of the "cycle of prosperity" between 1857 and 1873—to what extent the interval may be modified by war. That influence may be exerted in three ways. Apprehension of war may check a movement of genuine revival in finance and industry. Abnormal use of credit sustained by government guarantee may prolong a forward movement when it has actually begun. Reaction may be proportionately severe when the war is over and the artificial government support to credit withdrawn.

Since the beginning and the ending of a war have no relation to the successive stages of the usual economic cycle, these powerful influences are bound to interfere with traditional chronology, and they manifestly did so in the period following 1907. If 1912 was a year in which the normal upward swing of the economic pendulum should have begun, there is, in fact, abundant evidence that the forces which usually make for such recovery were actively at work in that very year. The influences familiar in previous movements of American economic revival were plainly visible in 1912—a great American harvest coincident with European shortage, for instance; expansion of American export trade; even the vigorous rise on the Stock Exchange with participation of outside investors. How that revival was checked by the outbreak in October, 1912, of the Balkan War, by the misgivings which it caused concerning a general European conflict, and by consequent withdrawal of European capital invested in the United States, every one knows.

The violence of economic reaction which occurred in the summer and autumn of 1914, following the declaration of war by Germany, served both to destroy all chance of continuance of the business boom and to anticipate the intermediate trade reaction which traditionally should have followed the preliminary revival, somewhere around 1917. Yet the country witnessed in the four or five years after 1914 the forward economic movement which

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 64)

had previously followed a financial reaction in the middle of the cycle of prosperity. This "business boom" reached its climax in the entirely familiar way, during the wild inflation of credit and prices which occurred in 1919. It was followed by a collapse of credit with resultant trade depression, which will stand in future financial history as a landmark no less distinct in the rise and fall of the economic tide than the panics of 1907 and 1893 and 1873.

**The Present Situation**

EVEN SO, it will probably be said that no such analysis of our financial history since 1907 gets us anywhere, unless it shows what ought to be the course of events in the near economic future. The present economic situation is of a character so abnormal as to make prediction difficult on the basis of analogy with previous economic cycles. Recovery in this country from the panic of 1893 came remarkably soon, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the crisis and the resultant business depression; but the devastation of war did not have to be reckoned with in 1893, and our problem to-day is that of a whole world which has been at war. The panic of 1873 had two great wars among the conditions precedent; but, except for the defeated South of 1865, neither was a war of economic exhaustion.

It is at least a hundred years since the whole world has been simultaneously entangled in the economic consequences of so prodigious a waste of material resources, dissipation of accumulated capital and depreciation of national currencies as has occurred since July, 1914. Economic history immediately after the peace of 1815 was made up of two or three successive financial crises—that of 1815 itself, when prices collapsed on the termination of hostilities; that of 1818, when the inability of Continental Europe to meet its trade obligations suddenly complicated the situation of the creditor states, with resultant forced suspension of bank payments even in Great Britain, and that of 1825, when, after another interval of rash speculation for the rise on insufficient resources, a money-hoarding panic such as marked the climax of subsequent economic crises came along with forced liquidation of credit engagements pretty much throughout the world.

Yet even that period lacks something of analogy; it was an era of immature and undeveloped banking, even in the most progressive financial states. The entire structure of credit was insecure; yet even so, the interval between the successive economic reactions was marked



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by rapid and violent recovery. In the present case we have a highly perfected machinery of credit, which in the United States has resisted a shock that would otherwise probably have meant an old-time financial panic. We have carried out the inevitable liquidation of inflated credit and inflated prices with a speed and thoroughness for which there is no precedent in history—not even after 1815 or 1865—a process which in all other after-panic periods occupied a term of years. The reasonable probability is that if, as would seem to be indicated by the traditional movement of the cycle, we are now in the later stages of readjustment from a financial crisis which has itself become past history, continuous recovery should soon be on the programme.

# INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

## INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

The Guaranty Company of New York has published a new booklet, "Investment Recommendations," which will be sent to investors on request.

"How to Figure the Income Basis on Bonds," a non-technical discussion of this important subject which investors may have simply by writing to Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis.

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities" and "Municipal Bonds" are two booklets published by the William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. Both booklets describe the various kinds of Municipal Bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

The surprising results of systematic investment and reinvestment are set forth interestingly in a new book entitled "A Sure Road to Financial Independence," now being distributed by Halsey, Stuart and Company. The booklet will be of value to any investor who desires to stimulate the amount of his savings and investments.

The Bankers Trust Company of New York is issuing periodically an Investment Letter with an informing review of the investment situation, which will be sent to investors on request.

"1922 Investments," a new 32-page booklet describing safe long- and short-term investments, is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby and Company, 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

Caldwell and Company, 214 Union Street, Nashville, Tennessee, will send upon request a monthly list of offerings, including descriptions, of attractive issues of Southern Municipal Bonds.

## BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

The Equitable Trust Company of New York has published "Currency Inflation and Public Debts," by Professor R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, with a preface by Alvin W. Krech, President of the Equitable. This is a historical volume prepared to give bankers, business men, statesmen, and legislators a background for consideration of the national and international financial problems of the day. Limited number of copies available for distribution.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has published for free distribution a booklet entitled "Trust Service for Corporations."

Stacy and Braun, 14 Wall Street, New York City have just published "A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, Revised for 1922," showing the exemption value of municipal bonds which are free from all Federal income taxes as compared with investments subject to these same taxes. Copies may be had upon request.

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The F. H. Smith Company, of Washington, D. C., has published an illustrated booklet entitled "Washington, the Heart of America," describing the company's First Mortgage Investments and its Ten-Month Investment Savings Plan.

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The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

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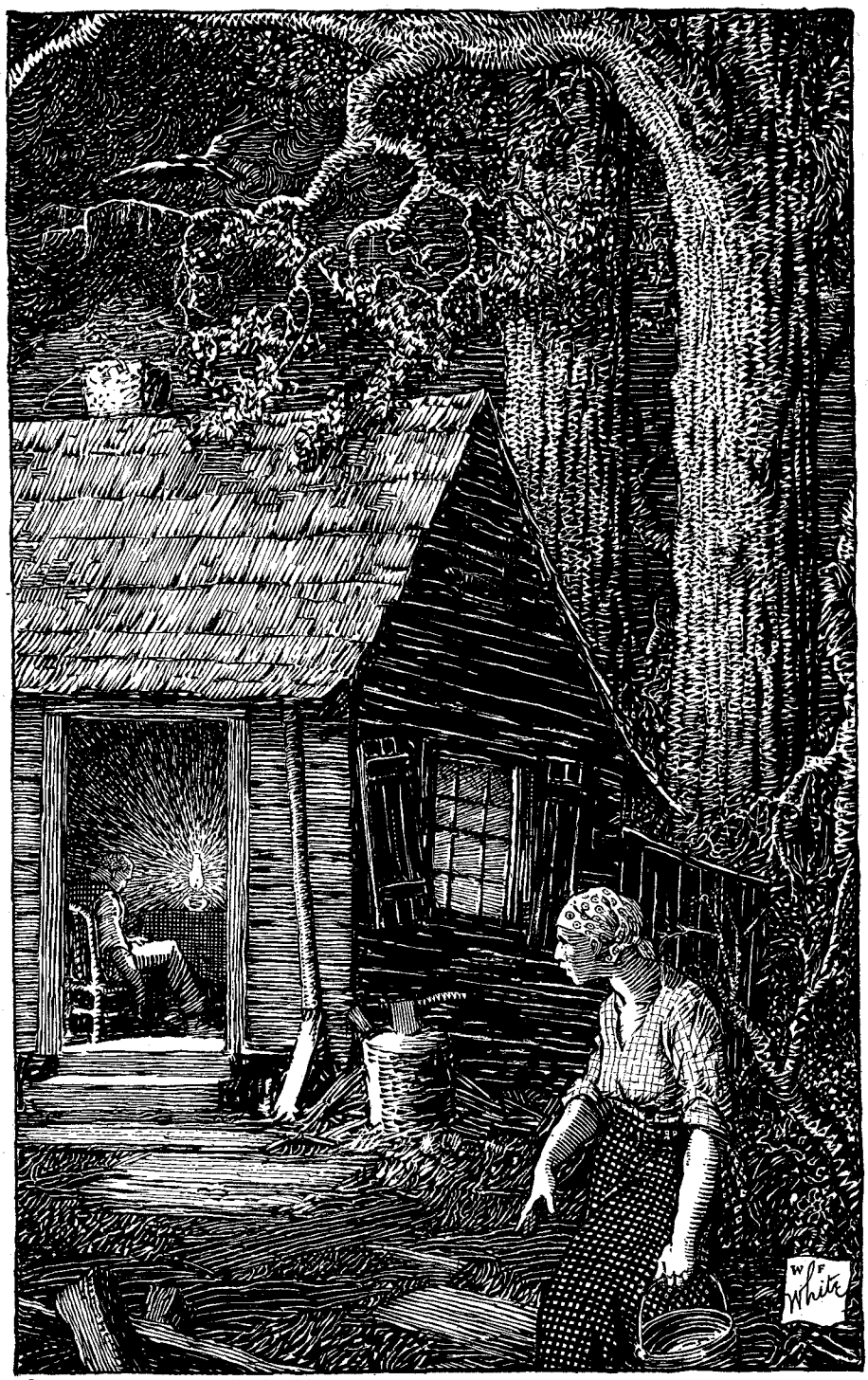


*From a drawing by William Fletcher White.*

COMING BACK, THE LIGHT OF THE CABIN SHONE CLEAR AND STEADY.

—"Bain's Hole," page 419.



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